

# Shipwreck

The Saints

It was late in the winter  
When the weather was bitter  
With the storm rolling in  
Bringing death and disaster  
The silence of night  
Like gun fire was shattered  
No shelter was left  
For the poor and the wretched  
Drums rolled and crashed  
And the angels were singing  
On the cliffs as I watched  
The distant sail sinking  
Master and slave to their death  
Were sent flying  
Under the waves luminous corpses would grin  
Like the sharks who were waiting  
No prayers were answered  
No preference of class no deals could he done  
Grown men would cry  
Like a child for its mother  
The violence of nature  
Could not be appeased  
Throw down a line  
Shine me a light  
I'm your prodigal son  
And what I've seen ain't right  
Throw the first stone  
Show me a sign  
I'm your prodigal son  
Tell me what has been done  
The night that we sailed  
There were crowds on the quay side  
Full of fear & excitement  
Of an unknown tomorrow  
The old world left behind us  
We sailed to the horizon  
The voyage was uneventful we had sailed there before  
Until the night one mile from the headland  
In a moment of truth  
A pathetic twist of fortune  
I'd heard a voice in my head I'd ignored it  
Was it a warning & how would I know  
All the hopes & the dreams on the rocks they were  
shattered  
No invitation was offered to debate the outcome  
As I left that ship I was leaving a graveyard  
What help could I offer in defence against the sea