

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 through 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