

Maiden Voyage

"Behold Mist-Laden Landscapes"

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As youthful ignorance is consumed in our wake
The winds pounding against us gather strength
Darkness seems to descend
And many a frightened man feels his spirit desert him
As it dawns on man that his hope is unfounded
That his future is a great darkness
Fate calls his name; for he controls not his own
prosperity or his own misery

The wind whispers unto me great stories of tragedy
The horizon becomes an enigma
Behold mist-laden landscapes
The journey ahead may be a perilous one
But there is no turning back

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