

Forgive Durden, I Am A Heart, Watson. The Rest

Splintered soles and cracked rungs
Soaking flames and black lungs
Climbing only brings me closer to drowning
Effort only speeds burning embers to rain down

This ocean's waves crash
Up against the varnished sides of the hull
Whose walls securely
Insulate my heart from the swells
But these tides persist, rust grows by the inch
Corrosion turns to decay
This ship's tired and old
Can't take much more of the cold
Before it breaks like glass

I've been drawn and quartered, my limbs anchored
To spirited steeds who tear with opposite speeds
I've had my turn, I've crashed, I've burned
Through catastrophe, it's been right here in front of me

This is of epic proportions
The essence of enlightenment
This is a divination
Which I alone am privy to
My fears have been
Suffocated by vindication
My vessel's bow has
Detected your beacons along the shore

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I've had my turn, I've crashed, I've burned
Through catastrophe, it's been right here in front of me

So I will grab my pale
And drag my shovel across the ground
But I'm not striding coasts
Building sand castles and moats
I'm off to dig my own grave
No service is needed, no eulogy here
All I need is this final resting place

So build me a tombstone
Engrave it by hand with "The Boy Who Mishandled Your Heart"
(My last goodbyes are to those who'll soon eat my insides)

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