

## The Galley Slave

Flatfoot 56

Bound to sail these ugly seas and hear the seagull's call  
Doomed to hear the rat-tat-tat of the quarter master's call  
The salt wind blows the slave boss crows making my skin crawl  
As I row this cross of mine to the place of the skull  
Hour after hour rowing on this worn out bench  
My only crime to do this time was my own common sense  
To deny the Son means freedom's won, but I can't deny His name  
So I'm chained to this my blood soaked fist rowing 'till I am s  
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