

"So you think a man can cheat death and outwit  
doom...?"  
"I say a cunning man can cheat death for a long  
time...?"  
He spoke to the curse and nothing more, to set our fate  
Cursed to leave, cursed to light, cursed to die

In what words might death call?  
Repeat them thrice, that is all  
The hooded stranger said those words  
All around us no one heard  
He spoke the curse and nothing more  
To set our fate to the Bleak Shore

In a voice only spoken to us  
We must rise and leave at once  
To that place where death hunts  
A thousand miles have come and gone  
And all around life wanes on  
Sailing west to the ocean's song  
A thousand more will come to pass  
But our deaths come at last...  
Despite the doom that holds us fast?  
Thirty days then cliffs appear  
The blackened sands are drawing near  
The Bleak Shore and unknown fear

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Bleak Shore...Bleak Shore...Bleak Shore...  
In what way might death chance?  
Spoken three times, held in trance  
Black dead eyes transfixed in space  
The bloodless lips part the pale face  
He spoke the curse and nothing more  
We sail to death to the Bleak Shore

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Despite the doom that holds us fast?  
Thirty days then cliffs appear  
The blackened sands, unknown fear  
The Bleak Shore is why we're here