

My heart beats in mournful numbers.  
Steel and blood  
course through these veins,  
to serve you in vain display.

My heart beats with fevered pace,  
for my little girl; I give chase.  
Circle down the drain  
of my Rapture's disdain.

My heart gasps in waning bursts,  
my thirst beguiled by this curse  
inflicted by those  
coined through his purse.

My heart slowly fades  
as I watch you cry  
upon my watery grave. My love,  
be brave under the sea's cold waves.