

Archers Of Loaf, Chumming the Ocean

South of the river's mouth
Migration slopes slowly towards mainland.
There, the salt air
Fills the gills of the dead bait in hand.

The deep is in riot, the coastline is quiet
Asleep and divided in bands.
While beer halls all revile, drunk and disheveled,
Helplessly wading the diver is down.

And they're chumming the oceans.
The signal is sent,
Received and responded to.
The water is red, red, red, red.

We're downed, downed as the hand of god
Chokes the driftwood with dead weight and brine.
And spawning the detailed decline
Via dorsal cuts, hooks, sink and line.

The anchors have settled, the tanks are full level.
The flag has been raised half-mast on the bow.
And harpoons are loaded, the cage has been lowered.
The mask's on, the diver is down, now.

And they're chumming the oceans.
The signal is sent
I think he's in trouble.
The water is red, red, red, red.