

Divers of the Dust

Marissa Nadler

Divers of the dust
You can help me if you must
Divers of the dust

Lying here, on the rocks
With the cliffs disintegrating
Last I heard, in the end
The waves were scraping city streets

You look out the window to see
Seven lines of stunted trees
How did we end up here
And how do we meet?

I hear sirens

Fish are flowing through my veins

Divers of the dust
You could't understand
You were the bullet in my gun
I was your man

Divers of the dust
I was putty in your hand
You were the bullet fired
Into the ravaged land