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 dreamsYears became mummified
A relic of suicide
Years became mummified
Waiting for when they wash up in the tideUnder the moon out in the sea
What could be out there waiting for me
I _____ the current it pulls me under
I feel the water filling my lungsYears became mummified
A relic of suicide
Years became mummified
Waiting for when they wash up in the tide
When they wash up in the tide
When they wash up in the tide
When they wash up in the tide_____ below pluto
Floating in limbo
Are _____ father of _____The fury in fire
Igniting(?) the words
_____ his sea men in _____Visions of heavenly celestial beings in love(?)
Illusion crucified a witness below so aboveLost on the shores then waiting _____
Beg for forgiveness from the supreme dietyYears became mummified
A relic of suicide
Years became mummified
Waiting for when they wash up in the tide
When they wash up in the tide
When they wash up in the tide
When they 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

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