

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