

Track Six

Scott Walker

Say it got late
on that one.
That life-giver one.
Hanging weightless from the wound
in a half-light.

Taken up I could hold him
when all falls away.
Prayed into each other
you stood in the air

And the ceiling are rising and falling.
The ceiling are shining and slow
peeling tongues from the ice hums and letting it go.

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