

Glass Bones

Shearwater

West of the fields
Out on the lam
Riding a calm between rages
Anchored in rust
Erasing the wilderness
Chasing an alien feeling

Are you suddenly blind?
Come on, miracle child, come home

Burrowing down
Bury your heart away
Look at you now that you're older

Under the stars
At the scene of the old parade
Leaning out over the railing

Are you suddenly blind?
Are you frozen in time?
Were you nearly betrayed again?
Is it hard to swallow?

Are they luring you back
 with old glories?
Drunk on the dregs
 of some darkened paradise?
Lulled by an alien feeling
Till you're suddenly blind
Till you're barely alive
With glass bones