

Adverts, Drowning Men

Uncharted wrecks of wonder.
In deepest gloom down under.
The drowning men are drawing near.

We're the subterranean vandals,
Tying air lines around door handles.
Adventures don't venture here.

We're the drowning men.
We're the drowned men.

The mutant freaks fantastical.
Knife's edge, unreal or actual.
Ambition stunted, the future fated.

Shall we rise from sunken places.
Walk the streets, unnatural, graceless.
Wipe the smile from your faces.
If we can make it.