

## Track Six

Scott Walker

Say it got late  
on that one.  
That life-giver one.  
Hanging weightless from the wound  
in a half-light.

Taken up I could hold him  
when all falls away.  
Prayed into each other  
you stood in the air

And the ceiling are rising and falling.  
The ceiling are shining and slow  
peeling tongues from the ice hums and letting it go.

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