

# Island of the Damned

Ignitor

The screams of the possessed  
Echoed over open sea  
Darting eyes of desperation  
Whispered mutiny

The captain barked his orders  
Scanned the heavens for a sign  
Madness was upon them  
They were running out of time

This merchant ship of the merciless  
Found itself lost in fog and mist  
No purse of gold  
Could turn or stand  
The ghosting forth  
To unknown strand

The Island, The Island of the Damned  
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A once proud people stolen  
Taken away from all they know  
Slave forced into bondage  
Beasts of burden, bought and sold

All Hope lay in tatters  
Ground into the deck by holy stones  
Dignity was stripped away  
Stripped down to the bone

This guineaman of misery  
Creaked forward slow and bitterly  
Its cargo suffered wretchedness  
In darkened holds below

Among them was a holy man  
Who serve the Loa with both hands  
Vengeful spirits would descend  
To send their captors souls below

To The Island,  
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Mysterious, invisible  
Voodoo can not be held by chains  
Destructive and unstoppable  
The evil crept into their brains

Charon crossed the river Styx  
And journeyed to the world of dead  
The Bokor's magic took control  
To take them where  
No compass lead

Cursed by voodoo, gripped in fear

The crew dropped to their  
Knees in prayer  
If God would only hear them  
Their salvation be at hand  
Delivered from the ravages

Of these unholy savages  
Then the barrel man  
In the crows nest  
He shouted Land

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