

Hewitt Jennifer Love

"The Serpent"

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Gather the galleons of war,
To ward the empire of the sea,
In search of the serpent to kill,
And claim their victory,
Savages embarked on a mission,
Mead and meat keep them alive,
Where once they pillaged and plundered,
A new expedition's arrived.

Our captain with the might of his life,
Called us each to our racks,
Position the anchors and fire the harpoons,
For now we're under attack!

But a tail swung a hundred feet up,
And came down screaming from the sky,
And in the black, cold, frigid night,
Shattering into pieces they died,
Long gone are the brave fools,
Back on land no lesson learned,
The savages mind of another conquest,
And reckon the wake of return.

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