

The Wake of Magellan

Savatage

As he stood upon the watch deck
Looking out onto the sea
It would offer no solutions
Only silent company

So he took hold of the reasons
As he tried to understand
But they offered just confusion

As they bled into his hands

Dear god

Couldn't you decide
What should happen to a man's assassins

Dear god

Is it suicide
I have never been a man of passions

I believe what the prophets said

That the oceans hold their dead
But at night when the waves are near
They whisper

And I hear

There are wounds that bleed inside us
There are wounds we never see
They are part of our refinements
That allow a man to be

There are wounds that bleed in silence
With aristocratic grace
There are tears we keep beside them
Never seen upon a face

Dear god

Do you think it's wise
To remember everything that has ever happened

Dear god

Could we compromise
Or must the shadows of this night be everlasting

I believe what the prophets said

That the oceans hold their dead
As I contemplate this stand
What I do

Is who I am

I believe what the prophets said

That the oceans hold their dead
But at night when the waves are near
They whisper

And I hear

Don't see the storms are forming
Don't see or heed the warning

Don't hear the sound of tyrants
Surrounded by the silence

Columbus and Magellan and De Gama
Sailed upon the ocean
In a world of ignorance
With thoughts so primitive
That men were killed

With no more will
Than that they simply had the notion
But in this world of heartless men
This thing they never did

Don't hear it
Don't hear it
Don't hear it
Don't hear it

Got to keep it underground
Pretend you never heard a sound

If they find it kill it blind it
If they find it kill it blind it

Lord tell me what is to be
Lord tell me what is to be

They whisper and I hear

AFTER A NIGHT OF LITTLE SLEEP
HE OPENED THE GANGWAY DOOR
AND FELT HIS WORLD COLLAPSING

NOT BELIEVING WHAT HE SAW

FOR THERE WITH HANDS ABOVE HIS HEAD
WAS A FOURTH STOWAWAY
TRYING TO SURRENDER
NOT KNOWING THE PRICE HE WOULD PAY

MIGUEL KNEW HE MUST ACT QUICKLY
IF THE LAD WAS TO HAVE ANY HOPE
SO HE POINTED TO THE CAPTAIN
AND RAN A FINGER CROSS HIS THROAT

AND THOUGH HE SPOKE LITTLE ENGLISH
THE STOWAWAY SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND
AND FOLLOWED MIGUEL TO A HIDING SPOT
AND PLACED HIS LIFE INTO HIS HANDS

AFTER MANY DAYS IN FEAR

THEY SAFELY REACHED THE PORT
AND THERE THE STOWAWAY WAS SET FREE
AND THE CAPTAIN BROUGHT TO COURT

BUT THEN THINGS TOOK AN EVIL TWIST
AND JUSTICE SEEMED TO FAIL
FOR MIGUEL WAS HELD AS A REFUGEE
AND THE CAPTAIN FREED ON BAIL

AND THE COMPANY OF THE MAERSK DUBAI
BROUGHT LAWYERS BY THE PACK
WHO WOULD SEARCH FOR TECHNICALITIES
TO LET THE CASE SLIP THROUGH THE CRACKS

SO WHILE THE LAWYERS SEARCH FOR LOOPHOLES
MIGUEL STILL SITS AND WAITS
IN SOME SMALL ROOM, HIS FUTURE RUINED
WHILE JUSTICE HESITATES

AND I WONDER WHAT THE CAPTAIN THINKS
EACH EVENING IN HIS BED
AND IF HE SHARES HIS DREAMS AT NIGHT
WITH THE RECENT DEAD

FOR CAPTAIN THERE WILL BE A DAY
WHEN YOUR SOUL WILL WASH UP ON HEAVEN'S SHORE
I PRAY THAT WHEN YOU REACH THAT DAY
THAT GOD'S MERCY IS MORE THAN YOURS

AND SOMETIMES IN THE EVENING
MIGUEL WILL TAKE LONG WALKS
AND LIKE THE OLD SAILOR BEFORE HIM
WITH THE OCEAN HE WILL TALK

AND AS HE WALKS ALONG
HE BREATHES IN THE OCEAN'S MORPHINE MIST
AND LOOKING ONCE MORE ACROSS THE NIGHT
DARES THE STARS TO GRANT A WISH