

Em Em Em Em
colder, and the world got quiet. It was
never quite day or quite night. And the
sea turned the color of sky turned the color of
sea turned the color of ice. After
last all around us was vastness, one vast glassy
desert of arsenic white. And the
waves that once lifted us, shifted instead into
drifts against Annabelle's sides, and the crew gathered

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closer, at first for the comfort, but each
morning would bring a new set, of
tracks in the snow leading over the edge of the
world, 'til I was the only one left. After
that it gets cloudy, I feel like I lay there, for
days, and maybe for months. Oh the
Annabel held me, the two of us happy, just to
think back on all we had done. *break*

But I
told her of other other new worlds we'd discover, as she
gave up her body to me. As I
chopped up her mainmast for timber, I told her of
all that we still had to see. As the
frost turned her moorings to nine-tails, and the
wind lashed her sides in the cold, and I
burned her to keep me alive every night in the
lover's embrace of her hold. I can't call it

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rescue, what brought me back here, to this
old world to drink and decline,
pretend that the search for another new world was
well worth the burning of mine But
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some unheard tropical bird. And I
smile in my sleep, thinking Annabelle Lee's finally
made it another new world

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