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