

Castaway

Dog Fashion Disco

Sitting upon the shore
The waves crash and echo inside my head
Approaching out in the distance
A ship of slaves to bury the deadThis island is a pirson
Of futile desparation
From hunger and calamity
I slip into dreamsThe years became mummified
A relic of suicide
The years became mummified
Waiting for what may wash up in the tideUnder 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 lungsThe 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 tideShades below pluto
Floating in limbo
Orcus and father of phlegethonThe fury and fire
Anointing the worms
Writhing in semen and bloodVisions of heavenly celestial beings in love
Illusion crucified a witness below so aboveLost are the souls that wade in a molten sea
Beg for forgiveness from a supreme deityThe 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 tideI'm lost though hopeful I'll find a way
I'm lost though hopeful I'll find a way
I'm lost though hopeful I'll find a way
I'm lost though hopeful I'll find a way

Songwriters

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