

## Deck Chair

The Darkness

We had not long set sail  
When a gust of a gale  
Whisked my poor deckchair away  
Into the brine  
This blusterous swine  
Stole something precious from me that day

What will I sit on  
Now that my chair's gone?  
Where will I rest my behind?  
Who will cradle me  
Through the stormy seas  
Of life and of time?

La vie  
Le temps  
La mort  
Qui te bercera?  
J'appartiens à Poseidon  
Le vent est ton tempérament  
Mon amour

I stand here alone  
For I have not a throne  
Surveying the swell for a sign  
The seat I relied on  
Belongs to Poseidon  
She is Neptune's, not mine