

Selling the Wind

Pretty Girls Make Graves

We have so far sailed maelstroms
Through the tempest light
This man-o-war
Spills forth with silks, spices and wines
Not limerick's dungeons eighteen months
Could kill my fervor for sea hunt
All herring lassies, gutter girls
They know what colored clews unfurl
These threads are full
Full of wind and tied in knots
Miss Forsythe's love
Was lost but never was forgot
Till olden age
Saber held fast to the sky
Sea cauldron's rage
The Cailleach tramps her cloak tonight
Tonight
For seven days
Braved howling winds, eddies and rains
Through towering waves
They say no bolder heart remains
Halcyon, green Clew Bay
A green Clew Bay
I buy these winds
To venge my children and their ghosts
I stole their ships
And every castle from their coasts
Need no advice
Nor approval from the queen
I live my life
Forever hellcat of the sea
Forever hellcat of the sea

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