

Over
Wide open deep sea
Men toil on the trireme
The stream
Pulls us astray according
To our sun stones

The sail and the hull are silhouettes
As we consult
The stars and the stones
The captain's eyes
Are fixed in place
And the course is staying the same

With our charts all full of emptiness
We're sailing towards nothingness
Not a slightest bit
Keen to admit that we're
A ship in distress
With our charts all full of emptiness
We're sailing towards nothingness
Here's the irony
In all this foolery
We are calling it progress

Is there
After the edge of the earth
An endless fall
We all
Have heard the stories
But we have closed our ears

As many hands as there are sailors
Are pointing in discord
There's no clear
Outspoken fear
But it is starting to set in

Somewhere
Beyond the skyline
The ocean comes to an end
We fend
Off the uneasy feeling
That we're drawing near