

St. James

Avenged Sevenfold

This is the story of a man,
Who conquered life drink in hand
Ship unmanned.
Marked by genius, channelled good,
By some a bit misunderstood.
They'd been wrong many times before

Some times our saints are sinners,
They blur the lines and lead the way,
Their Way.
Raise hell and a glass in reverence,
The fearless lives of our great saints - our saints.

Never a stranger to late night snake
bite fist fights and empty pints,
Unrivalled heights.
He led with songs, they sang along,
created bonds that held so strong
Some were right and some were wrong

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Their Way.
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It's by the sea and at nights end that's when the sin and swill
begin
That's when he had that certain light inside his head
For every whisper he would scream for every draught he shared a
drink
For every sorrow there is a light from our St. James

On the sea by the cliff he watches, he waits the night to see
The day - his way
Last call will find us all
But there's a light that leads the way, our way.

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