

**The Orange Sea (Pt. I - III)**  
**Written by Ryan Wilbert**

*I*

The wicked man has left me  
And I'm supposed to find that funny  
"Sleep well" you whisper soft  
I'll listen once you don't leave for long  
At last, the man comes back  
I'll speak loudly first to clear the air  
I hope I'm not becoming a distress  
To whatever exactly it is this is

Soon it'll be fun

Fun

Fun

Fun

Can't say it is anymore

When I question where the path has taken me

I watch the trail unfold like a film

Lights dim in my home theater room

You need money  
You need a job  
You need a better personality  
Than whatever this is meant to be  
Embarrassed  
Shameful  
Only rapture can be the savior  
Between you and me

Pull me out from the Orange Sea  
Framed pictures hang over me  
Eyes gaze into my soul  
Take advantage of it  
I'll take control

## *II*

The largest battle  
You'll ever fight  
Is the man that roams  
In your head at night  
Do you message her?  
Should you cry for her?  
Maybe read more  
You should fill out your forms  
Is there a difference?  
Should these be the same?  
It's all just my life  
These thoughts put me to shame

It's really dumb  
I'll say it, quite frankly  
There's no manuel they hand out  
In the Being a Human class at school saying  
"Read here to be less of a fool  
Learn how to put so much in  
And in return, get the desired amount  
Of attention and affirmation  
Never overthink these things  
It can't be that hard  
Buy a bouquet of flowers  
And offer them up to one you love  
That side project you have lying about  
Pick it up again with a grin  
Move those fragile branches, your hands  
And see the person you've always been"

Gazing out my fogged up window  
Seeing the stillness of the deep winter  
Stars droop down on the snow covered roads  
I think I'll think of you when I see the flowers grow

You gotta write for you!

Draw some more too  
Sing a bit louder too  
Plan out a plan too  
Don't lose who you are  
You idiot, swim up  
You're sinking, sinking deep  
Humor me, God  
I'm confident I'm no star

Weak, weak, weak, let go of it, please  
Banners hang along empty walls  
Attempting to pull them down  
With my long twigs for arms  
They're here, they're not leaving  
Blurry faces appear when I stop believing  
I'm lacking the guidance I dearly rely upon  
To keep my head afloat, over the sheet of seafoam  
I've had an early death, I said  
Deep in the Orange Sea  
I keep the door open  
For my mind is bursting with creativity

### *III*

You admit to what has been said  
But “It’s not meant to get you down”  
So get up from the ground  
Go to bed and, just, figure yourself out  
It’s so sweet the way you talk  
Our lives are clouded with doubt  
You have the passion to work real hard  
Draw more lines, please don’t fall apart

The Sun is setting  
The waves catch your eye  
And hugs you so tight  
The ocean has devoured you  
The world is flipped upside down  
Spiraling down  
Down  
Down  
To the ocean floor

Face the fact that you're sinking  
It's the first step to break your thinking  
The cold water envelops, you shake  
And the bundle of bubbles around you break  
Move spastically to warm up  
Swim up high and face the sky  
I can't end all of my lines with used to be's  
I won't drown in the Orange Sea