

# Spy Dolphin

Delta Sleep

Day dreams of summer trees, and your hair in the breeze  
Witness the life in the tall grass, let's do this more often  
The ground shakes as I awake under rocks  
On the sea floor where our house laid  
Where just a few days ago I made you breakfast in bed  
But the house caved into the ground when the ocean  
Swallowed it down to the bottom  
The tank's running out of oxygen  
I have been rendered to shark feed  
No help in sight, but sharp teeth and an appetite

I see their eyes surround me

Stayed at home for way too long  
Now I'm destined for the deep blue sea

No help in sight, big appetites  
I'll be fine for one more night

Wait until the coast is clear  
You can float your way to the surface, to the surface  
Keep a wary eye well-fixated on the distance  
Or you'll end your days counting hours in the bottom of the sea  
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Counting hours in the bottom of [?]

Wait until the coast is clear  
You can float your way to surface  
Where you'll end your days with purpose  
Keep a wary eye well-fixated on the distance  
You'll be on you're way out