

## **Die Hunns**

### **"Cross Bones"**

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Anchors away for predators less the scurvy lot  
O six hundred settin' sail the lovers of the land to rot.  
Cross bones... vacation, red flag is a murder bath,  
The black flag... submit. We can't live like the rest  
The seven seas have ruined us export, imports, we  
implore  
To get we thirst a bloody mess. The wenches of Liberia  
Turned five men into moss the capetown cannibals?  
For lunch, ate twelve of us. Contracted out of the Salem  
Yard  
On the worthiest ship afloat plagued with the yellow  
fever  
Men are dyin' to fill the note. Fifty five suns to Belguay  
Half the crew is lost a love cargo boat in Belgota boy's  
This the one!

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