

The Dagens

"Amaroq"

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Will they bury me with their folding arms?
Who will cry for me when my kind is gone?
Tuck your head under your wing and sleep like a low-
lying fog.
I will come up at the end of the world to send you on
your way.
It's like poetry, birds fall dead from the sky.
The ground is lace, the blood is silk.
It's shattering and bright.
Tuck your head under your wing and sleep like a low-
lying fog.
I will come up at the end of the world to send you on
your way.
I tell all my bones to remember me, and to mutter
underground when I melt away.
Tuck your head under your wing and sleep like a low-
lying fog.
I will come up at the end of the world to send you on
your way.
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