

# The Coral, The Oldest Path

The oldest path beneath the grave  
Lies a myth that's still the same  
There ain't no way to make a change  
Till Kings and Queens have walked in chains

And the wind it blows them down  
And the sea it takes them in  
In their sleep you'll find the answer  
To everywhere they have been

Sailors tossed by stormy seas  
All in the name of slavery  
Arm in arm, toe to toe  
Sometimes your bestfriend is your foe

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Side by side their pasts in disguise  
Together alone as he greeted the tide  
And on the water knees lay the thoughts of  
A hundred sunken shackle bound souls

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