

Consequence

"The Escapist"

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Our eyes have plans to undress this room and erase
the clues,
With paper that reads like maps, and incriminates.
Run your course. (Can you hear the sirens singing?)
Singing you to shipwreck in this bed of sand?
Oh save us from these oaths like masts!
Hail the escape from shipwreck.
Fugitive:
From bitter judgment of the winds and water,
Holding refuge in waves closing in like bars,
Stand in capsized hope of this sinking cell.
For the torrent of sins wash you overboard.
That justice would set her scales and be a lack thereof;
She'd turn her blind eyes to our case and deaf ears to
us.
Our minds have plans to digress into these ocean
tombs.
How can we escape the tides of this fate?
Making our graves in this watery bed
What saving grace can we claim, while holding our
hopes of mutiny?
Everybody's an escapist from all they have known.
For how can grace be given those that hold none of
their own?
For what love holds for the weak, lies oceans apart
from
What water holds for our dreams of a mutiny.

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