

In the ship room, we are the stowaways
We sing along to all the songs the jukebox plays
Mourning the memories of the lost that are raised
We are the dead, dance in our graves
All my life I played the part
of a hero and a shining star
A legend among the lost at sea
but death comes quick with this anchor around my feet
Cold as life I fill my cup
So, cheers tonight and let's drink up
We sail the fog of a graveyard sea
Searching for the truth in the bite of shark's teeth
We are the dead dance in your grave.