Deep Superior

Dan Hall

Deep Superior down below
The folds of your gown are deathly cold.
Deep Superior it's no surprise
Storm lost crews will never rise.

Deep Superior down below
Dead black quiet in her hold.
Deep Superior it's no surprise
Storm lost crews will never rise.

Deep Superior wide and deep
The dark of your face your mysteries keep.
Deep Superior it's no surprise
Storm lost crews will never rise.

Lyrics Submitted by Susan F.

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