

# Sparklehorse, King Of Nails

the toothless kiss of skeletons  
and the summer hail  
I'm the king of nails  
I drink my liquor from the palm  
of a child who spoke in tongues  
and smelled like sun  
give all your leaves  
to the ghosts in the trees  
to sink or to shine  
the nails are all mine  
and blood was rushing up the stairs  
I shut my eyes and killed the cock  
when the sun came knocking  
oh to taste the salty oil  
of your chest and on your eyes  
when the sting is on the rise  
sleep in the fire  
with snakes I have sired  
to sink or to shine  
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