

Beyond The Pale

The Mission

Cold still waters running deep Pale before the eyes Ravaged By
the hands that feed Thunder clouds the skies Drifting with the
tide Floating with the stream The howling winds have gathered s
trength From a whisper to a scream

Sell me down the river And out to sea Cast me adrift and set me
to sail Just one last kiss before raising hell Beyond the pale
Beyond the pale

Heed to neptunes calling deceived in fable and lore Learn from
treacherous bibles Of murder, hate and war Searching for the te
ars In an ocean of rain The yearning of the raging sea beckons
once again

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to sail Just one last kiss before raising hell Beyond the pale
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Gathering of the storm And the winds are blowing wild Sweeping
over cross and creed, country, colour and child Mother nature c
ries for love Her children lost at sea And as the waves take me
away Say a prayer for liberty

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to sail Just one last kiss before raising hell Beyond the pale
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