

# Lost Boys

## Shearwater

My blistered feet turn bloody  
So I take to the air  
And I am everywhere, I am starlight  
Oh, I am moonlight Over burning fields and bodies  
I stay close to the ground  
Slipping miles from the arches and arc-lights  
Into the warm night Winged children, all  
Will fly over the mountain wall  
To the lid of the sky  
And slice its belly full wide  
With their warm knives Not the pin-pricks of starlight  
But to bathe in the bright blood  
Of the world, of the world above

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