

Gatsbys American Dream, Speaker For The Dead

beaches make the sand white
make the sand all romantic and shit
palm trees, branches, imagine them
green, naive, and shining with pride
oh arrogant island being buried in humility
like the beaches were buried in ash

who will remember you now
billows and billows see the smoke rise
smoke stack for every sin
but did they believe that
at the center of the island was a volcano oh no
oh no
who will remember you now
you're dead and gone

we came here on a plane
just a couple of scientists
among the ruins and remains
this island could have been saved
but some people just choose death
and can't see a way out
till their bones are all that's left
their chests were hollowed out
but some people never know,
too caught up in the beautiful
but their hearts a volcano