

This Ship Will Burn

Small Brown Bike

(Listen) to me, my best friend.
Permission granted friend, but stay close to my heart
and we'll get through this sad part.
(Wander) with me, my lost friend and find something that makes sense.
We catch drift far from home.
Return to things we don't know.
(This ship will burn) Breaking waves and bitter lives.
(Full steam ahead) Turning tides and hanging minds.
(Stop shoveling coal) Churn our sea, unpredictably.
(The boiler room is full) (Recover) with me, my hurt friend.
The wounds you wear aren't forever.
The air will cool where you bleed.
Your tears bear salt from our sea.
(This ship will not overturn. These waves will not cool this burn.
This sea will not swallow me. This past will not defeat me.)
This distance is so absurd.
Dropped anchor just to keep on moving.
Found times bound ground in course from dead reckoning.
The true course at what speed?
Past times find ways to drown.
Deciding distance for the present roaming.
Off course source bound for worse in dead reckoning.
We'll find true speed in traveling on.
(Assumed command.
Complied and warned those who don't know what it might have done.)
(Hold on) to me, my last friend.
My sails are free from all wind.
Step down from my seat.
My drowning mind sinks slowly.

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