

The Receiving End Of Sirens, Dead Men Tell No

I'll be the salt that resides from the water that drains from your eyes,
The sting that burns your open wounds.
I'll flood the ground. I swear on your grave I'll bury this town,
But not for me, not never for me.
We have tested the buoyancy of loyalty.
You left our lungs for canteens.
You left out ankles for anchors.
We thought your arms were tied behind your back,
But elastic bands tied your hands.
You swim with reckless abandon.
Abandon ship! Mayday! Mayday!
Swim toward shore!
Our captain is overboard; he punctured holes in the floorboards
To flood the bow just in time to bow out.
Abandon ship! Swim towards shore!
He's over bored and overboard.
Left in the wake, we man our own driftwood orphanage.
Captain is over bored and overboard.
Captain is calling.
And there's nothing you can do when water ruins the maps we drew.
Mayday! Mayday! Save us from this drowning vessel!