

Shins, The "Those To Come"

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Eyeless in the morning sun you were
pale and mild,
a modern girl.
Taken with thought still prone to care
making tea in your underwear.
You went out in the yard to find
something to eat and clear your mind
and 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.

They are cold- still,
waiting in the ether to form- feel,
kill, propagate, only to die.
Dissolve... magically, absurdly, they'll end,
leave... dissipate, coldly and strangely return.

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