Hangar "The Massacre Trilogy"

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[Part I: Sailing The Sea of Sorrow]

[Martinez, Priester, Polchowicz, Mello]

Oh Lord, no sign to relief Of this agony inside Such a pain is not fair How long shall it last Sailing the sea of sorrow Beyond this point There's no turning back No time to repent No time to regreat Sailing the sea of sorrow My soul is bleeding A sea of sorrow In the middle of nothing Seeking tomorrow Darkness surrounding This bloody expedition Sailing the sea of sorrow How can I finish An impossible mission? A sea of sorrow Embraces the fleet The stars above us And hell underneath Sailing the sea of sorrow Sailing the sea of sorrow Navigating on the sea of sorrow Under the moonlight Fear is your only friend Vastness just your eyes can see

[Part II: To Tame a Land]

[Martinez, Priester, Polchowicz, Mello]

How long shall we fight to tame a land?
How much blood is needed From the lives spent?

Thunder and lightning
Flashes of metal
Forces uprising
In the heat of the battle
Violence and force
Weapons and power
Armored corps
Fearless marching forward
Surrender or die
The crown must prevail
Surrender or die
The King shall be hailed

How long shall we fight to tame a land?
How much blood is needed From the lives spent?

Blood on the sand
Screams in the air
We conquer the land
You watch it in despair
Life or death
People are dying
Walking to hell
Burning in the fire
Surrender or die
The crown must prevail
Surrender or die
The King shall be hailed

How long shall we fight to tame a land?
How much blood is needed From the lives spent?

[Part III: Five Hundred's Enough]

[Martinez, Priester, Polchowicz, Mello]

Sail, white man
Rape, European
Come, bastards
To steal us all
In the name of God
Rise the swords of Christ
And smash every little worm
That cries for freedom
On your knees, Indians
The old world Barbarian
Is here to reign

You must kiss the cross Raise churches of gold Give diamonds for mirrors Be blessed the righteous Who served those chosen ones God wants you all To save the Crown of Portugal In the name of God They've killed millions And smashed every little worm That cried for freedom On your knees, Indians The old world Barbarian Is here to reign You must kiss the cross Raise churches of gold Give diamonds for mirrors Five hundred's enough

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