

# Xiu Xiu, Blueberry Mineshaft

you told me martyrs suffer  
the infinite and clear  
the rest of us for one  
have something to hold near  
he hoped for a miracle  
to take it all away  
to feel like i do  
if only for a day

picture a heart like an apple cart  
marching faithfully never has to halt  
and when it does it will be because he ran out of love  
and when it does it will be because he ran out of love

see the snow caps trapped  
beneath the chins of great buildings  
protecting them from nothing  
and holding nothing in  
i wish the weather would come inside and keep me company  
fog grey thicker storm clouds these memories

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