

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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