

Stygma IV "Just A Nautic Tale"

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DEEP WITHIN THE ENDLESS BLUE
I SEE A SILHOUETTE
THE EMINENCE OF THE SEA
HE IS ON HIS TRAIL TO HIS FORSEEN DESTINY TOWARDS
THE
ARCTIC SEA
HIS REIGN WAS SILENT
SO MANKIND COULDN' HEAR
HE KEPT THE OCEANS
AND COULDN'T DEFEND HIS KINGDOM 'TIL MEN
APPEARED THEY
SAILED THE OCEANS
IN GREED FOR LAND
THEY INVENTED WEAPONS
TO HUNT THE WHALE
THE SEA WAS BLEEDING
AND TURNED TO RED
OUR SEARCH FOR PROFIT
WOULDN'T COME TO AN END

IT'S HARD TO COMPREHEND
WHY THEY KILLED THE WHALE
THEY DIDN'T NEED HIS MEAT
TO SURVIVE THEIR BITTER AGE
THEY DIDN'T NEED HIS OIL
TO WARM THEM IN THE COLD
THE EXTINCTION OF THE WHALE
IS JUST A NAUTIC TALE

ON HIS JOURNEY TO HIS CHOSEN FATE
DREAMING OF THE TIME
HE DIDN'T SPEND IN SOLITUDE
HE FEELS THE ILLNESS
HE WON'T SURVIVE
WHEN HE'LL BE DEAD
THE OCEANS WILL DIE.....WHY?

'CAUSE HE'S THE LAST WHALE
THE LAST WHALE
THE LAST WHALE
THE LAST OF HIS KIND

IT'S HARD TO COMPREHEND
WHY THEY STILL KILL THE WHALE
WE DON'T NEED HIS MEAT
TO SURVIVE OUR BITTER AGE
WE DON'T NEED HIS OIL TO WARM US IN THE COLD
THE EXTINCTION OF THE WHALE
IS JUST A NAUTIC TALE

NOW WHALING SHIPS APPEAR
AND HE WON'T ESCAPE THEM
THE SEA POURING OUT ANGUISH AND FEAR
THE OCEAN WINDS GET STORMY
THEIR DEADLY HARPOON HITS HIS REAR
BUT HE CAN TEAR THE LINE
HE'S DIVING DEEP DOWN THE OCEAN
TO REST IN PEACE

DROWNING
DROWNING
DROWNING

THE SEA IS BLEEDING
AND IT TURNS TO RED
ITS CHAIN REACTION WILL BE OUR END

I CANNOT COMPREHEND
WHY THEY'VE KILLED THE WHALES
THEY'VE NEVER NEEDED THE MEAT
TO SURVIVE THEIR RUTHLESS AGE
THEY'VE NEITHER NEEDED THE OIL
TO WARM THEM IN THE COLD
THE KILLING OF THE WHALE
IS JUST A NAUTIC TALE

AS I REALISE WHAT I'VE SEEN ON MY
SILVERSCREEN
I FEEL PAIN DEEP WITHIN
HOW CAN MEN BE SO CRUEL
AT LAST WE'RE JUST THE FOOLS
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE LOSE

IN OUR DESTROYING GAME WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN
PLAYING

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