

# The Shins, Those To Come

Eyeless in the morning sun you were  
Pale and mild, a modern girl  
Taken with thought, still prone to care  
Makin tea in your underwear  
You went out in the yard to find

Something to eat and clear your mind  
Something bad inside me went away

Quaking leaves and broken light  
Shifting skin the coming night  
The bearers of all good things arrive  
Climb inside us, twist and cry  
A kiss on your molten eyes

Myriad lives like blades of grass  
Yet to be realized, bow as they pass

They are cold,  
Still,  
Waiting in the ether,  
To form,  
Feel,  
Kill,  
Propagate,  
Only to die  
[x2]

Dissolve  
Magically,  
Absurdly,  
They'll end,  
Leave,  
Dissipate,  
Coldly  
And strangely  
Return