

## Thrice "Digital Sea"

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I woke, cold and alone, adrift in the open sea  
Caught up in regrets and tangled in nets  
Instead of your arms wrapped around me

And I wept, but my tears are anathema here  
Just more water to fill my lungs  
I hear someone scream, "God, what is it we've done?"

I am drowning in a digital sea  
I am slipping beneath the sound  
Here my voice goes to ones and zeros  
I'm slipping beneath the sound

A song from somewhere below, deadly and slow  
begins  
Both sickly and sweet, now picking up speed  
Ushering in the world's end

And the ghost of Descartes screams again in the dark  
"Oh, how could I have been so wrong?"  
But above the screams still the sirens sing their song

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Here my voice goes to ones and zeros  
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