

Today all the sources would agree
that the day of their death was a cold dark day
Scuttled ships have blocked the sea
and the pallid light of morning melts into an ashy gray

Chorus:

And goodbye to everything
sayonara everyone
they are tired
write the eulogy

No one understood a word they said
hailed them all as kings up upon a pedestal
Their names scribbled on a parchment piece
would sink like any ship listing fast from ruptured hull

And goodbye to everything
sayonara everyone
they are tired
write the eulogy
And I saw them as they passed
it was like a millstone cast
far into the deep blue sea

The murky sea is black
dismal and so deep
millstones rocket through the dark
into it