

# H Soft Escape

## The Age of Rockets

We are the nothing waiting in bad dreams  
We are the first cracks in the ice  
We are the hour hand, forever love's bitch and  
We are the tears in those who have come before  
And you whisper, and you whisper this could be the end  
The soft escape of closing eyelids  
The haunt of long nights still to come  
First blinding light then only darkness  
The cracks in pavement spell your name  
Electric whirl of closing sirens  
Each word hangs rigid in the air  
First scattered mass then constellation  
We held your hand as you learned  
You learned, you learned  
Ba-ba-ba-ba-da-da  
Ba-ba-ba-ba-da-da  
Ba-ba-ba-ba-da-da  
Ba-ba-ba-ba-da-da...

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