They want stop to carry on a ruthless exploitation They want to see him die, blood and despoliation

Rescue operation
A drop in the bucket
Armed and seasoned
But we'll never give up
Hopeless deliverance
We'll fight to the end
Stick at nothing
Because silence is consent

From the depth he rises, Tracked and harpooned Compassion in his eyes, Death is coming soon

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Mysterious voices like setting up a wail Songs of pain and sorrow that sounds from far away

Murderous, predatory, scrupulous, SCUM

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Good-natured giants
The masters of the sea
Telling us a story
The faith of Moby Dick