The Triangle

Deceased

Columbus wrote of awful things, as he fortook the seas
And many men have spoke of doom, aboard the Flight 19
The devil's home, some do preach, a force beyond this world
A secret time, that's part of us, a place that is no good
Explain the missing men, lost throughout the years
And all the missing planes, snatched from out of the sky
The triangle, the legend lives, a tale for all to read
An unknown force, that makes us trust,
The horrors we can't see
And what of the soldiers? Astray from their ships
As over 100 are gone
For where are the answers, to all that is "odd"?
Turning all science undone
Has alien life, within our time, marked the planet Earth?
Do UFO's come and go, lighting up our sky?
Do they search and steal, for their own world,
The bodies of our kind?
And do we know, just who to trust,
What's real, and what are lies?
The sea erupts, the sky goes black, the air is numb,
The wind is full, but can't we see, are we blind?
Some time has passed since the last tale,
Of the triangle's disease
But as before, the doom will fall, unto the haunted seas
The triangle!!!
Is this the porthole through time?
Is this the center of mind?
For what has caused this to be?
For now the other world sleeps,
But just how soon 'til the unknown returns to feed?

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