

Receiving End Of Sirens, The "Dead Men Tell No Tales"

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I'll be the salt that resides from the water that drains
from your eyes;
The sting that burns your open wounds.
I'll flood the ground. I swear on your grave, I'll bury this
town,
But not for me, no never for me.

We have tested the buoyancy of loyalty.
You left our lungs for canteens.
You left our ankles for anchors.
We thought your arms were tied behind your back,
But elastic bands tied your hands.
You swim with reckless abandon.

Abandon ship! Mayday! Mayday!
Swim toward shore!
Our captain is overboard!
He punctured holes in the floorboards
To flood the bow just in time to bow out.
He's over bored and overboard.

Left in the wake, we man our own driftwood
orphanage,
A second-hand sailor's fleet to flee.
But in the wake, we man our own driftwood orphanage.
Captain is over bored and overboard.
Captain is calling.

And there's nothing you can do when water ruins the
maps we drew.
Mayday! Mayday! Save us from this drowning vessel!

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