

Tower 26  
Sits fixed in the rough sand pitch  
I can see it when my head pops up  
When my head pops up  
'Fore another one drops

And I'm flipped and whipped  
Like I have air for bones  
Like the ghost on the roof of the auto zone

Metaphor's mixed  
And it tricks ya into being transfixed  
I can see it when my head pops up  
When my head pops up  
'Fore another one drops

And I bust the crypt  
Like I have steal for bones  
Like a deep sea creature with a pressure coat

I  
Fiend for relief  
But everything I cop  
To make the black wave stop  
Makes the undertow greedier  
The cold swell needier  
The only way through it is to drop drop drop

Father John Doe  
Stands blitzed at the red pulpit  
And the fire and brimstone he spits  
From a sermon he ripped  
From a Youtube clip

I don't hear I'm indisposed  
Tumbling the ocean floor

I  
Fiend for relief  
But everything I cop  
To make the black wave stop  
Makes the undertow greedier  
The cold swell needier  
The only way through it is to drop drop drop