Dog Fashion Disco, Castaway

sitting upon the shore
the waves crash and echo inside my head
approaching out in the distance
a ship of slaves to bury the dead

this island is a pirson
of futile desparation
from hunger and calamity
I slip into dreams

the years became mummified
a relic of suicide
the years became mummified
waiting for what may wash up in the tide

under the moon out in the sea
what could be out there waiting for me
I swirl the current it pulls me under
I feel the water filling my lungs

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a relic of suicide
the years became mummified
waiting for what may wash up in the tide
what may wash up in the tide
what may wash up in the tide
what may wash up in the tide

shades below pluto
floating in limbo
orcus and father of phlegethon

the fury and fire
anointing the worms
writhing in semen and blood

visions of heavenly celestial beings in love
illusion crucified a witness below so above

lost are the souls that wade in a molten sea
beg for forgiveness from a supreme diety

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i'm lost though hopeful i'll find a way
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