

Sabbat

"Without A Trace"

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Radio voice: Calling tower. This is an emergency.
We seem to be off course.
We cannot see land.
Repeat, we cannot see land.
Tower: What is your position?
Radio voice: We are not sure of our position.
We cannot be sure where we
Are... we seem to be lost.
Tower: Assume bearing due west.
Radio voice: We don't know which way is west.
Everything is wrong... strange.
We can't be sure of any direction.
Even the ocean doesn't look like it
Should.....
On and on they fall
Prey to the triangle
Pulled within
And never see again.
December 5th 45
Flight 19 has flown
Five T.B.M. Bombers
On a voyage to oblivion.
Disorientation
The loss of contact
Instrumental malfunction
As the flight path defects.
"Don't come after me"
"Don't come after me"
One by one they've gone
From beneath the sun
Pulled within
And never see again.
Later on that fateful day
The rescue mission tries
To reach the location
Of the five avengers.
Disorientation
The loss of contact
Instrumental malfunction
As the flight path defects.
Lost without a trace
Vanished in inner space.

Time has no bearing
When the white out begins
Silently
Slip beneath the sea.
Twenty seven people left
But at what cost?
One thousand have since joined
The limbo of the lost
Lost without a trace
Vashed in inner space.
On and on they fall
Prey to the triangle
Pulled within
And never see again

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