

(Hammill)

Still waiting for my saviour, storms tear me limb from limb
my fingers feel like seaweed, I'm so far out I'm too far in
I am a lonely man / my solitude is true
my eyes have borne stark witness and now my nights are
numbered too:

I've seen the smiles on dead hands
the stars shine but they're not for me

I prophesy disaster and then I count the cost
I shine, but shining, dying, I know that I am almost lost
On the table lies blank paper / and my tower is built on stone /
I only have blunt scissors / I only have the bluntest home.
I've been the witness, and the seal of death
lingers in the molten wax that is my head

When you see the skeletons of sailing-ship spars sinking low
You'll begin to wonder if the points of all the ancients myths
are solemnly directed straight at you.