

White

Okkervil River

We crashed through crazed glass in the white-hot burst of the fiery blast. We flared through choked air, in the deafening blare, in the scattering ash. We said, "Summer's here and I'm gonna crack crack crack." We sort through shocked quartz like a jewelry store -- while your sister and dad consort with kept courtesans, while the whole world sits in ruins. We laugh, "Summer's here and I'm gonna crack! Summer's here and I'm near a heart attack or flash of real feeling, teeth gnashing, and blasting and reeling through black."

Because, kids, when I first saw your mom, I was right and she was wrong about just the type of man she was bringing back. And when I first met her dad, I felt good and he felt bad. But, kids, you'll find that, over time, you're just trapped. And Spring is gone and you're gonna gasp. And, friends, when I saw the groom rise from the darkness of the tomb, I was unnerved (though, overall, I was wowed.) And when I saw the bride, the look inside her eyes just cried, "If someone has some cause to stop, say it now!" But now Fall is here, and the leaves all come down. And then Winter's here, and it's too cold to drown. And I'm nearly whited-out, snowblind, like it's no business of mine if life doesn't want me around.