

Matt Pond PA

"Last Song"

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civilized
all our lives
not a breath
the grass unmoved
to sleep inside the stillness

without blood
without air
all the stares
averting eyes
this was what's worse than dying

my mind was set
just like the sun's red
but now the sun is setting
there have been some
that cut me good
the blood was there for letting

the weekend nights
can change your life
unfold your arms
one last surprise
something before we die

our eyes closed
once more will not roll
this killing is good killing
despite the red and years and years of sinning
elizabeth is winning

bikes on dirt roads
in st. andrews
under pines i'd let you win
canada is purity
that has nothing to do with our skin

unrefined
the pitch of pines
grass stained shirts
and fucked up hair
to breathe outside the stillness

with your blood
and the air
withstand the stares
straighten eyes
we do not fear this dying

our eyes are closed
once more will not roll
this killing is good killing
despite the red and years and years of sinning
elizabeth is winning
forget these lights
we don't need so much explaining
elizabeth is winning

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