

Emerald Bay (Prionace Glauca)

Giant Squid

I swore I saw you sitting on my bow
With a foot long smile trying to convince me
That it's okay to give into the waves
And that I wouldn't feel a thing
When the hounds of the sea start to take apart me ending my suffering
If I should pour the rest of my bottle overboard will it sting the eyes?
Those black eyes staring up at me from behind all those teeth?
Or should I save the last sip for my frozen gut and my blue lips?

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