

## Hail, Mary

Shearwater

Oh hail Mary, full of death  
Sing me a bitter song  
As dark as the day is long  
And as black as your eyes are wild  
While the hail from the blackened cloud is raking the  
firmament  
Destroying our argument  
About the temperature and the time  
Wild and unbroken

We lay like a wounded lamb, facing a billygoat  
Bowed down in our heavy coats  
Under the force and the threat of his eyes  
And we march in our rows and rows  
Under a burning hand  
Past the scars of the wounded land  
Into a country of thorns and spines  
Wild and unbroken

Oh, God save the chamberlain  
Oh, God save his appointed successor  
But God saved his hardest face for you and all your  
kind  
That's what's troubling me

Hail Mary, sick and proud  
And holding aloft the light  
That would burn through a heaving night  
And then lead us upon the rocks  
And the child who is nearly born  
Waits just to do you harm  
Like the shock of a broken arm  
Or a love that would burn you blind  
Wild and unbroken