

**Eric Bachmann****"Man O' War"**

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Floating in the cold water the ghosts of sorrow haunt  
the deep  
Reaching down to drag the ruins and roam the lone  
deserted streets  
Of an old abandoned temple buried in the narrow strait  
Off the coast of Tarifa, Spain

Gypsies scatter through the desert across the Atlas  
Mountain Range  
Hoaring remnants from the Devil from the Empires iron  
reign  
While cluttered down the mouths of rivers widowed  
lovers bathe and clean  
Silken scarves embroidered for their brand new Queen

And every time she rises up the ocean sinks  
Her memory drags a drape of a thousand angry stings

And like the moon doesn't mind if the sun doesn't  
shine  
The sea doesn't care if you're lonesome tonight  
Like the love that she gives condescendingly tries  
In its way to comfort you

Set adrift into her swarm-man o war  
Caught up in her dangling sting-off the shore  
Of a foreign brown sand beach as blue as bottles cover  
you

Many messengers and rebels have come and gone  
without a trace  
And many more will come tomorrow and many more  
will be erased  
Cause out beyond the docks of Rota upon the bottom of  
the sea  
Along the miles of copper cable from the Gulf of Cadiz

They tap the lines to hear the sounds that start the  
songs the rebels sing  
And drag a net to seine the bottom for the purse the  
bastards bring

And like a lion don't mind if a lamb takes her time  
A beast doesn't care if you surrender tonight  
Cause a beast knows she'll get what she wants in good  
time  
What she wants all in good time

Set adrift into her swarm-man o war  
Caught up in her dangling sting-off the shore  
Of a foreign brown sand beach as blue bottles cover  
you  
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