

Ten Fathoms Deep

Ten

There where the sea meets the dark brooding sky
Blown by the wings on the mystical ocean
Cross the abyss of a dream locked in time
Lost in the mist with the secrets the ocean keeps
Ten fathoms deep

She hails as the storm rips,
Cutting her way through spray and mist,
She sails where the ghost ships
Perish on such a night as this
Prow dive as the west wave,
Shatters its edge across the keel,
Up high as the crest spray
Buries the seal in tides of steel, the storm rages on

As the waves command, this ship is damned,
This pious sea, the sky degrees what has to be

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Fork lighting, the whips tail,
Lashing the decks enraged and cruel
Hot knife through the mainsail
Shapping the brittle mast in two,
Now fatally wounded,
Broken and drenched in silent tears,
She climbs for a last breath,
Surfacing once to disappear and rest down below

Till she sails again, this ship condemned
To tragically relive the scene for eternity

There underneath where the lost sleeping lie
Draped in the wreath where the grave never opens
Rest in the peace where the brave never die
Bury the beast with the secrets the ocean keeps
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