

## The Mad Sailor

## Wuthering Heights

If this is the end, then what was it all worth?  
Don't bother to ask, there's no price on this earth  
'Cause life's still a mystery  
You can't cost-benefit-analyse it  
And the hereafter's all in our minds  
Though we try to disguise it  
Still it shall be exciting to see the end of the show  
Abra-macabra, baby, here we go!

"The Meaning of Life", well I don't really care  
Though this could be the last time we come up for air  
And maybe there's really no reason to stay  
Still I'll play you a shanty to brighten your day

Quiet! When they pull the plug on this world all  
mechanic  
A dreamgig to play on the deck of this last Titanic

I will dance on the gunwale, as the ship's going down  
I will write no solemn epitaphs  
For a world that's gone insane  
When there is no tomorrow, even then will I know  
That as long as the minstrels are playing  
All is not in vain

Maybe the meaning was lost on the way  
Maybe we've anchored at the last bay  
But I will not lose spirit, though it may not be sound  
So crack open the barrels if we're really going down

Riot!  
When the lights go out, law and order vanished  
They'll beg to be steered free  
By the mad sailor that they banished

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I will welcome the Gods in their chariots of war  
Stand up as they fire the first round  
I'll have peace of mind, when the new day will find  
Your carts and castles only dust on the ground  
And I'd be as dead as the rest and it would not mean a  
thing  
Misanthropoetica! Allow me this last fling

Liar! Did they cry, freak, absurd and manic  
But when this ship turns upside down these rats will  
panic

The weight of the world proved much too tough  
Just dragging myself along was more than enough  
But remember my words like marks from a whip

This old salt will go down with his ship

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