

Kite Flying Society

"6000 Shipwrecks"

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The onboard captain tips his hat
He feels a little wave
While the Easterlies our sails will try to save
Behind his eyes he's hypnotized by the longitude
The old man feels the distance from the view

And here's to you, the blue wide open
Get me off this cursed land
Back when my heart remained unbroken
Time was a footstep in the sand

Good day, Tempest
Where were you last Sunday before this trip began?
And we go
Shipwrecked again

Believe in luck, the omens trusted the albatross
But you shot it dead inside your head and damn the cost
The iceberg crashed like a brandy glass
You feel the bubble break
As you scan for last words you always thought you'd say

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