

Godless Drunken Wreck

Mistress

In chains you toiled at the hands of men
The kine knows not yet it's yoke
And strives but as one of the flock
But in savagery lies freedom

Pitiless in naked sacrificial rite
Those prior masters crucified
To such savage cross were nailed
Flying headlong into the storm
A ferocious beating coruscant
Tempest's bliss from tethers torn
Such headless corpse will dance

Waves of new freedom was us clean
Of ghosts of oblivion's reveries
But with all course lost directionless
Whither will we go? Where the fuck should we go?

We sail on - ever, ever on
Mired rotting leviathans
Trouble us no more
As the golden future shines

To see such glories yet unseen
Quixotic fantasy
Such unknown shores where mad beauty
And cruel nightmares reign

But have we sailed too far?
Where now the shining hope for freedoms future?
When 'voyaging' becomes 'dead lost'
Bright freedom turns iron cage

The light has fled even from our dreams

The age of creation and new joy has passed
As we shudder and fear
Then insoluble thunder of mariner's beasts
Old horrors and glories lost
Cleaving unto the shades of reveries long dead

The butterfly has lost it's wings

And we who sailed with you
Who learned to say 'I'
Our ship has gone down with all hands

So raise your voices and sing
For this butterfly has lost it's wings
Sing out your hearts
Sing o'er your bowels filled with ashes
All hands are lost
All hands