

# 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  
about to die  
about to die  
about to die

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

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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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