

# Sirenia, Seven Widows Weep

Seven sailors from the North  
Set their sails for the isle of Rott  
Then their heading turns southwest  
For adventure and conquest

Seven sailors head southwest as the wind  
Fills their sails  
On a journey across the North Sea  
For adventure and conquest

And the sirens sing from every shear  
As the Northern seamen are drawing near  
How they sing, how they bring the North men closer in  
They approach the ship,  
Clinging on its rim

The sirens cling on to their ship  
The sailors seem to lose their grip  
Enchanted by the sirens' song  
Mesmerized they go along

Seven sirens of the North Sea put the  
Seamen to their rest  
Ended their journey across the North Sea  
For adventure and conquest

And the sirens sang from every shear  
As the Northern seamen were drawing near  
How they sang, how they clang on  
To the drowning men  
The seven sailors will never return again

Their ship went down  
East of the United Kingdom  
Now their seven widows weep  
The seamen veiled in endless sleep

Come sleep with me,  
I'll set you free  
Come dream with me  
At the bottom of the North Sea