

Giant Drag

"Panthalassa"

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The dreams are upon me again with impossible seas
filled to the brim with equally impossible things with
preposterous amounts of teeth
Hereto I command an immortal ship and all ten hands
on deck
Standing abreast with the finest men, each thick
headed and hell bent on seeing this through for
reasons all their own
Patching the sails with the shirts off their back, I need
not sail alone the highest crests will fall like the rest
under our battered hull
The beast filled troughs our bow will cross atop their
cartilage skulls
The chill of the wind carries the hymn of things
sounding disappointingly human
I'm quick to remind my men to ignore these beauties
with green skin
A sure sign their blood is too thin, singing lampreys
that will suck you dry
This sea has no end
Each of you will give in
Only a matter of time before I bring you all bliss

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