

Thrice, Digital Sea

I awoke, cold and alone
Adrift in the open sea
Caught up in regrets and tangled in nets
Instead of your arms wrapped around me
And I wept but my tears are anathema here
Just more water to fill my lungs
I hear someone scream
"God what is it we have done?"

I am drowning in a digital sea
I am slipping beneath the sound
Here my voice goes, to ones and zeroes
I'm slipping beneath the sound

A song, somewhere below
Deadly and slow begins
Sickly and sweet
Now picking up speed
Ushering in the world's end
And the ghost of Descartes
Screams again in the dark
Oh how could I have been so wrong
But above the screams still the sirens sing their songs

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