

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 be 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