

Mermaids Are Seasluts

Sage Francis

I am nothing but a shell of the man I once was
So you can put me to your ear and actually hear yesteryear's ocean
I was in shape then
A much better built body of water with infinite waves and fathomless depths
Where you could have deep sea fishing for compliments
And caught plentiful schools of reassuring comments
Now all you get is the boot
You fell for the bait and got hooked on what you thought I was
Now we're both struggling to win this tug of war of the worlds
Where we breathe the same air, it's just done differently
And I'm tryin to figure out ways to have comfortably survive outside your element
Compromising intelligence
I dabbled in watered down thoughts that filtered in from the main stream
I'm offering mind altering ideas that make the most quiet natured brain scream
From exposure to the types of things that won't necessarily make you happier
They'll just give you a greater range of emotions
And I can feel myself getting lured into deeper oceans of fantasy land
Where people think they're as safe as cartoons simply because they speak in bubbles
A sanitized safe-haven where you could face Satan and have his faith straightened
His new goal would be to dethrone Poseidon and have Neptune's place taken
They'd swashbuckle with their pitchforks
While Lucifer shit talks and rips forts of coral reef
For relief they be like "bitch walk"
From this oversized aquarium that daddy kept cleanly to unhealthy degrees
Writing suicide notes with invisible ink on transparencies
And posting them to the glass boundaries that surround the seas of change
Strangely enough, while bringing back the real
I could sense intense resistance so I had no other choice but to cut the line
I'm not saying you're overly naive
I