

# Charles Francis Coghlan

Carach Angren

A blackness comes forth, thick clouds from the North  
A serene cemetery atmosphere  
Transforms into one of melancholy and drear

The wretched remaining seek shelter ahead  
Huddled together, shedding tears for the dead  
And 'midst the silence before that storm  
The beginning of this peculiar tale is born

Ravished by infernal winds, hail and rain  
A storm surge generated by a deadly hurricane  
Caskets plucked like feathers and swept into the sea  
Into a maritime eternity

Charles Francis Coghlan, born in Paris, 1842  
A remarkable actor awaiting his breakthrough  
Charles Francis Coghlan moved from Ireland to the United States of America  
His charisma would put a spell on you  
Talented, handsome and eccentric  
A rising star... reaching far

Rough waves carrying caskets towards another destiny  
And most of them sink into the cold blackness of the sea  
Yet one coffin keeps floating steadily

Charles Francis Coghlan, rising star, reaching far...  
Charles Francis Coghlan, rising star, reaching far... in death

Breath-taking was his play, expressing joy, fear, sorrow and rage  
He collapsed to the floor  
And when his applause died down, he truly died on stage  
Charles was no more

Day and night dancing and swaying along with the tide  
Crushing rogue waves pounding the box of death until it's out of sight  
Until there's no more light

Corroded by maritime salts  
Submerged into the ocean's cold  
Sinking away from the circling sharks  
Pulled down into the dark

Charles Francis Coffin - rising star, reaching far  
Charles Francis Coffin - rising star, reaching far... in death  
Charles Francis Coghlan - rising star... reaching far.  
Charles Francis Coghlan - rising star... reaching far in death

Taken by the wave from its Texan grave  
Coghlan's coffin drifted like a ghost along the American coast  
Until 7 years later, after the storm had abated  
The casket was found washed ashore on Canadian ground  
We are artists for life until the last drop has been shed  
And true artists will always perform until their very last breath  
Even within the cold and timeless theatres of death