

Carach Angren

"Bloodstains On The Captain S Log"

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Bloodstains on the Captain's Log by Carach
AngrenCome
Catharina and kiss the gold medal,
a trophy for the most respected man around.
Breathe with me from the opium pipe and drink a little
more wine.
I love you, but not as much as my sea, ship and crew.
What?! Now you hide your fears lest it becomes your
fault should I
choose to molest you.

Catharina! If you try to leave, there will be grief.
A wonderful house built for my wife to dwell,
still nagging like one of my annoying men.
Catharina! Why?
He defies the trust in marriage and god.
For there are bloodstains on the captain's log.

I stand for greed, lust and the willpower to defeat.
The mask I wear is kind, with a distorted face
underneath.
I believe in bliss through violence and suppression.

Take, rob and rape. Don't let these filthy foreigners
escape.
On our pillage through the Indian seas, we sail
heartless under
the flag of piracy.
Ravish and ruin their lives.
Execute their children right before their eyes.
My treasure chambers, teeming with the riches I adore.
I call it passion, not a sin, to kill for more and more.

Come Catharina and kiss the gold medal,
a trophy for the most respected man around.
Breathe with me from the opium pipe and drink a little
more wine.
I love you, but not as much as my sea, ship and crew.
What?! Now hold your tears lest it becomes your fault
should I choose to... violate you.

Once he sailed the course of trade and righteousness.
A stern, yet stout, master of the sea.
Now his soul drowns in condescension.
His mind corrupted and martyred by greed.
Bloodstains on the Captain's Log!
Bloodstains on the Captain's Log!

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