

A Long Flight

Wintersleep

Wrap those feathers like a blanket over me,
throw my bones into the belly of the deep.
Whisper through my walkie talkie: "I am ready."

But I was not prepared to die.
Wipe the shadows from my mind,
my mind, my mind, my mind, my mind,
my mind, my mind, my mind.

I was not prepared for flight.