

Sunset Rubdown "For The Pier (and Dead Shimmering)"

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I pushed off the pier

Infinity ran cold

And filled up my ears

There's the weapon you hold

There's the thing that you hold it to

And the thing you hold dear
Oh the speed of a year

It runs the wood dry

And water unclear

There's the thing you hold high

And then there's the thing that you hold it to

And the thing you hold dear
I will be an enemy

To men seen in the light

Do you think it's alright?

Yes, I think it's alright
If you make the waves the sun makes the rays

The speed of the light can be trusted to prey

To prey on the fools that pushed off your pier

The whirling of pools runs clear
So I'll be out till the shimmering dies
I'll be out till the shimmering dies

It's the wringing out the predatory nature of the sky

And the ringing sound it makes

When it's burning out your eyes

It's alright, it's alright

It's the speed of the light

It's the speed of a year

It's the weapon you hold

And the thing you hold dear

Oh my dear oh my dear

It's infinity's time to shine out here

If you make the waves the sun makes the rays

The speed of the light can be trusted to prey

To prey on the fools that pushed off your piers

The whirling of pools runs clear

Da da da dad um

The rocking of boats and the making of mirrors

The whirling of pools running clear

I hear them say "Put the weapon away"

It's the thing that you know and my taking it away, I
know

But I'll find a way to let the dear thing go

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