

## **Pavement "Greenlander"**

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On an icy island in north, in the woods beside the  
church  
We can bury crimson lockets filled with dirt  
And when the April thaw brings us out again  
We can bless the arrows  
And the sun won't stall, and the land will never fall

On virgin fields we'll skate, stand by children we'll  
create  
Like the arctic wind we spin a windmill's rose into the  
threshing soul  
You can't thresh the snow when the snow is sending  
There's no divine grove, you can see the blankets go  
Everything I did was right, everything I said was wrong  
Now, I'm waiting for the night to bring the dawn  
Into the only room where the fire's warm  
Where we keep our vices warm and it's all that's left  
All that's left is vices torn

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