

River Of Change

"The Old Boatswain"

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On the seven seas, a lot of ships
Brave against the unknown
Face the horizon line
As the old boatswain

Storm and flat calm, the stars that guide
The vortex, a typhoon, billows and ice
Rum in veins, salt in hair
Of the old boatswain

Typhus and scurvy, no rain, lack of water
Crew one by one, they all die
The indifferent chill, the empty galley
Tied to the rudder the old boatswain

Hoisted the sails, figurehead on the prow
Tired arms have lost the course
Under a new Grey sky
Roams alone the old boatswain

Fog is hazing the sight, going adrift
Broken mast's falling down
A phantom ship with dead seamen
And one alive the old boatswain

Sail, go adrift to the fjords
Sail, go away from the north

Lost all the hopes and left all the faith
The old man prepares himself to die
But a light breaks the sky
And wind holds up the old boatswain

Just a wreckage ploughing the waves
Silver foam from the rotten tail
Now a smile appears on his face
A tired laughter from the old boatswain

Sail, go adrift to the fjords
Sail, go away from the north

