

The Maelstrom

Ahab

It was not mere misanthropy
But hated, monstrous or sublime
Ascend! Ascend!
To the surface of the sea.
Stupor deep, stupor deep!
Death is on the rise!

Crowding the ratlines,
Clinging to the mast,
Paralysed and stiffened,
With our voice in oceans vast

I am captain nemo,
I've sen things none should ever see.
I sail the subaquatic streams.
I mock storm and heavy seas.

I am captain nemo,
For some I'm just a deadly brute.
Call me archangel of hate.
But I'm just numb and mute.
I've witnessed gloomy times so rough
I shall cherish all I've lost.
Almighty god, enough! Enough!

Descend! Descend the maelstrom,
'Til bolts give way to mighty waves!
Descends! Descends the maelstrom,
'Til bolts give way to mighty waves!