

## Young Liars

TV on the Radio

Well, it's cold and it's quiet, and cobblestone cold in  
here  
Fucking for fear of not wanting to fear again  
Lonely is all we are  
Lovely so far, but my heart's still a marble in an empty  
jelly jar  
Someday suppose that my curious nervousness stills into  
prescience, clairvoyant consciousness  
I will be calmer than cream, making maps out of your  
dreams  
But will psychic ability kill the nativity or simply  
diminish the flinch?  
Young liars, thank you for taking my hands and burying  
them deep in the world's wet womb  
Where no one can heed their commands