

Thrice, Open Water

Ten thousand men
sleep down with Davy Jones;
with stolen treasure they tithe.
The open water
chills me to my bones,
but it's the only place that I feel alive.
The ocean floor
begins to disappear;
I sense that terrible depth.
The OPEN WATER
is my only fear,
but I'll sail as long as I still have breath in me.

I'm starting to
believe the ocean's
much like you,
because it gives
and it takes
away.

Between the devil
and the deep blue sea,
I stare into the ABYSS.
The OPEN WATER
is an awful thing,
But I'm anxious till the anchor is
aweigh.

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