

## **Carach Angren**

# **"The Sighting Is A Portent Of Doom"**

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In the age of electricity and oil, my tugboat ploughs  
through waveless liquid soil.  
Cruising at thirteen knots on pitch black sea.  
There's a strange object on the radars in front of me.  
Still nothing I can see.  
Just an open dreary sea...

Several attempts to contact that what appeared to be  
the size of a ship.  
No response 'till I receive transmissions of hostile  
nature.  
These voices cursing my goddamn name.  
Hell, is this witchcraft or am I insane?

All of a sudden a dark silhouette ascends through  
godlike mist.  
While it comes closer, I recognize the image of an old  
deserted ship.

I am aghast at the sight of a derelict vessel sailing this  
awkward night, appearing like a black floating cadaver.  
There's not one single man aboard.  
Her torn sails cloaking her like a cobwebbed widow,  
posing against this sad nightmarish horizon.

The temperature suddenly dropped.  
My great-grandfather's clock, just ticking, now  
stopped.  
I am smothered by a sudden shroud of fear.  
For there's a ghost ship 'pon a funereal quest.  
With a black bird circling hypnotic around its rocking  
empty crow's nest.

Fortunately this atrocious mystery sets sail away from  
me.  
Some sailors claim other seamen beheld such sights.  
Most died weird deaths during fog-clad days and  
nights.  
The ship vanished as suddenly as it appeared.  
Should I feel fear? Was it even there?

