

About To Die

Dirty Projectors

If a search has been long and futile and brutal
And if you squint trying to recollect the bosom of your grown love
You reach out and into the absence and gasping
The vastness grabs you like an alien embrace
Your face to its face
No end and neither beginning you're spinning
You're breathless orbiting a dark and hateful star an evil world

Where would I ever be without you?
How could I hope to seize the tablet of values and redact it?
Foolish, I know but I'm about to die
about to die
about to die
about to die
about to die

Your life must surely be ending and trembling
You realize you never lived a day at all (wait) and it's all your fault (wow)
It all seems unspeakably vile and while you wretch the memory of all you understood
The vandal laughs into his hood (ha ha ha)

Where would I ever be without you?
How could I hope to seize the tablet of values and redact 'em?
Foolish, I know but I'm about to die
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Look there the goblin's dressed up like a wound
Mutants all vagrant and hateful
Look there the mirror lies distant staring vacant and glaring pronouncing your name

'bout to die
'bout to die
about to die
about to die
about to die

Where would I ever be without you?
How could I hope to seize the tablet of values and redact it?
Foolish, I know but I'm about to die
about to die
about to die
about to die

You're already dead
You're already dead
but you're about to die
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