

After The Fall From Grace

Savage Grace

As we let our sails fly away
And we chart our course for ever changing
Rendez - vous of war
Banners wave, cannons fire till the smoke of
Glories past fills the air, brings to tears
Eyes of all who' ve seen
A thousand men of war go off to battles
They' ve already lost

And we sail on
As clouds above the sea
Will the stars still guide us
After the fall from grace

As their ensign fills our eyes and shouts
Rain from command
The thunder shouts from cannons fired ten
Thousand times before
Main sails burn
Top sails fall into the flying sea
Men ablaze catch the blade to end their misery
Another battle fought and lost, their ship
Goes under as we watch

The war that we wage, the price that we pay
For love of God and gold
We stake our claim, to what remains among
The spoils of war

Lead break

With the harbour lights so near
Shining of the sea
The winds of war are blowing so far away from me
Fortunes raised, men enslaved, for king and Country's need
Ships aflame, screams of pain to satisfy their greed
How many times must we go before we all
Know to say no