

# The Tempest (The Siren's Song, The Banshee's Cry)

## The Agonist

I say!  
Why do you grip so hard, that way?  
Of what, is there left to be afraid?  
Let the waves elope with your empty remains.  
They erode your foothold, anyway.  
They mosh, unaware of their own might.  
Hypnotizing.  
Shore-ward swallowing.  
They storm me, ganging up on me!  
What's become of the home that supported me?  
They spit me back after drowning me then slip away dragging their fingers behind them.  
But you expel the salt, sink down lower than the undertow would being you.  
You just don't seem to see how returning to them is so far beneath you.  
But then how come my corpse -- it rises up?  
And it is my soul that has sunk?  
Hear!  
That sound rings out across the land, over the roaring waves, through every grain of sand.  
Is it of loss and pain or made to seduce me?  
Listen!  
The oohs and aahs of funeral spectators death admirators as they bathe in ritual memories and fake tears.  
Life's underrated.  
Jaded and hatred isolate you so abandon your fears.  
As they spread my ashes like a bouquet of seeds.  
Far up, far out... to show you what I'm made of.  
Kill the parasite in every co-dependent brain fallen slave to the pull of the waves.  
The pull of the waves; the natural decay of all that is made is how redemption is paid.  
Say Dickinson, who do you blame for your romantic death wish?  
And does it remain true that angry winds feel like a lover's breath?  
That's why you grip so hard.  
No!  
It's simply condition keeping me locked in!  
I could escape if I knew how to swim!  
Look... feel... you're aided.  
Wind, sun and strangers have come to guide you so the choice is clear.  
As they spread my ashes like a bouquet of seeds.  
Far up, far out... to show you what I'm made of.  
Kill the parasite in every co-dependent brain fallen slave to the pull of the waves  
Playfully badgering, casually capturing.  
To escape the surface chaos is to sink -- not to swim.

You say to release the stranglehold keeping me safely beneath.  
But as the sea foam rises up, tickles my lips and sinks insides, doesn't the choice of future paths become a  
matter of pride?  
When I've struggled so hard to excel, why is it so unappealing to survive

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