

Sahara, Marie Celeste

Noon farewell the king his friends your son,
tarring decks, unfurling sails unsung,
dawn will bring another course to chart,
six bells ringing out another start.

See the sun
rising high
friendship wind
clear blue sky
blue sky...

Holding decks
masters words
salt tattoo
big white birds
white birds...

Eyes are filled
tears of rage
hands they speak
speak too soon
too soon...

See the sun
fiery red
Marie Celeste
sails on dead
on dead...