

The Talisman

Max Corbacho

When I stand and look about the port
And contemplate my life, will I ever see my countrymen again?
As the captain calls us on the deck, I take my things and walk
To the harbor side I glance back one last time
Fleeing our nation, our problems we leave behind
Ships by the tenfold sail out on the tide
We are pleased to be out and embracing the open sea
Free from our troubles and more free from thee
Inheritors unfulfilled reason behind us
We flee from what is not, what is will be
We flee the earth and face our harsh reality
Will death be low mist that hangs on the sea?
We run from the evil tongues, rash judgments, selfish men
Never to be seen on these shores again
As we sail into ocean size and lose sight of land
A face of contentment around in the air
We're off now to seek all our fortunes
To the land of our dreams
Riding the waves and the storm is upon us
The winds lash the sails but the ropes keep them tight
Off in the distance a dark cloud approaching
None could imagine what there was to come
No, there's no one going back, no, there's not a second chance
As we strap onto the side, we pray to God that we won't die
As we ride the rough seas, as we soak from the ocean waves
I just hope for all our lives and pray that I survive
Four ships are lost in the stormy conditions
The spirits of the sunken crews, their phantoms follow us

Spirits, sails, they drive us on through the all consuming waves
Cold mortality, no weapon against these ever raging seas
Four leagues and ten and we hit storms again
We just can't get away from the eye of the storm
The birds out soar the raging storm but we cannot escape it
Abandoned earth that we now crave is many leagues from safe
Holding on for our dear lives and we're praying once again
Rotten luck or just jonahed? The talisman is in my hand
Limbs fatigued, trembling with cold, blinded from the sea spray salt
Clasping anything we can hold, heaven's rain upon us falls

Twenty days without a meal and ten without fresh water still
Those that didn't die in storms, the scurvy rest did slaughter
Westward the tide, westward we sail on
Westward the tide, sail by the talisman
We approach the other side of the ocean with the tide
In our favor just for once, welcome greeting, our new land
The elation in our hearts, the excitement in our veins
As we sail towards the coastline of our golden promised land
Weary limbs fatigued away, I have no life left in me
No more strength and nothing left to give, must find the will to live
Never thought that we could make it, truly sight of shores divine
The sickness I am dying from, never wanted it to end this way
Westward the tide, westward we sail on
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