

HOPELESS  
BY HILTBURN

FAR OUT ON A WINDSWEPT STORMY SEA  
AWAY FROM ALL THAT IS REALITY  
STANDING WATCH BY DAY AND NIGHT  
FORGOTTEN MEN WITH NOTHING IN SIGHT

AT NIGHT WHEN EVENING SHADOWS FALL  
HAUNTING MEMORIES BEGIN TO CALL  
SCENES OF HAPPY YESTERDAYS  
PARADE BEFORE OUR EYES LIKE PLAYS

OH GOD TAKE US BACK AGAIN  
TO THE PLACE OUR LIVES BEGAN  
TAKE US FROM THIS LIFE OF WOE  
THAT IS WORSE THAN HELL BELOW

NO ONE HEARS OUR SOUL <sup>E</sup>NDING CRY  
SO WE'LL GO ON UNTIL WE DIE.

As I recall,  
HilTBurn was a  
signalman on the  
SERPENS.  
ELLISON