His Last Voyage

Gentle Giant

Rose in early morning, as the light came through,
Searching in the ocean, did what he should do,
Seeking not adventure, just a way of life,
Sky above turned grey, wind cut like a knife.This was his last voyage, this was his last time.Pulling up the anchor, letting go the rope,
Age rules over all things, fate rules over hope.Then as bow was broken, water soon to rise,
For they would have nothing, Nature's trust unwise,
Through his boat and fortune, not for him that day,
If he went to God, for him they would pray,As the tempest thundered, as the storm broke free,
Suddenly in darkness, fear there none to see,
Visions in his memory, what was meant to be,
When the storm was over, nothing could be seen,
Life and boat were taken, God knows what it means.Rose in early morning, as the light came through,
Searching in the ocean, did what he should do,This was his last voyage, this was his last time.Pulling up the anchor, letting go the rope,
Age rules over all things, fate rules over hope.

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