## Savatage, The Wake Of Magellan

As he stood upon the watch deck Looking out onto the sea It would offer no solutions Only silent company

So he took hold of the reasons As he tried to understand But they offered just confusion As they bled into his hands

Dear god Couldn't you decide What should happen to a man's assassins

Dear god Is it suicide I have never been a man of passions

I believe what the prophets said That the oceans hold their dead But at night when the waves are near They whisper And I hear

There are wounds that bleed inside us There are wounds we never see They are part of our refinements That allow a man to be

There are wounds that bleed in silence With aristocratic grace There are tears we keep beside them Never seen upon a face

Dear god Do you think it's wise To remember everything that's ever happened

Dear god Could we compromise Or must the shadows of this night be everlasting

I believe what the prophets said That the oceans hold their dead As I contemplate this stand What I do Is who I am

I believe what the prophets said That the oceans hold their dead But at night when the waves are near They whisper And I hear

Don't see the storms are forming Don't see or heed the warning Don't hear the sound of tyrants Surrounded by the silence

Columbus and magellan and de gama Sailed upon the ocean In a world of ignorance With thoughts so primitive That men were killed With no more will
Than that they simply had the notion
But in this world of heartless men
This thing they never did

Don't hear it Don't hear it Don't hear it Don't hear it

Got to keep it underground Pretend you never heard a sound

If they find it kill it blind it If they find it kill it blind it

Lord tell me what is to be Lord tell me what is to be

They whisper and I hear