

Shearwater, Seventy Four Seventy Five

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.

And he won't come out alive,
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.

And 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 lift you out
I would wash all the cinders from your eyes
And with silver and gold
I would adorn you
I'll let it all come out tonight,
when they pull me out alive.
Alive