## **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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