

Cymbals Eat Guitars "Cold Spring"

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We drove a hundred miles that day
To see a Halloween parade
Skeletal autumn in Cold Spring

Parents holding hands with Pale Death's infants
Shivering on the courthouse steps in polyester robes
And exposed bone thermals

March them down to riverside square
Your teeth gnash together as you chew an Excedrin

On the way home
The empty parkway wound its way back through
charred black pine
Just like a wormhole
Hickory death rattles into stagnant tracts of sky
Like warnings whispered
Antiphonal stridency that slept for half a century
And where are you
As lives are punctuated by moons

I've never loved you more than when you said
"I'm so scared of all the things I risk with kids I never
knew existed"
Time machine rotors ripping holes over Freehold
Constellations rearrange and orbit 'round the steeple
of First Presbyterian Church

I am Bear Mountain
I am entering orbit oh

I am Bear Mountain
I am entering orbit

On the way home
The empty parkway wound its way back through
charred black pine
Just like a wormhole
A bridge becomes an island when the ends are
disconnected
Wind is feedback
Antiphonal stridency that slept for half a century

And where are you

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