

# The Station

## Falling Up

I will watch the sparrows  
Swim into the stack  
Here's where you will find us  
Stirring in our pass

If you have it in you  
Let it move across you, Heather  
Twenty buildings pass you  
You'll be like the birds  
You will sleep in blood beds  
Of rivers wrapped in dark red, Heather  
Like them who line the fences  
You'll be like the birds

Have you seen the houses  
Charging in their bays?  
Once they're drenched in Moon Days  
We will fly to graves

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