

## Cold Water

Protest the Hero

Twisting through contorted limb  
Sober now from distant whim  
Batten down the hatches  
The storm approaches, the thunder crashes  
It cannot wait  
It must be now  
A shot's been fired across the bow  
What presence here has been proclaimed?  
What once was unspoken is finally named

So this is sinking, or so it seems  
Diving fathoms in lucid dreams  
With lungs now aching, begging for air  
And only cold water answers  
With a cinder block anchor, hope turns to despair  
Ripped from the womb and left to the ocean's care  
Cold water

So just sink, let go, slip into the depths  
Let the pieces of a wasted life slip past the fingertips  
Rejoice, exult, a fitting conclusion to a melancholy myth  
A grave at sea, an absentee, whose presence won't be missed

Picking at the bones that came to rest on the ocean bed  
Whose subtle pose tells a tale of those that sink like lead  
Summon the ire left hanging in moments that swings by the neck  
to and fro.  
Assured by the light that there's one way to go

Death is callous, strange, and sudden  
A pious, indignant glutton  
Whose hands are soft, warm, and inviting