

## Rays on Pinion

Baroness

Save your soul  
It's bright with holes  
Rays on pinion  
Lay me down

Our trust lies in mighty wing  
As we thrust ourselves into the drink  
Pitched boats sail and ploughmen toil  
To drift on and work the soll

Stow your gaze  
Always these waves  
Stain reflection  
May we drown

This is our last goodbye  
This is our final cry  
This separation of bird and bone  
Is an introduction to tide and lung

We've resigned ourselves to soar home  
Despite these wayward rays