

Stealth of a Stork

Wire

Feeling the strain but supporting the action
One-legged surveillance and the stealth of a stork
Probing the shallows and measuring the depth
He catches a morsel he's bound to regret. Change!

Bleaching the bones, false nails and extractions
Arriving in port on the eve of a storm
Hugging the shadows, collecting a debt
Nothing's immortal, it's so hard to forget. Change!

Backing your instincts but slow to react
An innocent bystander but witness to the fact. Change!

Feeling the strain, hard to walk away