

## Howling Bells

### "Hurting And Shoving"

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"When I get back"

Pre-break of dawn

Hear the ring it's me

Live from a pay phone

Talking in the rain.

Things pan out exactly as i say they will.

Will I be less happy

When I get back?

Two hand in one glove

As if we were poor.

The hard up make the soup from stones

Like the poor before them did before.

You say the waiting could crush your heart.

But it's nothing new to me

Have you crave me so desperately but I know

How when you need me you bleed for me,

Though now I'm gone you fill my shoes with new fans.

Always and forever

We are apart and may she see

She'd be free rejoicing in distance

If she only let me sleep.

"Will things make less happy when I get back?"

Absence makes the heart grow still.

Abuse the hunt; confuse the kill.

I know, I know.

Make the dead feel deader

Deader.

Make the dead sleep nights with a razor

Waiting.

Kill the prey.

I'll hold my child's head underwater.

If it's a boy, I was joking

If it's a daughter, I'll say I did what I did

Because I had to...

And if you find my kid later

Tell her I laughed too.

We just might work out fine

Because I love you enough

To let you give the pain that I want

...And when you do

I just might fuck you

Enough to love you.

Once upon my night stand

Lied letters piled in columns

Postmarked Middle Island

Out east in the country of Solemn.

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