

Sunken Lungs

Primordial

What breath it takes the tide
Is it from your sunken hollow lungs
That the bones may gather at the depths
An organ for the ghastly of songs
A vessel for the damned adrift on a sunless sea

Whisper on white tongues of foam
To me of days I've lost to the night
And the heart of darkness that draws us so tight

Haggard and bent old crew
Keens to the crone
What do the drowned say?
Who man our ships as ghosts
And bend our knees to pray
For a silent and watery grave