

## Regret

Wye Oak

The floor will all cave in at ten o'clock  
My tired body to absorb the shock  
Years of decay will make a mess of me  
These rotted floor boards arch below my feet

The flood will take us when we're in our sleep  
This city swallowed by the oceans deep  
The ice will melt and then the seas will swell  
But this is not a thing on which to dwell

There is nothing to regret