

Pretty Girls Make Graves, Selling The Wind

We have so far sailed maelstroms
Through the tempest light
This man-o-war
Spills forth with silks, spices & wines
Not limerick's dungeons,
18 months could kill my fervor for sea hunt
All herring lassies, gutter girls
They know what coloured clews unfurl
These threads are full,
Full of wind and tied in knots
Miss Forsythe's love
Was lost but never was forgot
Till olden age
Sabre held fast to the sky
Sea cauldron's rage
The cailleach tramps her cloak tonight
For seven days
Braved howling winds, eddies, and rains
Hey say no bolder heart remains
Oh halcyon
Of green Clew Bay
I buy these winds
To venge my children and their ghosts
I stole their ships
And every cast from their coasts
Need no advice
Nor approval from the queen
I live my life
Forever hellcat of the sea