

## Mutiny

Behind dark amber eyes she does contrive;

Whispers of mutiny aboard my ship.

Ever cautious if I am to survive,

Dear friend, Protection, always at my hip.

Deep purple like large puffs of crushed velvet

Hang ever so low, darkening dark days.

While lightning bolts and hard rain surround it

The vessel is tossed about ruthless waves.

A plan further along than once believed,

Cut, was my lifeline before ships depart.

Thrown from the ship in which I was deceived

The salt fills my lungs and arrests my heart.

Mirth blacked their souls and corrupted their minds.

Ideals shared among all, for this I have died.