

Eureka Birds, Ten Words

Take these lights dear
Burn them ten long years by daguerreotype by your side
Take these lights dear
Burn them ten long years

After you're gone what will be the use?

For I will reach you
I will seek you through in a seance in Yankee Hill

How will I know it's you I'm talking to?

Take these ten words,
Write them down now
And remember how they sound now

Take these candles,
Cut the wicks down low
On the mantle burn them so slow

The shadows, the silence, the medium led you on
A card drawn, analysis, and reading of my palm

You whispered that
"I've seen this trick before I know it's just some game"

You longed to hear the words that came
The chandelier was lit aflame