

Galley

Latent Anxiety

Verse A:

Up to war, proud navy fleet.
Bench of wood, chained to the feet.
Sick and sore, move to the beat.
Near to die, burnt by the heat. Verse B:
Pounding drum, cracking the whip.
Blood and sweat run from the rip.
Day and night, eternal trip.

Weary men, thrown from the ship. Verse C:

Fog is gone, longboats in sight.
Swords and bows, ready to fight.
Kill for Rome, sounds always right.
Emperor, shine in the light. Chorus:
Galley, we keep rowing faster.

Into the disaster.
Long live our master.

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