

Thundering foam the hits the keel, like powder blazed by flints
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The figure-head is riding high with his face right to the wind
The hull that creaks in every joint is hammering the sea
Determined it will ride the main, it will last eternally
It rips the wild and stormy sea like a heavy charge of pride
Book and eye are moved by storm, the ropes are holding tight
The rudder's beating left and right, the ship in seesaw motion
The proudness of a majesty is banning all devotion

Like a whirlwind, rushing over the sea
Like a whirlwind, blowing fast, blowing free
Like a whirlwind, a raving storm in the night
Like a whirlwind, going mad, going wild
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