

Shearwater, White Waves

I won't go traveling tonight
I won't go back to the wolves, now
There's something singing in the ice
In the deepest part of the world
And a film across my eyes
As I'm watching all the waves turn white

He took me out on the tide
To make pearls of my eyes
And uncover me, oh, without asking
Tore every stitch, every line, every hook, every eye
Between him and the diamonds, diamonds
I would not give, but maybe tonight I will
With you holding my arms and my stuttering heart
As I'm bound and flayed alive

Oh, don't go traveling tonight
Hold that child in your arms
Well, there's no more canaries in the mine
And a cloud, black over the water
And a voice, low in my ear
Says, "The things that we did here will never die"