

# 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