

Conversations at the End of the World

Kishi Bashi

Oh hello, how are you, my favorite son?
In an hour I will go where I've never gone.
In the span of the space between your mother's eyes
are the secrets that I've saved,
I hand them down to you.

The averages and laws,
it was every man for himself, every child alone.

Oh why do they shine so bright in my dreams?
Golden blades, forged from love, they sever my feet.
But you know, where they're going, when all is said and done.
I don't need them or my secrets,
just the grace of one.

Here they come,
here they come,
here they come...
oh hear they come!

Is everything signed? Is everything done?
I'm sorry about the blood,
the devil and his stones.
It was every man for himself, every child alone.

Please tell your mother I'm sorry for the strife,
tell your brother I loved him,
the same to his wife.
And if you have a heart to take my life away,
give me something,
give me anger to remember you today.

'Cause here they come,
oh here they come,
Is everything signed? Can nothing be undone?
I'm sorry about the blood,
the devil and his stones.
It was every man for himself, every child alone...