# Sage Francis
# "Mermaids Are Seasluts"

I am nothing but a shell of the man I once was
So you can put me to your ear and actually hear
yesteryear's ocean
I was in shape then
A much better built body of water with infinite waves
and fathomless depths
Where you could have deep sea fishing for
compliments
And caught plentiful schools of reassuring comments
Now all you get is the boot
You fell for the bait and got hooked on what you
thought I was
Now we're both struggling to win this tug of war of the
worlds
Where we breathe the same air, it's just done
differently
And I'm tryin to figure out ways to have comfortably
survive outside your element
Compromising intelligence
I dabbled in watered down thoughts that filtered in
from the main stream
I'm offering mind altering ideas that make the most
quiet natured brain scream
From exposure to the types of things that won't
necessarily make you happier
They'll just give you a greater range of emotions
And I can feel myself getting lured into deeper oceans
of fantasy land
Where people think they're as safe as cartoons simply
because they speak in bubbles
A sanitized safe-haven where you could face Satan and
have his faith straightened
His new goal would be to dethrone Poseidon and have
Neptune's place taken
They'd swashbuckle with their pitchforks
While Lucifer shit talks and rips forts of coral reef
For relief they be like "bitch walk"
From this oversized aquarium that daddy kept cleanly
to unhealthy degrees
Writing suicide notes with invisible ink on
transparences
And posting them to the glass boundaries that

surround the seas of change
Strangely enough, while bringing back the real
I could sense intense resistance so I had no other
choice but to cut the line
I'm not saying you're overly naive
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