

In a shipyard At the cross of life and death Lie here with me All I smell is your breath Sweet like summer wind Rustling my sheets Tonight I must begin A journey across the sea	What's that you say? You don't see things the same way? You don't see destiny? You just see bloodshed and the fray? Who's got your heart in hand? Is it the Devil, or the Moors, Or is it fair England? Some lover there you've always known?
His Grace of Parma He has seen our victory Our great Armada We shall set the English free We're to go ashore Once we've cast Galleons aside We'll bring them back the Lord And their land shall be our bride	Oh, I'm leaving But don't you fear you'll understand When I return These priests I've summoned here They have lessons you must learn They shall be gentle, I'm assured They'll bring you back into the light And strip away from you Your traitor's sinful spite
Where is your faith, My love? Put it not in heathen charms Our ships are great, my love And cannot come to harm Will you then wait for me Here, untouched while I'm away Will you then come for me When I've won honor and the day?	Inquisition, and to war I see England's shore I smell you on the sea Though my blood is on the floor All the powder, all the shot, all the faith Was all for naught How can God now fight with England And leave us on the ocean floor to rot?
Don't hold my hand so tight Our fleet's the greatest in the world Each hold a thousand men To protect me when the flags unfurl There's powder on the wind It's black, like stone My day will soon begin But I must leave you alone	Inquisition, my god what have I done? Inquisition, my god, what have I done? Inquisition, I see the ocean floor Inquisition, my god, what have I done?
Don't hold my hand so tight It isn't mine to give, it's for my god and king If I die or if I live And the glory of our country Is furthered by the sword And with the righteous go the grace of god His bloody glory To behold.	