

# Shadow Gallery, Ghostship

(THE GATHERING THE NIGHT BEFORE:)

Time has come  
The dawn shall see us off again  
Glory rides  
The stars shall be our watching guide  
We know  
God is ready  
And he's willing  
To fill our veins it takes my mind away  
Hot sun  
Splitting thunder  
Deafening  
Violent storms  
We sail atop the highest wave in search of our viking gold  
And turn our backs into the night  
We sail into the night

As the mighty desert wind blows through the mountains  
Still she sails our trusty ship across the sea  
And we raise our glasses high to this good life  
See our torches brandish light upon the free

Cowards running to the hills no courage in their eyes  
Shadowed terrors prey on them no mercy in their eyes  
Their battle's over long before they have a chance to pray  
But we shall stand steadfast our ground  
Unmoved through the day

Let us drink to the spirit  
That has given us the power  
To rule with the mightiest of swords  
Through all of the  
Land

(VOYAGE:)

(DEAD CALM:)

(APPROACHING STORM:)

Our ship now listless drifting aimlessly through the tide  
This calm before the storm screams over high  
This must be madness cause the sky is growing blacker  
Than the shadow of a dead star in regression of its power  
If the darkness that surrounds you leaves you nowhere you can run to  
I implore you fall down to your knees  
And pray these tentacles released their grip

(STORM:)

Well you and I do not belong here  
Will we return  
I cannot believe  
Strong winds  
Twisting and tearing our sails off  
I'm hiding my eyes  
You are fading away

(ENCHANTMENT:)

(LEGEND:)

Misfortune paints their lonely story

A thousand years shall endure  
Unfold the tale of that dark day  
Their mystics ship so far from sure

They sailed away  
Into  
Another sea  
A mystery  
To us all  
Beware the waves  
You sail upon  
In ships so strong  
It is our belief  
This story's true