

Track Seven

Scott Walker

Stump of a drowner. The delta holder. Lowered up from his boulder and riding pains steady blowout.

All those arms in the gullies chewed through at the wrists. All that won't flood awake- -all that listens and lifts Deserting your lead while the figure is also carrying Deserting your lead while the figure is also carrying. Your hands are drained.

Your skins are stained and heavy. Go to ground you are sealed against the night. Spotted head blood head heat up the stars. Polish and silence away your parole. She's a dugout; her second sleeps dreagging the roads.

Her fixed strays shine from ditches wherever she goes- -Deserting your lead while the figure is also carrying Pry open those jaws try and hear your own way out. Driven in deep; you save yourself the burying. The darkness swarms; Try and hear your own way out.