

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
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
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