

## Corinna Fugate "Undertow"

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Call me Claudia  
I can't stand the sound of my own name  
I've covered the mirrors with collages  
To conceal the shame

The undertow pulls me low  
Ice, it's ice cold  
I felt Ophelia reaching out for my hand  
But she missed as the moon gently hissed  
God damned undertow

Soft as sand yet hard as a wave  
This blood on my hand is here to stay  
Ophelia's doing sommersaults on my lawn  
She wants me to come out and play

The undertow pulls me low

Ice, it's ice cold  
I felt Ophelia reaching out for my hand  
But she missed as the moon gently hissed  
God damned undertow

The weight of water on the soul  
I'm drowning inside and no one knows  
It could drown any sign of hope  
But my life is such a slippery slope

The undertow pulls me low  
Ice, it's ice cold  
I felt Ophelia reaching out for my hand  
But she missed as the moon gently hissed  
God damned undertow

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