

Hail Odysseus

My Dying Bride

He surely sails on tameless seas
With idle hours in devils hands
One hundred men on tameless seas
Always searching for sacred land

Rain lashing raw shoulders
So heave, onwards, and heave again!
With wrists bangled in scars again

From below, she watched only him
Secretly, she watched only him
Stowaway, she crept so grim

He surely sails enchanted seas
Hearing voices he believes

Hail Odysseus, come to us
So heave onwards and heave toward us
With wrists bangled with gold and stars

And from below she screams out 'No! Odysseus, please don't go'!
And you must fear the voice you hear
Already now, they're so near
'And you will fall at the sirens call, into their poisoned claws!'

Fearing loss she watched them go
The sirens, she thought, take me
From below, she leapt into the sea

From the sea to the land, greeting her, a golden hand
'Welcome child, to our isle, become one, take my hand'
So it was, a new voice sung aloud from the sand

'So now sing, lure them in, Odysseus can be your king
The only way to love him, dear child, is to sing them in'

And so it was, the crew were lost, even brave Odysseus
Into her arms forevermore, she sings no longer on the shore