

# 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 prison  
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

the years became mummified  
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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waiting for what may wash up in the tide  
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i'm lost though hopeful i'll find a way  
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