

Prime

Shearwater

You were lying
 on your back in the grass
Counting backward
 from a thousand
To cool the rush
 of the blood in your veins
And the pressure of everyone,
 everyone, everyone, everyone

When I believed in that sound
I was kidding myself
Come on Come on

Well I followed you down in a dream
To the floor of a valley under siege
With a gunmetal moon,
 and a river like wire
And the ribbon runs on and on,
 on and on, on and on
And when I wrestle you down
Something blooms in the dark
So far back in me

I couldn't live
 with your hands on my mouth
Watching ice growing
 over the waterfall
While the window crazes
 with heat
And as those fiery wheels
 spin and burst in the air
The light is so bright,
 the dark is so dark
And I dislike what I need
And I get lost in the dark
With such a violence in me
Come on Come on