

## His Father's Son

## Miracle Of Sound

A noble sailed across the sea  
To search a distant land  
A new frontier before him  
To provide an upperhand  
Mysterious agendas  
Lay behind a graceful guise  
A son was born, begotten, shorn  
Betrayed to noble lies

I take to the water  
To glide upon the gales  
The winds that my father rode  
Will never fill my sails

The sailors on the salty sea  
My brothers I will lead  
Our cannons fast they burn and blast  
Our blood is of the Creed  
A father lost to hunger  
The temptation of control  
No sentiment you represent  
Can tame my savage soul

I take to the water  
To glide upon the gales  
The winds that my father rode  
Will never fill my sails

You're going to war...

Musket guns and silver slivers  
Justice runs in crimson rivers  
Words of ancient truth we follow  
Bleed these veins into tomorrow

I take to the water  
To glide upon the gales  
The winds that my father rode  
Will never fill my sails