

Wolfpack

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To their own shore,
Came the world war.
Gleaves and Ingham,
Leading the bury west. Took the short way in,
The long route back convoy 92.
Bury Gleaves and Ingham leading,
Tankers to the west.
And upon the north atlantic,
Lies the silence of the seas.
On the quietest night in the darkest hour,
The kriegsmarine appear. Above the surface it seems quiet and calm.
Deep down below the wolfpack lurks. To their own shore,
Came the world war.
Gleaves and Ingham,
Leading the bury west.
In their own track,
Came the wolfpack.
Gleaves led the convoy,
Into the hornets nest. At the crack of dawn the second day,
Bury stands in flames.
Half the convoy sunk or disabled,
Heading back to the shore.
But below the north atlantic,
On the bottom of the sea.
On the second night in the darkest hour,
The kriegsmarine return. The wolfpack surface for a second time.
To make the convoy face it's fate. To their own shore,
Came the world war.
Gleaves and the Ingham,
Leading the bury west.
In their own track,
Came the wolfpack.
Gleaves led the convoy,
Into the hornets nest. Under fire,
Under water.
May 42 when,
Bury did fail the test.
To their own shore,
Came the world war.

Gleaves and the Ingham,
Leading them into death.569 makes the contact and lead them,
U-94 scores a kill in the dark.
124 sinking 4 in 2 approaches,
406 suffers failure on launch.569 makes the contact and lead them,
U-94 scores a kill in the dark.
124 sinking 4 in 2 approaches,
406 suffers failure on launch again.In their own track,
Came the wolfpack.
Gleaves led the convoy,
Into the hornets nest.To their own shore,
Came the world war.
Gleaves and the Ingham,
Leading the bury west.
In their own track,
Came the wolfpack.
Gleaves led the convoy,
Into the hornets nest.Under fire,
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Gleaves and the Ingham,
Leading them into death.

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