

## Ten Fathoms Deep

Ten

There where the sea meets the dark brooding sky  
Blown by the wings on the mystical ocean  
Cross the abyss of a dream locked in time  
Lost in the mist with the secrets the ocean keeps  
Ten fathoms deep

She hails as the storm rips,  
Cutting her way through spray and mist,  
She sails where the ghost ships  
Perish on such a night as this  
Prow dive as the west wave,  
Shatters its edge across the keel,  
Up high as the crest spray  
Buries the seal in tides of steel, the storm rages on

As the waves command, this ship is damned,  
This pious sea, the sky degrees what has to be

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Fork lighting, the whips tail,  
Lashing the decks enraged and cruel  
Hot knife through the mainsail  
Shapping the brittle mast in two,  
Now fatally wounded,  
Broken and drenched in silent tears,  
She climbs for a last breath,  
Surfacing once to disappear and rest down below

Till she sails again, this ship condemned  
To tragically relive the scene for eternity

There underneath where the lost sleeping lie  
Draped in the wreath where the grave never opens  
Rest in the peace where the brave never die  
Bury the beast with the secrets the ocean keeps  
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