

## On the Death of the Waters

Shearwater

From the wreck of the ark  
To the fading day of our star  
The light races, the light drags  
The moon rises, the moon sags  
Over the rolling waves  
And your hand's on the balcony

As a spine pricks the world  
And the shudder deep is unheard  
But you feel it, oh my God

As the spindle flies apart  
Turn your bow to the biggest wave  
But your angel's on holiday  
And that wave rises slowly  
And breaks