

Octavius

Soft eerie light on the water
Silent, she moves with the ocean beneath her
Caverns of ice rise above her
Slowly, the soft cloak of winter descends
I am no match for you

Moonlight has captured her beauty
Pale silhouette in the blackness beyond her
Swanlike, in elegant motion
One fleeting moment, and then she is gone
I am no match for you.

Forced by the passage of time and degree
Locked in an prison of death, ice and sea
Statues of frozen flesh, blood withered bone
Death came to those who were so far from home

Soft eerie light on the water
Square sailed, a breathless wind often becalmed her
Floating her haunted path eastwards
Too late, her journey would not take her home
I am no match for you

Caught in the grip of the ice-storm
Life like a flickering candle that's over
Slowly our breath fading from us
Caught with the dying words left in our minds
I was no match for you

Steer us, beyond that which we've come to fear
Keep us in memory of those we hold dear
Onward, Octavius drifts into night
Dwarfed by cathedrals of glistening ice

Soft eerie light on the ocean
Gleaming the Arctic stars shine high above us
Onward our dead souls are drifting
Caught in a journey of time and degree
I was no match for you

Soft eerie light on the water
Thirteen long years that it took to discover
Crew frozen fast in an ice storm
Caught in a journey, of time and degree

Note; The Octavius was a legendary 18th century ghost ship.