

Portugal. The Man, Shade

Claims, they crawled from those clouds and
over mountains cried
into the streams where they ran the length of
past and time that called out
with their hands beside you
as all the people shouted up to the
'northern' territories

My, they glowed like a bug
burning at the ends
of sheet covered crowns
whose only words were
wicked mumbles that shake unstable
manners brought these thoughts about you
lights up like flies and ants that dip about
and aim to

swallow us up like them bread baked gums

now I remain glowing at the ends
it's because it's you they've become

shade drifts around, southern where the sheets are
growing ash and steeple factories
old boy you'll never know just what they think,
it never finds you
cheap work finding pockets
only when we're aimed to

swallow them up like the bread baked gums

these lights were waves that spilled through my space (in the plains)
where no one knows if they'll ever need again (I want to)
come and get and take me home