

## Fickle Cycle

Animal Collective

Tykes who feast but do not pray  
Sun dried cheeks and sun dyed grains  
Spilled in the house that they leave like geese  
Travel in the night like a pearl thief

Believe in ghosts and set them free  
Bury your heart, don't shake that sheet  
Give your teeth to the crocodile cave  
Under my wings and on my head

Twisting heads with the sounds of change  
Change so often they'll be dead  
Kissing the people that you'll all burn  
Trusting your friends without thinking best

Leaving yourself to kill your grief  
Rooms can be lonely, but that don't mean  
I want a son who can float and fly  
I'll take a daughter who laughs and cries

When you are home you can do as you please  
Some have homes in falling trees  
One day our homes will all fall down

One day your body will be in the ground

When I wonder  
I often sit wondering, my brain gets so delirious  
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When ghosts from other places come and meet me do I know that they're a  
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Time to feast, don't wait to play  
Off in the dust where they feel like kings  
Some got hurt and some did sing

I wonder, wonder, wonder, wonder  
I wonder, wonder, wonder, wonder  
Who will win?

I wonder, wonder, wonder, wonder  
Wonder, wonder, wonder, wonder  
Who will win?

Bad feelings I know  
Good silence means we're home