

Life looks different down here  
Inside my dying prison  
If I could reach the edge of this  
I'll take it somewhere if I could

But I am slipping under water  
The tide oh it's pulling me much farther  
Maybe I am drowning, oh I'm drowning

My Tsunami, my Katrina and my inner Sandy  
Man it will not simmer expanding  
If I swam seem like I would slam the damn thing  
But I'm scrambling, falling like I damaged my hamstring  
I'm deeply disturbed, so many things keep me perturbed  
Inside of me peeping this surge and I'm completely submerged  
My data wiped even if NASA had a sight  
Couldn't catch it with N.O.A.A.'s ghost satellite  
Storm's F-5 within I'm torn alive  
Hearing the horns from high  
Pain is for sure my eye  
Having a lot of blackouts  
Medics try putting me on medicine  
But I need light  
Just like the East need con Edison  
I'm dead again  
Drowning and everybody else is messed when  
I got troubles thats been pulling me down  
And jesting, water no breath in  
Look how it swept in  
To evacuate or not evacuate?  
Is the question

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Teach me to swim, keep me from them  
Eating the limbs and other body pieces from him  
I may be wrong not to, play these songs, caught ya  
When you got me drowning in my own Davy Jones locker  
It's caving in, it's over weight  
No saving him, he's freeloader bait  
And everybody picks him than sticks him  
But your rain and wind equal my shut down system  
Yeah

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