

# Divers of the Dust

Marissa Nadler

Divers of the dust  
You can help me if you must  
Divers of the dust

Lying here, on the rocks  
With the cliffs disintegrating  
Last I heard, in the end  
The waves were scraping city streets

You look out the window to see  
Seven lines of stunted trees  
How did we end up here  
And how do we meet?

I hear sirens

Fish are flowing through my veins

Divers of the dust  
You could't understand  
You were the bullet in my gun  
I was your man

Divers of the dust  
I was putty in your hand  
You were the bullet fired  
Into the ravaged land