

Venus, White Star Line

On the sun-deck, a lord looks at the foam
Drinks champagne, eats Belouga, the night's long
It's quiet, icebergs pass along
There's no wind, says a lady, but it's cold

On the below-deck, the people dream of something
From tables lit by white candles
What are you doing here? I am lost, says a boy
I can't sleep, says the other, it's so warm

Slowly, with a sigh, the fickleness of fate
Ripped open the hull, tearing it patiently
Ice blade cleaves the iron, it's time to drown our sins
In a delicate screeching, iron tears

The sun-deck shivers, the below-deck screams
Water is gushing up without invitation
Swallowing up mouths, swallowing up noses
And the dreams and the candles, we should have eaten when it was warm

Tonight there's no wind, the ocean is calm and quiet
It's waiting, waiting, catching its breath
It's true it could rain
But quietly the sea is waiting for its children
The howling sea

Do you hear?
I hear nothing
Save our souls, save our souls, help us Marconi, help us
I'm gonna swim straight ahead
Row, Mc Cawley, row
Mayday, mayday, mayday

The below-deck is flooded, the machine have stopped
And the lord, slightly troubled, slowly swallows the finest Calvados

Save our souls
Pray for my bones