

His Father's Son

Miracle Of Sound

A noble sailed across the sea
To search a distant land
A new frontier before him
To provide an upperhand
Mysterious agendas
Lay behind a graceful guise
A son was born, begotten, shorn
Betrayed to noble lies

I take to the water
To glide upon the gales
The winds that my father rode
Will never fill my sails

The sailors on the salty sea
My brothers I will lead
Our cannons fast they burn and blast
Our blood is of the Creed
A father lost to hunger
The temptation of control
No sentiment you represent
Can tame my savage soul

I take to the water
To glide upon the gales
The winds that my father rode
Will never fill my sails

You're going to war...

Musket guns and silver slivers
Justice runs in crimson rivers
Words of ancient truth we follow
Bleed these veins into tomorrow

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To glide upon the gales
The winds that my father rode
Will never fill my sails