

First Song

Matt Pond PA

I've found a way beyond the dark
Filthy and humble hands strike the spark
From cardboard cones through screen door squares
My pockets of smoke, roll down the stairs

Long braids of leaves printed on knees
We fought through sleep, those wars were sweet

I've fed my lines, blank gutted words
Our shadows running, filled up with thirst
I found a way, the curtains part
Failed songs sung loudly through holes in hearts

I can't tell why I'm sure
I am poisoned and I'm pure
These secrets we all share
Keep our breath inside the air

The flint might slip, the stream could stall
A twisted compass and still it finds the dawn
I found a way beyond the dark
Failed songs sung loudly through holes in hearts