

4/4 C Em G D B

5/4 GMAJ7 Am7

I have survived a centuries' old wreck,

**CMaj7**

**B7**

Volkert Evertzoon's ship speared some southern reef

**C**

**Em**

My genes have filtered centuries of sand

**Eb**

**Dm**

**F#m**

**Bm**

3/4 Through Holland's tall dykes and low southern land,

**C**

**GMaj7**

**B**

**E**

**E7**

5/4 Through to this moment, now, here I stand.

When Evertzoon peered, through wave troughs for hope

Far distant whitecaps, promised the shallows

Swimming to breakers, he saw revival.

3/4 Thick plankton clouds, ignored his arrival

5/4 White winged sirens mocked his survival.

4/4 C Em G D B

5/4 In time, soggy Volkert, cut through the backwash

Carcasses tossed on salt - pepper sand

Spitting the grains, grinding molars to dust,

3/4 Crabs scuttled, flies circled, Volkert gagged and cussed,

5/4 Unable to walk, he crawled on shells' crust.

The death that Evertzoon had delayed

Spiraled the island, present to future,

Volkert saw a bird, unable to fly:

3/4 *They studied each other, they blinked eye to eye,*

5/4 *Life posed the question for how long can you die?*

4/4 C Em G D B

5/4 [VERSE BREAK]

Volkert crawled on, the lone dodo waddled

