

## Shins, The

### "The Past And Pending"

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As someone sets light to the first fire of autumn  
We settle down to cut ourselves apart  
Cough and twitch from the news on your face  
And some foreign candle burning in your eyes

Held to the past too aware of the pending  
Chill as the dawn breaks and finds us up for sale  
Enter the fog another low road descending  
Away from the cold lust, your house and summertime

Blind to the last curse of the fair pistols and the  
countless eyes  
A trail of white blood betrays the reckless route your  
craft is running  
Feed till the sun turns into wood dousing an ancient  
torch  
Loiter the whole day through and lose yourself in lines  
dissecting love

You name on my cast and my notes on your stay  
Offer me little but doting on a crime  
We've turned every stone and for all our inventions  
In matters of love loss, we've no recourse at all

Blind to the last course of the fair pistols and the  
countless eyes  
A trail of white blood betrays the reckless route your  
craft is running  
Feed till the sun turns into wood dousing an ancient  
torch  
Loiter the whole day through and lose yourself in lines  
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