

The waters rage in the angry sea,  
full of fury the waves crashing down on me  
Hell is on the horizon and closing in.  
Fear and doubt replace hope  
as our future begins to dim.  
Death calls our name from the black abyss.  
The deep beckons our flesh, the great weakness.  
As this voyage of conquest begins to close  
a great sadness consumes all I've ever known.  
This vessel once strong bent on conquering  
starts to crumble, revealing its frailty.  
Our greatest fears are realized.  
Our doom approaches, time to die.  
All is lost, the death of hope... NO!!!  
Behold the Archegos, Savior of the lost.  
He anchors us to shore, with strength  
our weight, he bore.  
The grip of death defined,  
by grace we will survive.  
Dark waters full of wrath,  
we leave behind, never look back.  
Pulled out of hopelessness,  
a life destined to burn.  
Dark clouds are cleared away,  
reveal the rising sun.  
I hear these words:  
"Face your fears. Search your heart. Trust in Hope.  
Death could never hope to drown this love!!"