

Portugal. The Man "Shade"

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Claims, they crawled from those clouds and
Over mountains cried
Into the streams where they ran the length of
Past and time that called out
With their hands beside you as all the people
Shouted up to the
"northern" territories
My, they glowed a bug burning at the ends of
Sheet covered crowns
Whose only words were
Wicked mumbles that shake unstable manners
Brought these thoughts about you
Lights up like flies and ants that dip about and
Aim... to swallow us
Up like them bread baked gums...
Now I remain glowing at the ends it's because
It's you they've become
Shade drifts around, southern where the sheets
Are growing ash and
Steeple factories
Old boy you'll never know just what they
Think, it never finds you
Cheap work finding pockets only when we're
Aimed... to swallow them
Up like the bread baked gums...
These lights were waves that spilled through
My space (in the plains)
Where no one knows if they'll ever need again
(I want to)
Come and get and take me home

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