

The Death of the Interdictor *Geta*

(to the tune of [The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald](#))

This song is sung by the officers and men of the Severian Principate to commemorate the loss of the Immobilizer 418-class Heavy Cruiser Geta. As the vessel was crewed mostly by young crewmembers who were serving their mandatory 7 year commitment to the Navy, the loss was felt more harshly than other vessel losses faced by the Principate Navy.

The legend lives on from the Core Worlds on down
of the fine world they called "Dandoran"
Space, it is said, never gives up her dead
when the orbits in space are overran.
With a load of her men and grav wells she had four
as the Interdictor *Geta* was ready,
that good ship and true was a bone to be chewed
when the War of the Seer came early.

The ship was the pride of the Principate side
Setting out from some yard in Sirmium.
As the interdictors go, it was bigger than most
with a crew and good captain well seasoned,
concluding their leaves the crew came back aboard
when they left fully loaded for Dandoran.
And later that night when the ship's comm rang,
could it be the stellar wind they'd been feelin'?

The generators made a tattle-tale sound
and a well would stop ships from fleeing.
And ev'ry man knew, as the captain did too
'twas the witch of the Seer come stealin'.
The battle came late and the men they had to wait
when the Victory *Vel* came slashin'.
When friendly ship came it was firing guns
in the face of a call they were kin.

When the final time came the old chief came on deck
Sayin' "Fellas, it's too late t'save ya."
At seven P.M. the main shields caved in; he said,
"Fellas, it's been good t'know ya!"
The captain wired in he had space comin' in
and the good ship and crew was in peril.
And as the ship slid when 'is lights went outta sight
came the death of the Interdictor *Geta*.

Does anyone know where the will of the Force goes
when the black turns the minutes to hours?
The searchers all say they'd have made a safe lay
if they'd put fifteen more clicks behind 'er.
They might have split up or they might have burned down;
they may have fell to Dandoran's waters.
And all that remains is the faces and the names
of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

The Outer-Rim rolls, the spacelanes sings
in the rooms of her ice-cold mansion.
Old Principate ships are like young one's dreams;
the depths of the black are for no men.
And farther below Hutt space
takes in what Dandoran can send her,
And the starships go as the spacers all know
with the War of the Seer remembered.

In a musty old hall in Sirmium they prayed,
in the "Principate Officers' Cathedral."
The naval bell chimed 'a full twenty-eight hundred times
for each man on the Interdictor *Geta*.
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of the fine world they called "Dandoran"
Space, it is said, never gives up her dead
when the War of the Seer came early.

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