

The sea was boiling with rage
A lighthouse sent out a gloomy sign
The waves was smashing with hate
Against the rocky shoreline

A little ship was caught in the storm
By the oceans cruel games
They saw the sign from the beacon
And they knew what it was saying

The men was shivering with fear
For Mother natures cold despite
A priest on the boat looked to the sky , screaming
Why..?

For the last time you could
Hear the little boat blow it's horn
Closer and closer to the shoreline with it's sharp stones

They couldn't turn they couldn't stop
And there was nowhere to run
The waves was screaming out it's victory
As if they knew who had won

For the last time you could
Hear the little boat blow it's horn
Closer and closer to the shoreline with it's sharp stones

The ship was smashed in thousands pieces by the powerful storm
Ocean in ecstasy. . .