

Kings Upon The Main

Thrice

The lesson you'd do well not to forget
Your life could be the one it's wisdom saves
At sea, where you're beleaguered and beset
On every side by strife of wind and waves

Despite the best of maps and the bravest men
For all their mighty names and massive forms
There'll never be and has never been
A ship or fleet secure against the storms

When kings upon the main have clung to pride
And held themselves as masters of the sea
I've held them down beneath the crushing tide
Till they have learned that no one masters me

But grace can still be found within the gale
With fear and reverence, raise your ragged sail