

Thrice

"The Great Exchange"

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I crewed on a fair golden ship that
Went down at the dawn of the world.
We mutinied and sentenced our captain to die,
Â'Fore our sails had barely unfurled.

We sank shortly after our riot;
Wanton flame and our powder kegs met.
While I swam for my life there came voices aloft -
Joyful, unearthly, and dread -

Singing of a violent, tireless mystery:
That one would give his life to save his enemy.

Too bone-tired to keep my arms moving,
To swim or even grasp after straws.
The undertow drew me down into it's cold
And infinite indigo jaws.

I heard singing of a violent, tireless mystery:
That one would give his life to save his enemy.

I thought I must be dead or dreaming,
When my captain - still battered, betrayed -
Pulled me up, laid me over the beam heÂ'd clung to,
Breathed his last, and sank under the waves.

Your body is a bridge across an endless sea.
Your body is a bridge across an endless sea.

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