Century Eyes

[Shearwater](#)

You were not the first to arrive
Will not be the last to survive
The pigs and the oxen we bound to the wheel
Turn it off, turn it offYou are not the last of this house
Or the first to go over the side
Remember the wrecks of those elegant ships
Turn it off, turn it off
Look with century eyes, they make you go blindGalloping into the void
You are rolling your eyes like a horse
All to turn form the beam
From the eye of that screen
Turn it off, turn it offWith our backs to the arch
And the wreck of our kind
We will stare straight ahead
For the rest of our lives