

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