

The Past and Pending

The Shins

As someone sets light to the first fire of autumn
we settle down to cut ourselves apart.
Cough and twitch from the news on your face
and some foreign candle burning in your eyes
Held to the past, too aware of the pending
chill as the dawn breaks and finds us up for sale.
Enter the fog, another low road descending
away from the cold lust, your house and summertime.
Blind to the last cursed affair, pistols and
countless lies
a trail of white blood betrays the reckless route your craft is running.
Feed till the sun turns into wood, dousing an ancient torch
loiter the whole day through and lose yourself in lines dissecting love.
Your name on my cast
and my notes on your stay
offer me little but doting on a crime.
We've turned every stone and for all our inventions,
in matters of love loss, we've no recourse at all.
Blind to the last cursed affair, pistols and countless lies
a trail of white blood betrays the reckless route your craft is running.
Feed till the sun turns into wood, dousing an ancient torch
loiter the whole day through and lose yourself in lines dissecting love.

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