

# Floater, Tell The Captain

Go and tell the captain the waves are growing high  
And anyone washed overboard, leave them here to die  
Go now, tell his mistress who lies in sheets of wine  
The candles and the invocations will not bring down the tide

He's abandoned any hope of life now  
The endless storms that rage upon us grow from ripples in his mind  
He has chosen darkness over light now  
Mistress and crew have lied and left him to be cold, to be cold  
Lied and left him to be cold