

# Watery Graves

Hexx

Hundreds of sailors  
Their lives slip away  
As their lungs fill with icy death

The ship has gone down  
There is no land in sight  
No one will survive  
From the cold and the waves

Torpedo finds its mark  
Hundreds die for the cause  
Ocean claims what now it owns

Bodies travel in legions of corpses  
On a never ending journey  
Bobbing and bowing  
At the whim of the ocean  
Decaying and bloated  
Food for the fish

How long will they travel  
Following the current  
Until their bodies snag on some land  
Sometimes they are submerged  
And fish eat the flesh to the bone

Sometimes they are bloated  
Easy prey for birds who peck at organs exposed  
An eternal journey through watery graveyards  
Even now submerged

Torpedo finds its mark  
Hundreds die for the cause  
Ocean claims what now it owns

Dog tags are rusting  
Uniforms rotting  
Eyeballs float out the skull  
No peace for these deceased  
Journey into hell  
No one will remember  
When all men have fell

Pale forms roll and somersault  
Too far down to be clearly seen  
Their corrupted faces  
Better defined as they rise  
The dead in dozens  
Crab-picked and fish peeked  
Their remaining flesh scarcely  
Sitting on their bones

Their hair is swaying loosely in the current  
Their heads lull and dance on rotting neck muscles

The sea looses possession  
With each wave a lifeless shell

Spat out by the sea to stink for a while  
And be stripped by the gulls  
Picked at by crabs  
The flies buzz in and out  
Laying eggs that turn into maggots  
The maggots feast on what the gulls leave behind  
To one sprout wings and fly away too

Stripped by the gulls  
Picked at by crabs  
The flies buzz in and out  
Their flesh crawl with maggots