

## Expedition

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freedom fires burning  
mighty kingdoms shall rise  
crystal ships have returned  
like pawns on a distant shore

there's a cold empty place inside  
where you know there's no end

mighty storm mighty storm  
stirs from the skies above  
like a cold chill rushed upon my face

searching - for what awaits us  
set a course for a new shore  
for what tomorrow will bring

plunging the northern seas  
winds fill the sails  
as we approach another world  
that time has forgotten me  
the sun blinds and circles me

no man is an island  
no footsteps have walked these shores  
discoveries on virgin soil  
let the Expedition begin

searching - for what awaits us  
set a course for a new shore  
for what tomorrow will bring