

# Foreland

Patrick Wolf

What's that burning in the distance?  
Either the Redsand Fort or a ship  
Or my eyes are showing their age  
See that line form 'cross the chalk stack insolent to history  
As I am to these  
Cracking 'cross my face

Wave after wave  
The years through me falling  
The way beneath my feet  
Could just give without warning  
That old mansion will keel to the tide in time  
The line ever nears as it will  
Everybody  
And those it reached first  
We keep alive  
In the gleaning of their yield  
By the light of the wax of their land  
And wave after wave  
The years through us falling  
The current at our feet can just take without warning

That old buoy will sever from the line  
In time the tide  
Everclears  
As it will do  
For me

Wave after wave  
I dive under today's turbulence  
Hush  
The sea was too dangerous to swim today  
And driving home to feed the boys  
The heavens opened 'cross the kellet gut  
And I remembered a list I wrote  
"Reasons to stay alive"  
And cried for the distance between that page and where I am now  
Rain dying out  
The reasons they write themselves  
Wave after wave  
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