Gorguts, Drifting Remains

When we left the shore
It was a sunny day
Far from the small and quiet bay

Lightning struck the sky
Asleep, we were sailing away
I woke up and realized
We were now the ocean's pray

The sky was darkening
As the rain was falling
The waves were striking
As our boat was wrecking

"God! please protect our lives!"
The storms, just a few had survived

When I looked around me
Boat remains, I had found
Not too far on the sea
My friend's corpse who had drowned

When we left the shore
It was a sunny day
Our nice trip turned to gore
Far from the small and quiet bay

The sun is rising
As the clouds are fading
The waves are settling
As the wreckage is drifting