

Stephen Malkmus, Kindling For The Master

In shocking white
Too light for light
More like heaven
Angel food rot

Came from the earth
Inside the earth
Jag of hurt time
Head revolving

Kindling for the master

I was shot for meat
Left alone with a crow
Got into watercolors and you never saw me again

But I plan to return
And with verbs I'll attack
I'll trip, I'll maim, I'll leave you with no skin on your back

Kindling for the master

Everybody's got a heart to sink

I'm the leech who can preach
They call me sinister joe
I got the sweltering heat
Of summer Ohio

If I'm little erratic,
You must give me some space
To let me spin it and out and
Up and through your face

You must learn, or you will burn