

Life looks different down here
Inside my dying prison
If I could reach the edge of this
I'll take it somewhere if I could

But I am slipping under water
The tide oh it's pulling me much farther
Maybe I am drowning, oh I'm drowning

My Tsunami, my Katrina and my inner Sandy
Man it will not simmer expanding
If I swam seem like I would slam the damn thing
But I'm scrambling, falling like I damaged my hamstring
I'm deeply disturbed, so many things keep me perturbed
Inside of me peeping this surge and I'm completely submerged
My data wiped even if NASA had a sight
Couldn't catch it with N.O.A.A.'s ghost satellite
Storm's F-5 within I'm torn alive
Hearing the horns from high
Pain is for sure my eye
Having a lot of blackouts
Medics try putting me on medicine
But I need light
Just like the East need con Edison
I'm dead again
Drowning and everybody else is messed when
I got troubles thats been pulling me down
And jesting, water no breath in
Look how it swept in
To evacuate or not evacuate?
Is the question

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Teach me to swim, keep me from them
Eating the limbs and other body pieces from him
I may be wrong not to, play these songs, caught ya
When you got me drowning in my own Davy Jones locker
It's caving in, it's over weight
No saving him, he's freeloader bait
And everybody picks him than sticks him
But your rain and wind equal my shut down system
Yeah

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