

A sullen tide caressed the shore. The waterline is my nightly guide to the horrifying other side where shadows sigh and sing along to a lullaby to cull and bind you and I. Loaded; they beg for more as you and I, we rowed the oars. Straight down, the ocean floor beckoned like an open door. I cry out to all of you; "Feel me here. I feel you, too. I feel all of you."

Will we grow together now? Will they lash out?

"We'll just drown together?"

"No...this is suicide."

The hull, it lies parallel to Hell. Inside; unsightly lies and the horrifying other side. With shallow sighs, we sing along to the lullaby to cull and bind you and I.

Loaded; they beg for more as you and I, we rowed the oars. Straight down, the ocean floor beckoned like an open door. I cry out to all of you; "Feel me here...I feel you, too. I feel all of you."

As we grow together now...as we all lash out.

As we drown together now...this is suicide.

We are of waves. The waxing. The tidal slaves.

We are of waves. The waning. The tidal slaves.