

The Briggs "Maritime Tragedies"

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One man's decision for God to bring the rain
Brought a storm to the world
for self profit and gain
Took your voice away
What could you possibly say?

On the dock waiting for the ships to come in
I look beyond the shore to see
the Earth meet the heavens
They'll meet again.
They'll become one in the end

To make a living
Do we have to live in this prison?
I sold my soul to the team that was winning
but if the tables must turn
I won't be alone when I burn

Does the sun determine our fate
Are we as gree as it's betrayed?
Don't pull the wool over my eyes
To what's truth, what's lies
Sheep in wolf's disguise

Maritime Tragedies
Making angels out of men
Maritime Tragedies
Make angels out of men

Within the wreckage of a civilization
A new life has already begun
A new breed will rise
With victory in their eyes

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