

## Brother Bryan

Waxahatchee

I said to you on the night that we met, "I am not well"  
Our habits secrete to the sidewalk and street, our civic hell  
And we covet the dark, share a cab to the park  
And you'll let me speak of bearings undone, silver hair in the  
sun  
We are only 30% dead and our parents go to sleep early  
We destroy all of our esteem and the sunlight starts to shine t  
hrough the trees

And the noise on this block keeps my mind interlocked and unfas  
tened  
And the struggle sheds skin, heavy breath is a deadly assassin  
My sister's eyes flood like rivers of wine in your absence  
So we echo each song to which you'd sing along  
A circuit hymn and we'll sing it again  
And we'll smoke til our pockets are empty  
A person cannot live without sleep  
And you can't hold up a story so heavy  
We tell it so rarely

And in this place I think about you  
The spirits and veins that you run through  
And in this place I think about you