

I Am A Heart, Watson. The Rest Of Me Is Mere Appen

Forgive Durden

Splintered soles and cracked rungs
Soaking flames and black lungs
Climbing only brings me closer to drowning
Effort only speeds burning embers to rain down
This ocean's waves crash up
Against the varnished sides of the hull
Whose walls securely insulate
My heart from the swells
But these, these tides persist
Rust grows by the inch
Corrosion turns to decay
This ship's tired and old
Can't take much more of the cold
Before it breaks like glass
I've been drawn and quartered
My limbs anchored to spirited steeds
Who tear with opposite speeds
I've had my turn, I've crashed, I've burned
Through catastrophe
It's been right here in front of me
This is of epic proportions
The essence of enlightenment
This is a divination which I alone am privy to
My fears have been suffocated by vindication
My vessel's bow has detected
Your beacons along the shore
I've been drawn and quartered
My limbs anchored to spirited steeds
Who tear with opposite speeds
I've had my turn, I've crashed, I've burned
Through catastrophe
It's been right here in front of me
So I will grab my pale
And drag my shovel across the ground
But I'm not striding coasts
Building sand castles and moats
I'm off to dig my own grave
No service is needed, no eulogy here
All I need's this final resting place

So build me a tombstone
Engrave it by hand with
"The boy who Mishandled your heart"
My last goodbyes are to those
Who'll soon eat my insides
I've been drawn and quartered
My limbs anchored to spirited steeds
Who tear with opposite speeds
I've had my turn, I've crashed, I've burned
Through catastrophe
You've been right here in front of me

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