

# A Godless Drunken Wreck

Mistress

In chains you toiled at the hands of men  
The kine knows not yet its yoke  
And strives but as one of the flock  
But in savagery lies freedom

Pitiless in naked sacrificial rite  
Those prior masters crucified  
To such savage cross were nailed  
Flying headlong into the storm  
A ferocious beating coruscant  
Tempest's bliss from tethers torn  
Such headless corpse will dance

Waves of new freedom was us clean  
Of ghosts of oblivion's reveries  
But with all course lost directionless  
Whither will we go? Where the fuck should we go?

We sail on - ever, ever on  
Mired rotting leviathans  
Trouble us no more  
As the golden future shines

To see such glories yet unseen  
Quixotic fantasy  
Such unknown shores where mad beauty  
And cruel nightmares reign

But have we sailed too far?  
Where now the shining hope for freedoms future?  
When 'voyaging' becomes 'dead lost'  
Bright freedom turns iron cage

The light has fled even from our dreams

The age of creation and new joy has passed  
As we shudder and fear  
Then insoluble thunder of mariner's beasts  
Old horrors and glories lost  
Cleaving unto the shades of reveries long dead

The butterfly has lost it's wings

And we who sailed with you  
Who learned to say 'I'  
Our ship has gone down with all hands

So raise your voices and sing  
For this butterfly has lost it's wings  
Sing out your hearts  
Sing o'er your bowels filled with ashes  
All hands are lost  
All hands