

Servant To The Slave

Capercaillie

Leaving for an unknown shore
With every breeze just like a sigh
The sea is deep with tears of those before
With feelings like the sea birds cry
It gently took me by the hand
Across the ocean blue
And placed me in a foreign land
Far away from you

No more the ancient conversation
Replies with just a nod
No fiddle plays a lamentation
No slowly burning sod
No smiles await on Ellis
Fears of the unknown
Only tired hearts of the countless
People taken from their homes

To be drawn across an ocean
This crooked path we pave
On earth's eternal motion
To be a servant to the slave

Wait and yearn to be released
As the ground beneath you heaves
Turn your gaze to the East
Reflect on what the cold wake leaves
To be drawn across an ocean
This crooked path we pave
On earth's eternal motion
To be a servant to the slave

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