

Funker Vogt, Hostile Waters

Whenever you board a ship
You put your life in the captain's hands
And sometimes this could be a man
With a complicated inner life
Your own life depends on him
Gambling on his decisions
Hoping for some better days
On the way to a new shore

She's the pride of our seas
She is what we all admire
She's a baby in a basket
A book in a bonfire

We are leaving hostile waters
At full force straight ahead
Watching out for good conditions
Leaving behind what we dread

Here we are now in open waters
Pirate ships follow in our wake
The navigator has a scheme
To outrun all our enemies
Finally we've reached clear waters
The new shore not far from here
A dangerous passage left behind
With obstacles and enemies

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