

The Wake of Magellan

Savatage

As he stood out on the watch deck
Looking out onto the sea
It would offer no solutions
Only silent company So he took hold of the reasons
As he tried to understand
But they offered just confusion
As they bled into his hands Dear God, couldn't you decide
What should happen to a man's assassins?
Dear God, is it suicide?
I have never been a man of passions I believe what the prophets said
That the oceans hold their dead
But at night when the waves are near
They whisper and I hear There are wounds that bleed inside us
There are wounds we never see
They are part of our refinements
That allow a man to be There are wounds that bleed in silence
With aristocratic grace
There are tears we keep beside them
Never seen upon a face Dear God, do you think it's wise
To remember everything that's ever happened?
Dear God, could we compromise
Or must the shadows of this night be everlasting? I believe what the prophets said
That the oceans hold their dead
As I contemplate this stand
What I do is who I am I believe what the prophets said
That the oceans hold their dead
But at night when the waves are near
They whisper and I hear Don't see the storms are forming
Don't see or heed the warning
Don't hear the sound of tyrants
Surrounded by the silence
Don't see the storms are forming
Don't see or heed the warning
Don't hear the sound of tyrants
Surrounded by the silence Columbus and Magellan and De Gama
Sailed upon the ocean
In a world of ignorance
With thoughts so primitive
That men were killed with no more will

Than that they simply had the notion
But in this world of heartless men
This thing they never didGot to keep it underground
Pretend you never heard a soundThey whisper and I hear

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