

An Early Cascade "Cutty Sark"

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Black sky is rising
The distance is fading
Weird creatures are crawling
Into the dark night
Red sky is falling
The vultures are circling
And seamen keep singing
Until the mainsail holds tight

We won't give up and don't fear the death

Faith will carry us safely over the surface of the sea
Hope will carry us safely to the place of peace we all
Want to be

Grey sky is lifting
The ashes are falling
The ship wrecks are drowning
Down to the abyss
Blue sky is shining
Grand eagles are circling
And seamen keep singing
Up to never-ending bliss

In shadows of the night
They're calling at the shore
In creepy caves they hide
What the devil's lusting for

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