

Storm Corrosion

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Someone is calling her shorewards
Much like horses
Raising dogs will sing to me
Hold back the tears in my comfort
We move forwards
In these pauses the storm corrodes
Maps of a lift to the scaffold
On a nursery floor
Begs aloud not to stay
Cut from the stone in the quarry
This old friend of mine
In his silence the storm corrodes
Passed on the second hand slips outwards
Born in the curve the song drips endless
Thrown out the boy believes in secret
Grown up the dogs begin to reach it

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