

Good Hope

Dear Reader

They came from the sea,
She brought them to me
Though I'm sure they did curse her most murderous means
Thrown on the rocks
Broken bodies and hearts
They washed up on the shores of our southern most parts

What a price they had won
Thought they barely had sought
The green mountains that rose up above called them forth
So they hiked to the mount
To that high table top
Where the view that awaited the gaze, shouted
"You can do anything boy!"

They came from the sea,
She brought them to me
Only time will show what sort of gift they will be

In the bay down below
On a dark, friendless bed
Lay the vessel that carried their hopes in her breast
Now the thrill of the swell
They'd since learnt to regret
But the view that awaited their gaze, shouted
"You can do anything boy!"

They came from the sea,
She brought them to me
Though I'm sure they did curse her most murderous means