

# Hangar, The Massacre Trilogy

(Part I: Sailing The Sea of Sorrow)

(Martinez, Priester, Polchowicz, Mello)

Oh Lord, no sign to relief  
Of this agony inside  
Such a pain is not fair  
How long shall it last  
Sailing the sea of sorrow  
Beyond this point  
There's no turning back  
No time to repent  
No time to regreat  
Sailing the sea of sorrow  
My soul is bleeding  
A sea of sorrow  
In the middle of nothing  
Seeking tomorrow  
Darkness surrounding  
This bloody expedition  
Sailing the sea of sorrow  
How can I finish  
An impossible mission?  
A sea of sorrow  
Embraces the fleet  
The stars above us  
And hell underneath  
Sailing the sea of sorrow  
Sailing the sea of sorrow  
Navigating on the sea of sorrow  
Under the moonlight  
Fear is your only friend  
Vastness just your eyes can see

(Part II: To Tame a Land)

(Martinez, Priester, Polchowicz, Mello)

How long shall we fight  
to tame a land?  
How much blood is needed  
From the lives spent?  
Thunder and lightning  
Flashes of metal  
Forces uprising  
In the heat of the battle  
Violence and force  
Weapons and power  
Armored corps  
Fearless marching forward  
Surrender or die  
The crown must prevail  
Surrender or die  
The King shall be hailed

How long shall we fight  
to tame a land?  
How much blood is needed  
From the lives spent?  
Blood on the sand  
Screams in the air  
We conquer the land  
You watch it in despair  
Life or death

People are dying  
Walking to hell  
Burning in the fire  
Surrender or die  
The crown must prevail  
Surrender or die  
The King shall be hailed

How long shall we fight  
to tame a land?  
How much blood is needed  
From the lives spent?

(Part III: Five Hundred's Enough)

(Martinez, Priester, Polchowicz, Mello)

Sail, white man  
Rape, European  
Come, bastards  
To steal us all  
In the name of God  
Rise the swords of Christ  
And smash every little worm  
That cries for freedom  
On your knees, Indians  
The old world Barbarian  
Is here to reign  
You must kiss the cross  
Raise churches of gold  
Give diamonds for mirrors  
Be blessed the righteous  
Who served those chosen ones  
God wants you all  
To save the Crown of Portugal  
In the name of God  
They've killed millions  
And smashed every little worm  
That cried for freedom  
On your knees, Indians  
The old world Barbarian  
Is here to reign  
You must kiss the cross  
Raise churches of gold  
Give diamonds for mirrors  
Five hundred's enough