

The Worst Of Fates

Defeater

"I won't be coming back home"
The letters bleed from ink to pen to paper thin
And black washes out as the sea pours in
Tides push and pull me back to you
Posted in Solomon waves, panic in crashing blue
No floor beneath my feet, lost in fires blind
Wade through the worst of fates under pale twilight
The steel rears and bends iron bottom bound
My oiled, airless lungs; my candle burning out
I hear the siren's song, I feel it pull me down

Sink with the memory of you
Sink with my brothers-in-arms
Sink with the setting of the sun
I hear the siren and her song, I feel it pull me down

Sink with the memory of you
Sink with my brothers-in-arms
Sink with the setting of the sun
I hear the siren and her song, I feel it pull me down