

It's Quiet Where They Sleep

Dan Hall

It's quiet where they sleep; no more the tempests roar.
It's quiet where they sleep upon Superior's floor.
Five hundred feet of black cold wave is a fitting stone for Fitzgerald's grave.
Her pilothouse glass has a deathly gaze and it's quiet where they sleep.

Searchers gliding by, light stabs through the gloom.
Searchers gliding by cast shadows in the room.
"Where were you then when November's doom sent us down into this tomb?"
"You've found your way, must you go so soon?"
Searchers gliding by.

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Lyrics Submitted by Susan F.

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