

Dead Men Tell No Tales

The Receiving End of Sirens

I'll be the salt that resides from the water that drains from y
our eyes;
The sting that burns your open wounds.
I'll flood the ground. I swear on your grave, I'll bury this to
wn,
But not for me, no never for me.
No not for me, no never.

We have tested the buoyancy of loyalty.
You left our lungs for canteens.
You left our ankles for anchors.
We thought your arms were tied behind your back,
But elastic bands tied your hands.
You swim with reckless abandon.

Abandon ship! Mayday!
Swim toward shore!
Our captain is overboard!
He punctured holes in the floorboards
To flood the bow just in time to bow out.
Abandon ship!
Swim toward shore! (Swim toward shore.)
He's over bored and overboard.

But in the wake, we man our own driftwood orphanage,
A second-hand sailor's fleet to flee.
But in the wake, we man our own driftwood orphanage.
Captain is over bored and overboard.
Captain (captain) is calling.

And there's nothing you can do when water ruins the maps we dre
w.
Mayday! (Mayday!) Mayday!
Save us from this drowning vessel!