

## **Monks of Doom**

### **"The Harbor Incident"**

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Into the vigil from hiding  
His exile was now almost up  
Pockets were teeming with spare change  
And his mind was eating it up

He'd savored the peace that he'd had but  
Now he scans the horizon  
Waiting for this storm to pass  
Always waiting in silence  
Just biding his time

And happened on a young lady  
Up from the depths of despair  
She spoke with a twist on her tongue  
And a marvelous look in her eye

She's said, "Think before the next time  
You take yourself out onto the sea  
And go dancing with that grand old man  
Sometimes, he plays very gently  
But he's just biding his time?"

Into the harbor came once a clipper ship  
Sails torn and listing severe  
When  
(Tide it had slipped)  
The rats jumped ship  
As if they had something to fear

The captain it seems was buried at sea  
His madness had taken its toll  
The crew headed into the bars of the town  
To drink away all of their cares  
They had waited for this day for years

One tiny bottle that floats on the sea  
Serves as a warning for those who might dream  
For those who pursue their obsessions  
The wind carries in it the screams  
Of the journeyman lost on the ocean

Teased by a beauty who rose from the waves

A rebirth, a watery grave  
Down in the depths she savors her prize  
She's just biding her time

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