

Accept "The Galley"

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Pulling the weight up against the wind
is the plight of the galley slave
Chained to this cold bench, six to the oar
Sentenced to an early grave

With iron in our souls and fire in our wrists
Slicing the waves and the sea
Rotting below, they'll not let us go
Only mutiny or death set us free

Arms grow numb and the blood doth drip
to the beat of the drum, from the crack of the whip

We're damned, to the Galley
We're chained, to the Galley of pain
We're damned, to the Galley
We're slaves, chained to the Galley of pain

Narration:

"The salt made the oar handles like shark skin
and our lips we're cut to the gums
and you whipped us because: we could not row"
"Will you never let us go?"

Splintered and split, the hands of the doomed
endlessly toil by the hour
Bodies broken, shackled with hatred
as the soul grows sour

Off in the distance, the cry of the gulls
and the smell of approaching land
With our last ounce of strength, we pull to the shore
and dream to escape if we can

But Sirens attack, with their songs of love
Mermaids surround us as off we shove
Our arms still numb and the blood still drips
to the beat of the drum, from the crack of the whip

Damned, to the Galley
We're chained, to the Galley of pain
Damned, to the Galley

We're slaves, chained to the Galley of pain
We're rotting in the Galley hole

Solo

Damned, to the Galley
We're chained, to the Galley of pain
We're damned, to the Galley
We're slaves, chained to the Galley of pain

Only death can set us free

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