

Track Three

Scott Walker

Delayed in the headlong
Resembled to breaking-point
I swear you never slept at night
when the growing is slow.

After me I'm no man's son
run out of recognize.

The blood of our
split back without his prisoner
the distance rigged in his eyes

Rock of cast-offs
bury me
hide my soul
and sink us free.

Rock of cast offs
bury me
hide my soul
and pray us free.

From the host of late-comers
a miracle enters the streets
shining with rain
he is shaking to wash
the murder away.

The shadow of the son
made the son a shadow
it's never night when I die.

That desert clouds under
and so Lord lightens
sleepers wait there
with wounds in their sides.

In the strength of the crime
you sing like a stranger
and your failure fulfills
your most secret defeat.

After me I'm no man's son
run out of recognize.

A life of it's own
lays down the horizon
the distance rigged in it's eyes

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