

The Tempest (The Siren's Song, The Banshee's Cry)

The Agonist

I say! Why do you grip so hard, that way?
Of what is there left to be afraid?
Let the waves elope with your empty remains
They erode your foothold, anyway They mosh, unaware of their own might
Hypnotizing, shoreward swallowing
They storm me, ganging up on me!
What's become of the home that supported me?
They spit me back after drowning me
Then slip away, dragging their fingers behind them But you expel the salt
Sink down lower than the undertow would bring you
You just don't seem to see
How returning to them is so far beneath you
But then, how come my corpse - it rises up?
And it is my soul that has sunk?
Hear! That sound rings out across the land
Over the roaring waves, through every grain of sand
Is it of loss and pain or made to seduce man?
Listen! The oohs and aahs of funeral spectators, death admirators
As they bathe in ritual memories and fake tears
Life's underrated, jaded and hatred
Isolate you, so abandon your fears And spread my ashes like a bouquet of seeds
Far up, far out...
To show you what I'm made of
Kill the parasite in every co-dependent
Brain fallen slave to pull the waves The pull of the waves
The natural decay
Of all that is made
Is how redemption is paid
But you expel the salt
Sink down lower than the undertow would bring you
You just don't seem to see
How returning to them is so far beneath you Say, Dickinson, who do you blame for your
romantic death wish?
And does it remain true that angry winds feel like a lover's breath?
That's why you grip so hard
No! It's simply condition keeping me locked in!
I could escape if I knew how to swim!
Look... feel... you're aided
Wind, sun and strangers have come to guide you, so the choice is clear We'll spread your ashes
like a bouquet of seeds

Far up, far out...
So show us what you're made of
We'll kill the parasite in every co-dependent
Brain fallen slave to the pull of the waves Playfully badgering
Casually capturing
To escape the surface chaos
Is to sink - not to swim You say to release the stranglehold keeping me safely beneath
But, as sea foam rises up, tickles my lips and sinks inside
Doesn't the choice of future paths become a matter of pride?
When I've struggled so hard to excel, why is it so unappealing to survive?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>