

# Chumming the Ocean

Archers of Loaf

South of the river's mouth  
Migration slopes slowly towards mainland.  
There, the salt air  
Fills the gills of the dead bait in hand.

The deep is in riot, the coastline is quiet  
Asleep and divided in bands.  
While beer halls all revil, drunk and disheveled,  
Helplessly wading the diver is down.

And they're chumming the oceans.  
The signal is sent,  
Recieved and repsonded to.  
The water is red, red, red, red.

We're downed, downed as the hand of god  
Chokes the driftwood with dead weight and brine.  
And spawning the detailed decline  
Via dorsal cuts, hooks, sink and line.

The anchors have settled, the tanks are full level.  
The flag has been raised half-mast on the bow.  
And harpoons are loaded, the cage has been lowered.  
The mask's on, the diver is down, now.

And they're chumming the oceans.  
The signal is sent  
I think he's in trouble.  
The water is red, red, red, red.