

## Seventy-Four, Seventy-Five

Shearwater

Seventy-four. Seventy-five. He's getting used to it now,  
how each one falls away in that hoary light. and they are  
gone, gone from the age, gone from the guards and their  
hands. It's no different today than in years gone by. But  
he won't come out tonight, with his hands so thin and  
white...

Gone. Gone from the page, and then he is gone from your  
eyes, as that splintering wave takes so many lives. And  
now your hands are gripping the edge of such a waste,  
where every angel looks dead, every face a lie. But you  
won't come out tonight, with your hands so thin and  
white, alive...

Seventy-four, seventy-five,  
Daddy, come back to me now-  
I would beat them away  
I would pulled you out  
I would wash all the cinders from your eyes  
And with silver and gold  
I would adorn you  
Let it all come out tonight, when they pull you out  
alive.  
Alive