

Hans Zimmer, The Kraken

Some say he steers a spectral ship
That's ghostly gray and grand
He's doomed to sail the seven seas and ne'er set foot on land
And if you chance to see him
You will soon be dead from fright
So sailors tell their children on a dark and stormy night

Oh forty fathoms deep he walks
With rusty keys his locker locks
Just like he's half asleep he stalks
Forty fathoms deep
Forty fathoms deep he owns
Each sleeping sailor's soggy bones
The legend they call Davey Jones
At forty fathoms deep

Nor east we sail to brimstone head the captain crew and I
At 16 knots we fairly flew
Beneath a darkening sky
Atop the main mast I rode
Near 10 stories high
When up there blew an icy squall and over board went I

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I hold my breath, I say prayer for all the mates who died
I turn my back on Davey Jones and cast my fears aside
Raise up my head and kick my feet
And toward the light I go
The heartless jailer left behind the locker far below

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