

Thrice, Digital Ocean

I woke, cold and alone
Adrift in an open sea
Caught up in regrets
And tangled in nets
Instead of your arms wrapped around me
And I wept, but my tears are anathema here
Just more water to fill my lungs
I hear someone scream
"God what is it we have done?"

I am drowning in a digital sea
I am slipping beneath the sound
Here my voice goes to ones and zeros
I'm slipping beneath the sound

A song from somewhere below
Deadly and slow begins
Both sickly and sweet
Now picking up speed
Ushering in the world's end
And the ghost of Descartes screams again in the dark
"Oh how could I have been so wrong?"
But above the screams the sirens sing their song

I am drowning in a digital sea
I am slipping beneath the sound
Here my voices goes to ones and zeros
I'm slipping beneath the sound

Here my voice goes to ones and zeros
(Repeat till the end)