

The Course of a Spectral Ship

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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."