

# The Course of a Spectral Ship

Carach Angren

Lots of tears, months became years.  
Their mothers wept for many nights,  
Wondering if their sons died.

Just when the grief  
Became permissive and brief  
Tales of a ghost ship were spread...  
The same vessel where their brood found death.

A craft made of mist  
Coursing in a timeless direction.  
This cadaverous sighting  
Causing mayhem through reflection.

These dark words are whispered  
In the local hangout of our port.  
Sailors and captains sketching a ship's hull  
With a black shape aboard.  
Robust dauntless sea-dogs speak  
With a frightened tone in their voice:

"Blue was the sky and the sun smiled at the crew.  
Then a storm came forth  
Moving swiftly from the north.

Claps of thunder rumble  
Cold winds whining loud.  
A ghostly solstice, weeping thick tears  
From its dreary clouds.  
As if these raindrops awoke something  
From its sleep, ticking on a liquid grave  
To evoke a devilish ship from the sea.

The rise of a haunting  
In the form of a demon vessel.

Now this black ship veered it's bow.  
Changing her course  
Sailing straight into our direction.  
Anxious seamen screaming out loud:  
Search for protection!  
Right before it collides, a dark figure was seen,  
Standing on the prow  
With a black hound by his side.  
Surrounded by corpses.  
A sardonic smile and a sinister glance in his eyes.

No movement, not one single tremor was felt on board.  
This spectral ship sailed straight  
Through our vessel and our soul.  
The only thing we sensed was a bleak gust,  
A chill breeze... so cold."