

Artist: deceased

Title: The Triangle

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Columbus wrote of awful things, as he fortook the seas  
And many men have spoke of doom, aboard the Flight 19  
The devil's home, some do preach, a force beyond this world  
A secret time, that's part of us, a place that is no good  
Explain the missing men, lost throughout the years  
And all the missing planes, snatched from out of the sky  
The triangle, the legend lives, a tale for all to read  
An unknown force, that makes us trust,  
The horrors we can't see  
And what of the soldiers? Astray from their ships  
As over 100 are gone  
For where are the answers, to all that is "odd"?  
Turning all science undone  
Has alien life, within our time, marked the planet Earth?  
Do UFO's come and go, lighting up our sky?  
Do they search and steal, for their own world,  
The bodies of our kind?  
And do we know, just who to trust,  
What's real, and what are lies?  
The sea erupts, the sky goes black, the air is numb,  
The wind is full, but can't we see, are we blind?  
Some time has passed since the last tale,  
Of the triangle's disease  
But as before, the doom will fall, unto the haunted seas  
The triangle!!!  
Is this the porthole through time?  
Is this the center of mind?  
For what has caused this to be?  
For now the other world sleeps,  
But just how soon 'til the unknown returns to feed?