



Whose threat, that from the fires roar, is like living doubt,  
 that any minute would with scorn, escape and crush you out.  
 Where turbines scream like tortured souls alone and lost in hell,  
 as ordered from above somewhere, they answer every bell,  
 The men who keep the fires lit, and make the engines run,  
 are strangers to the world of night, and rarely see the sun.

They have no time for man or God, no tolerance for fear,  
 Their aspect pays no living thing, the tribute of a tear.  
 For there's not much that men can do, that these men haven't done  
 Beneath the decks, deep in the hole, to make the engines run.  
 And every hour of every day, they keep the watch in hell,  
 For if the fires ever fail, their ship's a useless shell.

