

# Pretty Girls Make Graves, Selling The Wind

We have so far sailed maelstroms  
Through the tempest light  
This man-o-war  
Spills forth with silks, spices & wines  
Not limerick's dungeons,  
18 months could kill my fervor for sea hunt  
All herring lassies, gutter girls  
They know what coloured 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  
Sabre held fast to the sky  
Sea cauldron's rage  
The cailleach tramps her cloak tonight  
For seven days  
Braved howling winds, eddies, and rains  
Hey say no bolder heart remains  
Oh halcyon  
Of green Clew Bay  
I buy these winds  
To venge my children and their ghosts  
I stole their ships  
And every cast from their coasts  
Need no advice  
Nor approval from the queen  
I live my life  
Forever hellcat of the sea