

Drifting Remains

Gorguts

When we left the shore
It was a sunny day
Far from the small and quiet bay
Lightning struck the sky
Asleep, we were sailing away
I woke up and realized
We were now the ocean's pray
The sky was darkening
As the rain was falling
The waves were striking
As our boat was wrecking
"God! please protect our lives!"
The storms, just a few had survived
When I looked around me
Boat remains, I had found
Not too far on the sea
My friend's corpse who had drowned
When we left the shore
It was a sunny day
Our nice trip turned to gore
Far from the small and quiet bay
The sun is rising
As the clouds are fading
The waves are settling
As the wreckage is drifting