

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