

Sitting upon the shore,
The wave's crash and echo inside my head,
Approaching out in the distance,
A ship of slaves to bury the dead,
This island is a prison of futile desperation,
>From hunger and calamity I slip into dream,

The years became mummified,
A relic of suicide,
The years became mummified,
Waiting for what may wash up in the tide,

Under the moon out in the sea,
What could be out there waiting for me,
I swirl with the current, it pulls me under,
I feel like the water filling my lungs,

The years became mummified,
A relic of suicide,
The years became mummified,
Waiting for what may wash up in the tide,

Shades below Pluto,
Floating in limbo,
Orcus and father of phlegethon,
The fury and fire,
Anointing the worms,
Writhing in semen blood,

Visions of heavenly celestial beings in love,
Illusion crucified, a witness below so above,
Lost are the souls that wade in the molten sea,
Begging for forgiveness from a supreme deity,

I'm lost, though hopeful I'll find a way.