

# Mastodon, Seabeast

If I stand around and watch them drown in a pool of gray  
When we dive in I can surely say there's feud with force  
Am I in your way? Please knock me down. Can I help you in?  
When I'm not around let us all be found in certain ways

Dear Mr. Queequeg you have been informed your life's been saved  
You are not a black-hearted vicious mess so it has been claimed  
If this is the beast pulling us towards the east with mighty waves  
Let us look inside and pull out all your pride you know it's up to us

Holding pasts in ash black earth  
Bound by roots  
Roots into sand  
Grow towards the giver

There's an open wound placed upon my heart in anger's rage  
If we open up a spirit, a spirit that can bleed  
Ahab the leading lad we can trust his obsession carries them  
Meet us at the temple healing all the crippled

Don't forget the maimed  
Lower soul sent with gifts offering  
Teeth of hope travel with  
Child laid next to mother