Lost Boys

Shearwater

My blistered feet turn bloody
So I take to the air
And I am everywhere, I am starlight
Oh, I am moonlightOver burning fields and bodies
I stay close to the ground
Slipping miles from the arches and arc-lights
Into the warm nightWinged children, all
Will fly over the mountain wall
To the lid of the sky
And slice its belly full wide
With their warm knivesNot the pin-pricks of starlight
But to bathe in the bright blood
Of the world, of the world above

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