

Deeds Of Flesh, The Endurance

In the days of old
Journeys to the middle of sea
Brought fortunes from the products
Of monsters

Yet one such fateful journeys would prove
Trying to even the most hardened sea bearer
For the beasts of the sea would take their revenge
On a vessel of maritime lore

Somewhere in the deep south
Near the grounds of great white beasts
The ship approached to pillage them for their greed

When one struck back, the vessel took to the deep
Now abandoned, stranded on small open boats
Three doomed parties left on the open sea

What lye ahead was ninety days
To endure the harsh elements and insanity
Nothing but hard bread and stale water
A diet of ocean slavery

When the storm came to feed
The crew was left with nothing
Left starving and hungry
Winds of unbelievable nature
Waves upon waves, the beating

Watching the bailing till morning
The rain it never goes away
The nights never seem to end

Day by day the famine grows worse
Exposed to the full force of the meridian sun
Without shield, the burning influence pierces through skin
The thirst unbearable, fastly wasting away

Dying from the elements
One boat lost at sea
Survival would soon turn to depravity

And out they spoke
And out they spoke for lots of flesh and blood
And who should die
And who should die for a fellow's food

As one fell to weakness
The corpse ready to be disposed
In the sea
Lying there like a tasty meal of salty meat
In that, they should find relief from present sufferings
So preparations were made to preserve the meat
From spoilage
Separate the limbs - Cut the flesh from bones
Open the chest - Take out the heart

Now the cravings of nature
Could be eagerly devoured
A most deplorable and affecting picture
Of suffering and misery