

The Republic Of Wolves

"A Weather Vane"

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All that time that you kill
Pulling smoke to your lungs
In a parking lot covered in green glass and shimmering
The light on your face starts to darken then dissipate
The ghost was inside your mouth
Placing bets with your teeth
Forcing your voice out
Pushing your tongue up from underneath
And I passed the fields we were racing the sun

You slipped away past the fog and the fire
Like I saw the footsteps cut out of the ash
We traded names just to see if the colors would
change
And they did

I got sick of the pull
You just sputtered and sang
You were nothing a curtain, the sawdust, a weather
vane
And don't try to skip past the part where you realize

You slipped away past the fog and the fire
Like I saw the footsteps cut out of the ash
We traded names just to see if the colors would
change
And they did

Well I lied my way out of this one
And you lied your way to a ditch
And I fought myself just to stay up
Out of your street-walking tongue-talking sleep
How it consumed you
And eventually me

(Unintelligible)

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