

## Giant Squid "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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