Seasick

Far

Believe this as you convalesce: I'm seasick.
I'm bleeding from open sores.
Four days ago, you said soon we'd hit shore.
And finally, we've found this land.
For all the gifts the people give,
bloody beaches and severed hands is what we return.
I'm kind of nauseous.
Either I don't like this, or I'm still seasick.
And I find it hard, it's so hard,
I'm finding out you're a liar again.
(no, I never said enough)
You gave me what was never yours.
You know what? I don't want it.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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