

# 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