Burn

The Low Anthem

Did I burn each last bit of myself
Did I turn my back on the kid in myself
And tear the oldest root
In a charlatan's pursuit
And the world drifting farther away

On the run with nowhere to hide
The black angel still clings to my side
You know he's faster than
Any man
And the world drifting further away

What I told you lover I guess that I meant
By the time that you read this I will have repented
I know I am a fool
For trying to play it cruel
And you played so much kinder than I

Your memory now is the shadow to my shadow I wind it tight like a player piano Your skirt above your knees I watch you press the keys It calms the smarting flesh Of the wound we have undressed

If still there's a song deep in this marrow Who lets you draw that last shivering arrow What kind of smarting loon
Believes that he can shoot the moon
Calm these frailing nerves
They ask to be preserved

I was ashamed and mute Fumbling around for my parachute Then gliding through the rain Not a drop could leave its stain And the world drifting farther away