

Wild Charms

The Kills

To the doting boys by your side,
Riding roughshod on your starless nights.
To she who played concertos, foul and black,
Upon my heartstrings and never looked back.

What became of those wild charms?
The deep fry of the tide? the tug of the stars?
And how it stirs me, how it stirs me now
To think my fire burnt them out.