

The Heroine

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The heroine stood up on the deck
The ship was out of control
The bow was being ripped to shreds
Men were fighting down below
The sea had pummeled the boat for so long
That they knew nothing but fear

And the baby's in the box, he thinks the door is locked
The sea is in a state, the baby learns to wait
For the heroine, ooohh for the heroine
Locked in his defense, he waits for the heroine

The mast is cracking as the waves are slapping
Sailors roll across the deck
And when they thought none was looking
They would cut a weaker man's neck
While the heroine dressed in a virgin white dress
Tried to steer the mighty ship
But the raging storm wouldn't hear of it
They were in for a long trip

Baby's in the box, he thinks the door is locked
He finds it hard to breathe, drawing in the sea
And where's the heroine to fire off the gun
To calm the raging seas and let herself be seized by the

Baby in the box, he thinks the door is locked
The woman has the keys
But there is no moment she can seize
Here's to the heroine, who transcends all the men
Who are locked inside the box
Will the lady let them out
Ooohh the heroine, ooohh the heroine
Strapped to the mast, the pale ascendant heroine...