

A Suken Ship Irony

"Our Heads Were Filled With Thoughts Of Home"

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The world has forgotten us here,
And the leaves, they are changing this time of year.
We've divvied supplies but it is no surprise,
That our rations are wearing quite thin.

And we promised we wouldn't turn back,
But we're thinking of breaking that pact.

The path has become quite unclear,
And the air gets so foggy this time of year.
So many before us have joined in the chorus,
The one that says "Curse God and die."

But we swear that we won't sing along,
Though we know every word to that song.

Praying for laughter, we've paid the disaster,
Relief fund with tears that we've cried.
It now seems the forest is turning against us,
With creatures who torment unseen.
We look to the sky as we regret that we never tried,
To learn how to fly. Now we'll never fly away,
But we won't forget that we haven't lost faith yet.
Just one word remains on these lips, and that word is
"Home".

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