

Giant Drag

"Sevengill"

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Down here I wait with all my benthic friends
Underneath the gate listening to lives end
Those with seven gills will investigate each thunderous
crash and corresponding shape
In great detail, I described you to them
In case the bridge is how you choose to end
I'd like to have some last words with you before you
end up on the Farallone's rocky shores
Where the real beasts await to have their way
With all the failures washed out from the bay
A hundred years have past since just last autumn
Please come to the bay, see who now lives on the
bottom
I'd like to have some last words before I forget how to
walk upon these muddy shores and entirely cease to
breathe like a man
Seeing things only with the tips of my hands
My heart is crushed by the jaws of regret
Upon knowing where you now make your bed
The depths at which I've chained to you
I pray those shackles eventually rust through
Held under by chiton like lies
Amongst the corpses
I'll never surface
Debris bouncing off my hide
Covered in detritus I've lost purpose
What comfort lies in years of hating me?
Haven't you in some way found a rare peace?
Please realize your very soul's at stake you're still a
man and I was just a tool of fate
Your bite marks riddled my soul
It got damn cold with all those holes
So I left it on shore for all the gulls
Take it
There wasn't much left
Take it
Bit it's all yours
Take it

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