

To Mourn Job

Ahab

While we sit anxious around the bonfires
Trying to think of things to say
All is lying at the very brink
I guess we've seen enough today

Aye, it is with truth I say:
all fierce to avenge we were
As Job had fallen prey
This night was just a blur

His spirit we will cherish
To mourn - we had no time
The wicked's light shall perish
His spark of fire shall not shine

The bo'sun placed his hand with dread
Over the poor lad's heart
Job - so mangled and be-bled
And the boy moved not ever again

Our bonfires well raked
Sent up nightly pillars of flame
The next morning's dawn we waked
There was a great wind and rain

I hope some day, my friend
You'll be back on peaceful soil
The least said the better
Gotten rid of all turmoil