Arghoslent "Swill Of The Knaves"

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Due east to prowl the coasts
Sails full, with purpose bestowed
Elmina's shores await
The iron girds of salvation
The captive whores of damnation
Prepare the hold for the beasts
Hatches nailed shut
Divide the worms from the meat
Swill is pissed on

Musket blast versus wooden shield Runners in the sights, spray the field Storm the mangrove Cannons bray, the mighty quake Centuries of blood becomes erased I am the white ghost

Middle Passage nigh Vessel of cruel new fate Hope disappears in the merchan rudder's wake, sleep with the dead, cargo stowed, left to rot

Bronze gate unhinged for you Stone steps, the path of doom New England's shores await The iron girds of salvation The captive whores of damnation Line the hold with our freight Eyes are sewn shut

Musket plume, heed the lash

Into darkened depths the sick are cast Run the mizzenmast Cannon smoke, a magic fog Spirits from the sea sound their call I am the white ghost

Middle Passage nigh Vessel of cruel new fate Hope disappears in the merchan rudder's wake, sleep with the dead, cargo stowed, left to rot

Swill of the Knaves, slop for the herd Swill of the Knaves Suffer a fate of putrid squalor

Swill of the Knaves, slops for the herd Swill of the Knaves Suffer the vengeful endless curse

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