

Dead Man's Float

Sage Francis

Go away, be extinct, disappear, float on
Go away, be extinct, disappear, float on
Go away, be extinct, disappear, float on
Go away, be extinct, disappear, float on Yea as we walk through the valley of the shadow of death
We shall fear no evil
For we are the most evil motherfuckers in whatever valley we choose to occupy
Gentrify, overtake or drunkenly speed through
And it's we, the hitchhikers with tired thumbs
Often greeted by middle fingers, imagery lingered as the tires spun (it's tiresome)
Now conserve your energy and lay face-down in the waterways
Seek guidance from the sirens calling out to you from those watery graves
Bodies are on display, bloated and holding their crown jewels
Instead of flotation devices, they decided the house rules didn't apply to them
Got baptised in the name of Neptune and then died for him
When the ice was thin, dead man's float for those who don't like to swim
Don't fret cause help is on its way, it'll be here any day
Just stay still and do nothing buddy, remain faithful, you're gonna be saved
And when you meet your maker you can explain
How there was a cemetery of support behind every wager that you placed
All the of every deceased beast that came before is sweetly saying
"We all float down here and wait for riptide to sweep us away"
To the valley of the shadow where we shall fear no evil
For we are so cerebral, we, the ghost people
With the poke of a needle, pop of a pill, we, the pole survivalists
Holding onto the steeple like a lightning rod to show that we die for this
It's been said "faith could move a mountain"
Faith couldn't even move low-income families away from Biblical floods when they were all drowning
There's not a doubt in my mind and there's not a cloud in the sky
There's just contaminated rivers filled with waterlogged subordinates floating on by
Float on
Swimming through iron limbs of the knighted stiff
The skeletal remains of false praise, the slow decay of yesterday's recycled gifts
They're drowning in sorrow cause they pray with clenched fists
Shamed by the broken promise of tomorrow, the guilt sticks to the ribs
And it's ageless, and it's ancient, and it ain't shit
When compared to the present, so all hail the king
While the paupers and peasants return to the so-called essence
The war, the famine, the death, the pestilence
Float on Float on, float on

Float on, float on
As I received you, thing of the prince
The worst of luck ain't always bestowed upon the old and weak
We stick em, hahaha, stick em where the ocean's deep
Go to sleep young one, have sweet dreams of someone
That you'll never meet, but you'll speak of often whenever you talk in tongues
The coffin comes in the form of a canoe, no paddle
No info, no manual, live slow, don't be so quick to storm the castle
That's survival kids, put an oxygen mask inside the tackle box
Your limbs and abdomen will sense when the pressure of the cabin drops
Shut up when the captain talks, the secret of the enlightened
Is to preach against whatever it is they practice in the dark
We're all born free, we die by the shackles we adopt
Enjoy your buoyancy, right up until the very last drop
The dead man's float, the deadpan joke
The cold touch of a stranger, the left hand stroke
There's no right hand man, the bedpan spill, the dead man's still
Face-down in his own waste, while we chase
A shadow in the gallows of the valley of death
Where we shall fear no evil for as long as we can hold our breath
Float on
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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