

## Disco Biscuits

### "Magellan"

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The waves make mountains, I've sailed with ease,  
As wind gathers firmly in my canopy.  
We dive through the mist to the autumn sun,  
My vessel and its crew of twenty one, and we fly.

Through burgundy smoke and a fear of home,  
Alas, my final mission to the great unknown.  
As my thoughts betray me in flashes so bold,  
I'm reminded of home where the coast shines like gold.

darkness, thunderstorm, a ship going down,  
the crashing of rain and its deafening sound.  
as the crew ties the sails blown aside by the wind,  
crashing from the waves come tumbling in and we fly.

Rolling like a cobra, one life to spend,  
drifting through the heavens where the oceans they  
end.  
and there's no longer the sea no longer the sun,  
my ship and the waves have all swirled into one.

And i'm off past the vision, the line of the light,  
Where oceans turn waterfalls, daytime turns night.  
And no people return, no stories to tell,  
And i watched thru the door for the toll of the bell.

One with the raging wind,  
Alive on the highest tides,  
My ship at sail can climb a mountain,  
Ride it to the sky.

Whoa...oh, he'll navigate!

Earlier up this morning, as I sit upon the bow,  
In the distance, my homeland, but I just don't know  
how.  
Years along the sea, and I thought I'd find the sun.  
Once around the world, and now I think I'm done.

