

# Stephen Malkmus, Kindling For The Master

In shocking white  
Too light for light  
More like heaven  
Angel food rot

Came from the earth  
Inside the earth  
Jag of hurt time  
Head revolving

Kindling for the master

I was shot for meat  
Left alone with a crow  
Got into watercolors and you never saw me again

But I plan to return  
And with verbs I'll attack  
I'll trip, I'll maim, I'll leave you with no skin on your back

Kindling for the master

Everybody's got a heart to sink

I'm the leech who can preach  
They call me sinister joe  
I got the sweltering heat  
Of summer Ohio

If I'm little erratic,  
You must give me some space  
To let me spin it and out and  
Up and through your face

You must learn, or you will burn