

Mermaids

IGNEA

Short of air
Layer by layer
It's never on the surface
Never on the surface
The planet's round
And so we go in circles
Making mistakes
Checkpoints on our trail

Ocean floor
It makes us sore
Being in the inland
Dying in the inland
Surfing chests
The beauty of our mess
Trapped in the nets
We braid ourselves

Rolling up and down
Blue sky to the ground
Tell me why we love
Things that make us howl
Going back and forth
We're not moving on
Why the balance bores
Tell me why it blows our minds
Because all the pearls
And treasures are here
Under mermaid's hair
The essence of being

Scared to death
When things go right
We're thrown to the edge
Drawn to the edge
Spicy sand
Is our last stand
We never give a hand
To common sense

We are guests
No element
Matches our wishes
Satisfies our wishes
Waves caress
And when we choke and gasp
Cursed be
We cannot drown ourselves

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Waters are calling
Shallow is near
Touching the bottom
Will lend us wings

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