

# Dead Man's Float

Sage Francis

Go away, be extinct, disappear, float on  
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Yea as we walk through the valley of the shadow of death  
We shall fear no evil  
For we are the most evil motherfuckers in whatever valley we choose to occupy  
Gentrify, overtake or drunkenly speed through  
And it's we, the hitchhikers with tired thumbs  
Often greeted by middle fingers, imagery lingered as the tires spun (it's tiresome)  
Now conserve your energy and lay face-down in the waterways  
Seek guidance from the sirens calling out to you from those watery graves  
Bodies are on display, bloated and holding their crown jewels  
Instead of flotation devices, they decided the house rules didn't apply to them  
Got baptised in the name of Neptune and then died for him  
When the ice was thin, dead man's float for those who don't like to swim

Don't fret cause help is on its way, it'll be here any day  
Just stay still and do nothing buddy, remain faithful, you're gonna be saved  
And when you meet your maker you can explain  
How there was a cemetery of support behind every wager that you placed  
All the chorus of every deceased beast that came before is sweetly saying  
"We all float down here and wait for riptide to sweep us away"  
To the valley of the shadow where we shall fear no evil  
For we are so cerebral, we, the ghost people  
With the poke of a needle, pop of a pill, we, the pole survivalists  
Holding onto the steeple like a lightning rod to show that we die for this  
It's been said "faith could move a mountain"  
Faith couldn't even move low-income families away from Biblical floods when they were all drowning  
There's not a doubt in my mind and there's not a cloud in the sky  
There's just contaminated rivers filled with waterlogged subordinates floating on by  
Float on

Swimming through iron limbs of the knighted stiff  
The skeletal remains of false praise, the slow decay of yesterday's recycled gifts  
They're drowning in sorrow cause they pray with clenched fists  
Shamed by the broken promise of tomorrow, the guilt sticks to the ribs  
And it's ageless, and it's ancient, and it ain't shit  
When compared to the present, so all hail the king  
While the paupers and peasants return to the so-called essence  
The war, the famine, the death, the pestilence  
Float on

Float on, float on  
Float on, float on

As I proceed to finger the prints  
The worst of luck ain't always bestowed upon the old and weak  
We stick em, hahaha, stick em where the ocean's deep  
Go to sleep young one, have sweet dreams of someone

That you'll never meet, but you'll speak of often whenever you talk in tongues

The coffin comes in the form of a canoe, no paddle  
No info, no manual, live slow, don't be so quick to storm the castle  
That's survival kids, put an oxygen mask inside the tackle box  
Your limbs and abdomen will sense when the pressure of the cabin drops  
Shut up when the captain talks, the secret of the enlightened  
Is to preach against whatever it is they practice in the dark  
We're all born free, we die by the shackles we adopt  
Enjoy your buoyancy, right up until the very last drop

The dead man's float, the deadpan joke  
The cold touch of a stranger, the left hand stroke  
There's no right hand man, the bedpan spill, the dead man's still  
Face-down in his own waste, while we chase  
A shadow in the gallows of the valley of death  
Where we shall fear no evil for as long as we can hold our breath  
Float on

[Hook]