

The Mist and the Ocean

Apathy

Down in the heart of the dark
Under the surface beneath
Be wise to read these words
for they might decide your fortune
On their way through mist on dark waters
a ship has lost it's course
Rocks ahead but there's something more - the mist comes alive

Temptress is my name and I lure
the weak hearts of men into temptation

Serpentia is my name and I sway
my tongue with the wickedest persuasion

And I am the queen of us three
beauty is my virtue, I am Deirdré

Men; we shall stay here and enjoy
the hospitality of the sirens three
Inflicted by spirits, cursed
The crew sail on into certain death
Into enchantment the men fall
Sirens, they feed on lost souls at sea
The tale is said to be as such
that one turns into stone in the depths
by only one touch as deadly as can be
Unfortunate ones are those, who live to tell the tale

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