

Glacier

James Vincent McMorrow

Someone here's a lie, somewhere underneath,
Caught between the railing, mirroring the beat.
I no longer feel and the years asleep.
Show no sense of hope, staring honestly.

I wanna go south of the river, glacier slow in the heart of the
winter.
I wanna go south of the river, facing alone in the heart of the
winter.

And this we'll celebrate, this we'll celebrate.
There and on the stage, this is a mistake.
Damn me off too long. Down the earth and moon,
Damn the clawing kneeling, rustling into change.
In a moment I was caught, calling by a storm.
In the moment of a hot.

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winter.

I'm not in a glove called how.

Few became, few became as glory as along against the forest sta
te and starting living in the new.
Harrow since, harrow since the farthest reach underneath inside
a cheat.

Something is alive, somewhere underneath.
Caught between the real and the fake.
I don't want to fit, there and has been found.
Silence is so cold, and there's no sense at all.
And I was someone else, I was something good.
Barely in the old. There among the cold.

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