

A Long Flight

Wintersleep

Wrap those feathers like a blanket over me,
throw my bones into the belly of the deep.
Whisper through my walkie talkie: "I am ready." But I was not prepared to die.
Wipe the shadows from my mind,
my mind, my mind, my mind, my mind,
my mind, my mind, my mind. I was not prepared for flight.

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