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 dreamsAnd knock 'em all down
With a last looming wave
Black as old blood
With a warm, steady rage
And the crack of old bonesYankee go homeChoking on signal, sucking on silence
Sodium lights on the monument's face
Radio London, Radio Cyprus
Where the Lincolnshire poacher's shaking his cageHe 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 piecesIn disarray

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