

Sirenia, Seven Widows Weep

Seven sailors from the North
Set their sails for the isle of Rott
Then their heading turns southwest
For adventure and conquest

Seven sailors head southwest as the wind
Fills their sails
On a journey across the North Sea
For adventure and conquest

And the sirens sing from every shear
As the Northern seamen are drawing near
How they sing, how they bring the North men closer in
They approach the ship,
Clinging on its rim

The sirens cling on to their ship
The sailors seem to lose their grip
Enchanted by the sirens' song
Mesmerized they go along

Seven sirens of the North Sea put the
Seamen to their rest
Ended their journey across the North Sea
For adventure and conquest

And the sirens sang from every shear
As the Northern seamen were drawing near
How they sang, how they clang on
To the drowning men
The seven sailors will never return again

Their ship went down
East of the United Kingdom
Now their seven widows weep
The seamen veiled in endless sleep

Come sleep with me,
I'll set you free
Come dream with me
At the bottom of the North Sea