

Ernst Shackelton

The night is howling ,squeaking ,creaking,scratch and towards my mind
The ship is moaning , breaking its bone the last breath of one scary wind
Cracked and prone the fear will shone upon that silent groan
My lips are bleeding my skin is dry my throat is aching towards my chin
Begging for rescue begging for relief pending between trust or disbelief
The ship is coming the ship is here the savior the patron the one who care

And we all went back to the war