Peter Schilling "Terra Titanic (Lost To The Sea)"

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All was dark and the sky was still
A blinding mist closing in
Unconcerned the young captain fills
His whiskey glass to the rim, to the rim

Like a crystal cathedral afloat on the tide Comes a mountain of ice on the course to collide While passengers sleep thinking God's on their side

Terra Titanic you're lost to the sea S.O.S. if you can Straight ahead lies your destiny Soon you'll sleep in the sand

Face to face the white giant, boat Sweet dreams turn cold, time is up Music plays as the sirens blow The last boat had better luck, better luck

The rats have the sense to abandon the ship While the captain adjusts his tuxedo a bit With his glass raised up as the ice water hits

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