

Schilling Peter "Terra Titanic"

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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
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

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