

It Was Love That Laid Us Low

Dry the River

I dreamt of a Russian doll bride
Who spun on the points of her feet, like a child
But I had the terminal pride of an older man.
There's a Passover cross on the post,
But the angel descends in the shape of a crow,
Buries its beak in our unfused bones like it's okay.
Like a moth goes sad and soft in the streetlights' umbilical glow,
It was love that laid us low.

I worked out of town after dark
With apocryphal men in a cold weather mask
I guess she did best to do part in the dark night of the soul
By nature you're mild and you're meek
But they say that you're judged by the company you keep.
Merit is spitting out salt when you speak like it's okay.

Like a moth goes sad and soft in the streetlight's umbilical glow,
Like a pilgrim, father kneels in a land where his god doesn't go,
Like every seed in the sycamore tree will turn its back on its home,
It was love that laid us low,
It was love that laid us low.