

# Radio Silence

## Shearwater

Sliver of sundown, glimmer of daylight  
Running in place with trembling knees  
Vision of lightning, vision of sunrise  
Overlay worlds on the grid of our dreams And knock 'em all down  
With a last looming wave  
Black as old blood  
With a warm, steady rage  
And the crack of old bones Yankee go home Choking on signal, sucking on silence  
Sodium lights on the monument's face  
Radio London, Radio Cyprus  
Where the Lincolnshire poacher's shaking his cage He was sold for a lifeline, sold for a crown  
Singing an old lie down the repeater  
But the radio lapses, the radio dies  
The sky is a blank screen, an open receiver  
Summon an old sound, rattle to life  
Spin on an axis, fly into pieces In disarray

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