

In Dread Response "Cannons At Dawn"

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I'm inside your galleon, every timbered limb
Gazing through a hazy portal of cracked obsidian
Never to be released from this seafaring tomb
To be condemned before the waves beneath the
waning light of the moon

Upon uncharted ocean, a realm unknown to me
Far above the cold abyss, where the deep calls to deep
With no treasures to find, only strange mysteries
Detached and obscured by Neptunian gravity
Of clamorously wailing below ten thousand leagues
In the darkest of tempests the whirlpools beckon me

The kingdom of Poseidon, and it's armies unseen
Collecting souls of voyagers centuries before me
Though entire fleets have perished in the gallery of
waves
Will my body be disposed outside Atlantean gates?

Waiting in this turmoil to be reborn
Firing at sunrise, we'll hear the cannons

Within the grasp of Triton, I am brandished and thrown
Unto the alter of Proteus, my carcass bestowed
How I long to hear, the morning's euphony
As we stare into the pitch aphotic cavity

Fasten anchors to foundations and be cast into Lethe
Would it rust beneath the waters stirring
uncontrollably?
Will the prayers find disaster in the depths of the
stream?
Dredgers wrecked upon the rocks of curiosity

Yea, I circumvent the dolmens of azure
Contemplating creatures tangled in cerulean immures
Never to be emitted from the oceanic graves,
From the dismal grip of Thanatos we have escaped

Waiting in this turmoil to be reborn
Firing at sunrise, we'll hear the cannons

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