

Every Time I Die, Godspeed Us To Sea

Turns out I never had a thought at all.

I've been talking in my sleep, reciting teleprompted anthems - a marionette strung tight to the executives upstairs.

I almost had myself convinced that I meant everything I said. What a shame.

Oh captain, my captain, you've been drinking. What happened?

I've been slurring my cadences and blacking out when I stand.

I know all about your son, who never did return from the war.

But there was poison in that bottle, I tell you.

I'm coming out with my hands in the air. This is not my voice. What you are hearing is not me.

There's been a horrible mistake. I'm a proud God-fearing registered democrat.

This is all the same elaborate scheme and it will be cleared up when the governor beckons for me.

He'll clear my name. It appears that the inmates have overrun the asylum.

There's a madman at the wheel. We are not even remotely capable of keeping our heads about us.

We've abandoned all semblance of presence. Dead bolted, buckled in. Keeping our word to the sin.

Let the rats orchestrate the new mutiny. I'll meet you overboard.