

B Yellow

"Beacon"

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Smuggling across the rocky bay,
The island coast is out of sight,
Over the border we've got away,
Naval forces abandon the chase.

Atlantic winds now rage, pulling us out to sea,
Wave after wave they slam our ship, and up in the sky,
Florescent colours shine,
Nature be the master of our fate.

Sailing for the northern lights,
Wishing we were safe with land in sight,
A storm has come, we are lost.
Following the stars towards the unknown,
Let the Beacon shine and guide us home,
We can't be lost and left alone.

Navigating rough seas with no charts, pushing on
through the glowing sea,
A starlight compass shows the way, and up in the sky,
Florescent colours shine,
Nature be the master of our fate.

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Hours pass the storm dies down,
Land appears, we see birds fly,
Florescent moonlight shines,
Warm seas forever glow.

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