

# Adelleda, Sailors Love To Get Stoned

It's like a tidal wave inside my brain eroding every thought away  
Blindfolded I try to spear gun down my own tail of blame  
Intelligentsia, mediums, media, cameras with heat-seeking wit  
These couches are like butter to their little bullets  
So relax before you sit down near the outlet on the wall  
This is the one-shot America  
Let the signs decide the wrong and right  
Drop some shells tonight  
And sort the rubble in the morning along the coastline  
We are, we are  
We are the undertow  
My nose and lungs burn through as I gently slip below  
Millions of tiny bubbles of perspective half-support my body  
An image, our future, I feel this and I'm sinking in  
This broadcast states exactly how my current flows  
A scurvy-ridden rat on just a tiny chunk of wood  
Those sharks control the stage, bottomless grey  
Everybody's bleeding, frenzied eating  
The floodwaters lap at our ceilings  
We are, we are  
We are the undertow  
My nose and lungs burn through as I gently slip below  
Let the search begin  
The tide is high and the bends are kicking in  
No movement  
These legs and arms are numb  
Waterlogged and sun-burnt, bloated and belly-up now  
My eyes are bleeding  
Oh no, oh no, oh no  
I dove right in  
I said my peace  
Hypocritical me