

Axel Rudi Pell, Prisoners Of The Sea

We're Sailing On The Waves Of The Ocean,
The Gallow's Dangling In The Wind

The God Of The Sea Is Showing His Real Face,
As The Slaves Try To Tame The Raging Waves

We're Riding On The Wind And The Sea Is Turning Red,
We Fight The Fire OF Hate, Black Banners For The Dead

No Walking On Water,
We're The Prisoners Of The Sea,
The Devil's Daughter,
A Game Between Her And Me

The Sea Will Be Our Grave And We're Running Out Of Time
But We're Searching For Our Little Peace Of Mind.