

Asphyx "Cape Horn"

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A trader leaving harbour
Farewell waving hands
Set course with godspeed
To far promising lands
The sun is mildly shining
Sails bulging in the breeze
An expedition seeking
Free passage to the east

In south atlantic waters
Crossing the exquator
Passing patagonia
And sierra del fuezo
Screams come from the crow's nest
His horrid obscuration
The sight of the flying dutchman
Portent of damnation

Sailor's nightmare
Ship of ghosts
Fearsome traveller
Curse of boats
Dead man's island
Hell begins
Down-pour rain
Hhowling winds

Inconstant currents
Waves like walls
Floating icebergs
Polar squalls
Blustering maelstroms
Furious storms
Seamen's graveyard
'Round the horn

Looming up at starboard
Monolithical form
Seafarers fall on their knees
As they behold cape horn

Months now lasts the effort

They have lost all hope
A dancing wreck of splintered wood
Icing on the ropes
The craft battered and broken
Crew drowning like rats
Their shattered galleon sinking
Into mysterious depths

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