

The Acacia Strain "Seaward"

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I have escaped into the middle of nowhere.
Where no can hear you or would ever want to journey.
I have found you the perfect place to spend the rest of
your life.
And you're lucky I let you live this long to see it.
I don't care who you are, you're no one tonight.
I don't care you you were, you're nothing tonight.
Hair like sand.
Skin like salt.
She smelled of the sea.
I tore her apart.
And when she screamed all I could hear was the ocean.
I tore her apart.
And when she looked at me all I could see was fear.
It's hard to keep sinking ships afloat.
I am the failure she never knew.
Oceans apart, days away.
We are from from lost, but even farther from being
found.
You're far beyond you jurisdiction here.
"Don't make me come out there and get you son"
I fucking dared him... I fucking dared him.
No one can help you way out here.
We can't be bothered by that nonsense way out here.
Sand in her hair.
Salt on her skin.
Bloated but not breathing.
The air is soaking wet with salt and death.
And I curse like a fucking sailor.
Loose lips sink ships.

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