

Good Morning, Captain

Slint

Let me in, the voice cried softly,
from outside the wooden door.
Scattered remnants of the ship could be seen in the distance,
Blood stained the icy wall of the shore. I'm the only one left. The storm, took them all,
He managed as he tried to stand.
The tears ran down his face.
Please, it's cold. When he woke, there was no trace of the ship.
Only the dawn was left behind by the storm.
He felt the creaking of the stairs beneath him.
That rose, from the sea, to the door. There was a sound at the window then.
The captain started, his breath was still.
Slowly, he turned. From behind the edge of the windowsill,
There appeared the delicate hand of a child.
His face was flush and timid.
He stared at the captain through frightened eyes. The captain reached for something to hold on to,
Help me, he whispered, as he rose slowly to his feet.
The boy's face went pale,
He recognized the sound. Silently, he pulled down the shade against the shadow.
Lost in the doorstep of the empty house. I'm trying to find my way home. I'm sorry...
...and I miss you. I miss you.
I've grown taller now.
I want the police to be notified.
I'll make it up to you,
I swear, I'll make it up to you. I miss you.

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