

# Brand New, Play Crack The Sky

We sent out the S.O.S. call.  
It was a quarter past four, in the morning  
When the storm broke our second anchor line.  
Four months at sea. Four months of calm seas {only}  
To be pounded in the shallows off the tip of Montauk Point.

They call 'em rogues. They travel fast and alone.  
One hundred foot faces of God's good ocean gone wrong.  
What they call love is a risk,  
'Cause you will always get hit  
Out of nowhere by some wave  
And end up on your own.

The hole in the hull defied the crews attempts,  
To bail us out.  
And flooded the engines and radio,  
And half buried bow.

Your tongue is a rudder.  
It steers the whole ship.  
Sends your words past your lips  
Or keeps them safe behind your teeth.  
But the wrong words will strand you.  
Come off course while you sleep.  
Sweep your boat out to sea  
Or dashed to bits on the reef.

The vessel groans  
The ocean pressures its frame.  
To the port I see the lighthouse  
Through the sleet and the rain.  
And I wish for one more day to give my  
Love and repay debts.  
But the morning finds our bodies washed up thirty miles west.

They say that the captain stays fast with the ship,  
Through still and storm,  
But this ain't the Dakota,  
And the water's so cold,  
{We} won't have to fight for long.

(This is the end.)  
This story's old but it goes on and on until we disappear,  
(This is the calm.)  
Calm me and let me taste the salt you breathed while you were underneath,  
(We are the risen.)  
I am the one who haunts your dreams of mountains sunk below the sea,  
(After the storm.)  
I spoke the words but never gave a thought of what they all could mean,  
(Rest in the sea.)  
I know that this is what you want, a funeral keeps both of us apart.  
(Washed up on the beach.)  
You know that you are not alone, I need you like water in my lungs.  
[x2]

This is the end.

...Never to see any other way...