Deep Sea Station

Cloakroom

With a handful of dirt set him face down
Buried a saint just to sell off the house
Wade through the wastes
Shake off the storm
Cold skin of gods keeping your babies warm
Your customs felt strange and pretty played out
Driving a sword through the heart of your doubts
Saw what you saw and word got around
Ships disappeared in the cumulous cloud
The rat race has run a serpentine path
Free to escape from the bondage of death
Welcomed the change
Sick with the thirst
Drunk off the taste of the blood of the Earth
Scoured the mine
Called down the well
To find a faraway self
Someone you knew
Someone you've got to keep down
To writhe in the depths
Called out your name
Safe from the fires of Hell
But death holds the bell
That hangs on the wind singing for nobody else
Your faraway self
I will return to the rocks and the roots and debris
Free to return to the rocks and the roots and the weeds
I will return to the rocks and the roots and debris
Free to return to the rocks and the roots and the weeds
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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