

# 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