



Item Code: 692

Participant Code: 103

Cries in Agony

Stood the deck, between life and death,
Roared the tides, with its fuming breath,
And in the balance, were lives to pawn,
The vast sky echoed the cry and mourn;

The bright blue canvas of hope,
Blacked out as if a dead crop,
The Devil of thunder bellowed in dare,
When cries in agony arose in the air.

Over the ocean bed, beneath the thunder,
Tugged the ship, as a prey to a hunter,
The mirthful realm, torn and worn,
Saw a grey glimpse of the agony born;

A fragile fence to fall,
Not even the captain stood tall,



The fire of the sea was intense and bold,
Burned the sea, without a hold;

Men and mob sat in fright,
The shore of mirth was far out of sight,
Their cries in agony, plight and misery,
Ran with the tides, cold and weary.

As the wind waltzed with the water,
Evil sprites broke out in laughter;
The core of the sea spat in terror,
Leaving the ship shook in horror.

The luminous lightning tore up the sky,
Clouds whimsically whispered up high,
As the men below cursed their fate,
They lost themselves in agony's state.



When the waves roam and storm,
As eyes bleed without a home,
When agony reign mighty and strong,
The road of life might be so long;

After the war and the roar,
Nothing was left to look for,
And 'neath the serene silence
The agony swayed in tense;

The sea, now calm and warm,
Sang a symphony as the tides swam,
With it, in the large blue vast,
Flew the cries of agony of the past;

Among the afloat debris,
And the bright light bliss,
Stayed the agony, the people's cry,
Though in water, completely dry;



Among all the lost souls,
Laments nature, with a heart of holes
As her guilt started to unfold,
They joined the stories untold;

As the cries ram in the air,
Mother nature to be fair,
Weaved a long tapestry,
With all those cries of agony;

And in the waters, dark and bold,
It was laid, engraved in gold.
The cries, misery and agony in days,
Swam along with the wind and waves;