

## Eye of the Storm

Manilla Road

Sailing south to waters never seen  
By western man of any creed  
Searching for a place to be free  
From Christian hate and blasphemy

Sky turns black as dark clouds form  
Tempests blow the sails are torn  
Come the waves in thunderous roar  
Old Man Sea brings about his scorn

Underneath protection of Thor  
Directed by a distant horn  
Voyager makes way to shore  
Sailing through the eye of the storm