

On the Death of the Waters

Shearwater

From the wreck of the ark
To the fading day of our star
The light races, the light drags
The moon rises, the moon sags
Over the rolling waves
And your hand's on the balcony

As a spine pricks the world
And the shudder deep is unheard
But you feel it, oh my God

As the spindle flies apart
Turn your bow to the biggest wave
But your angel's on holiday
And that wave rises slowly
And breaks