

# 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...