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## The Ready Set "Red Sky At Dawn"

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Courage. Through the rain, with love as our anchor. There's just enough here to show us the courage that courses through the veins. Knock it down like a bridge. Set it up like a prechorus. These are the tales that our grandfathers tell to their young. Now we're lost. This ship is no such place for heathens and harbingers. It's a shame, son. This is the line that you crossed. It's the fine line that separated caskets from carpenters. I wish we'd wash our hands of this and watch you drift away. We need the last word. Don't let him go. He seems to be getting away. Ready? Aim. Fire. Go for the throat. Don't be surprised if he already knows how numbered his days are and how fast we'll pull the plug on this three-ring circus. I swear. Son, this is business. If you betray us, all traitors are fit with cement shoes. Tonight, when you sleep with the fishes, you can measure the tides as your heathen embraces you. Once we've washed out hands of this we'll watch you float away. This is what happens when your friends turn their backs. Now we turn the table. This is your well deserved revenge. Get used to this. Find a stonger ship. You're the one that's sinking. The current's too slow, by steady. Pushing you away, disturbing its flow and burning. You'll becoming one with the waves. This is so pure. This is banishment forever. Have you lost your way? The red sun is over the horizon as we drink to the future. Here's to everything after the sun sets tonight. I'll see you, far from sober. We'll watch you as you sink. We've drank the last of the rye. As sure as the sun sets tonight I'll see you south of the Cape of True Love. On the floor of the Ocean of Friendships. I'll see you in hell if that's what you want me to do. It's ironic sometimes how we meet our demise. As the fishes feast out of the backs of your eyes, let this tale be a lesson in life. You only get back what you give, son. Fuck you.

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