# Steve Kilbey, Untitled Too

The day we left for January
The maelstroms lashed outside/our side [0:45]
Tore us away from the glass world obeyed/of faith [0:50]
Where the impulse engines died

We scrambled up the crow's nest
Could not believe our luck
Our terrified cries vibrated through the sky
Lightning and thunder struck

Down and down and down
Drowning in yourself
Down and down and down

The sargeant was a drunkard
The wing commander bent
We crashed one night on the other side
Just past the Duke of Kent

Passengers were a lethal lot
Hanging the loud in the nets
They dreamed and screamed as we picked up steam
In the mouth of the rivulet

The mutineers were scabby darks [2:50]
Howling for our blood
Behind her whip [2:56] up and down the ship
We hurled into the flood

The enemy ??? [3:05]
Lays here like a saw
We shudder in her wake like a damaged snake
We didn't get too far

The sea was a vast mosaic
Fallen to disrepair
The sky was aglow like the chaos below
As the first shots filled the air

The charge swept off our captain's leg
So they put him in a barrel of graphite
Commanding from the fray as his blood ran away
His soul fled to the light