

## **Sewing With Nancie "Red Sky At Dawn"**

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Courage. Through the rain, with love as our anchor.  
There's just enough here to show us the courage that  
courses through the veins. Knock it down like a bridge.  
Set it up like a prechorus. These are the tales that our  
grandfathers tell to their young. Now we're lost. This  
ship is no such place for heathens and harbingers. It's  
a shame, son. This is the line that you crossed. It's the  
fine line that separated caskets from carpenters. I wish  
we'd wash our hands of this and watch you drift away.  
We need the last word. Don't let him go. He seems to  
be getting away. Ready? Aim. Fire. Go for the throat.  
Don't be surprised if he already knows how numbered  
his days are and how fast we'll pull the plug on this  
three-ring circus. I swear. Son, this is business. If you  
betray us, all traitors are fit with cement shoes.  
Tonight, when you sleep with the fishes, you can  
measure the tides as your heathen embraces you.  
Once we've washed our hands of this we'll watch you  
float away. This is what happens when your friends turn  
their backs. Now we turn the table. This is your well  
deserved revenge. Get used to this. Find a stonger  
ship. You're the one that's sinking. The current's too  
slow, by steady. Pushing you away, disturbing its flow  
and burning. You'll becoming one with the waves. This  
is so pure. This is banishment forever. Have you lost  
your way? The red sun is over the horizon as we drink  
to the future. Here's to everything after the sun sets  
tonight. I'll see you, far from sober. We'll watch you as  
you sink. We've drank the last of the rye. As sure as the  
sun sets tonight I'll see you south of the Cape of True  
Love. On the floor of the Ocean of Friendships. I'll see  
you in hell if that's what you want me to do. It's ironic  
sometimes how we meet our demise. As the fishes  
feast out of the backs of your eyes, let this tale be a  
lesson in life. You only get back what you give, son.  
Fuck you.

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