

To steal away and then decide
Is cake on top and real inside
Appreciate and leave behind
The love is bad, the love is kind

Duty, command, and mystery
A shout, and all of history
And never really thought about
Probed in depth and forgot about

To fall on evil days
Troop home to grots and caves

The latest spade to build a moat
A ship to mend and send afloat
And all the fishes in the sea
Around the sides of my country
Will follow ship to where she lies
And close in fruitless sleep her eyes
And disconnect and comfort me
Safe in the arms of my country
Her water slips from high
And peels me where I lie

Troop home to silent grots and caves
Troop home and mimic as you go
The mourning winding of the waves
Which to their dark abysses flow and
Out her water that sweats from very up high
Peels me where I lie