

Seventy-Four, Seventy-Five

Shearwater

Seventy-four. Seventy-five. He's getting used to it now,
how each one falls away in that hoary light. and they are
gone, gone from the age, gone from the guards and their
hands. It's no different today than in years gone by. But
he won't come out tonight, with his hands so thin and
white...

Gone. Gone from the page, and then he is gone from your
eyes, as that splintering wave takes so many lives. And
now your hands are gripping the edge of such a waste,
where every angel looks dead, every face a lie. But you
won't come out tonight, with your hands so thin and
white, alive...

Seventy-four, seventy-five,
Daddy, come back to me now-
I would beat them away
I would pulled you out
I would wash all the cinders from your eyes
And with silver and gold
I would adorn you
Let it all come out tonight, when they pull you out
alive.
Alive