

Verbal Deception

"Under The Black Flag"

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Aye what fool bastards are these
Who sail blackest pirate seas
Galleon of color, that sails to the south
To lands of plenty, with great golden bounty
Who mars our skies, with black buzzards cries
Treasures abound your bastard boat's lord
Who travels this way with no fear of foul play?
There's a chill in this ship's cocky will
Aye, this captain I know
He bestows death cold and slow
Pirates he killed
tortured for thrill
Aye, this captain will die

Sail ya bastard, sail thy wind
Sail for friends you tortured and killed

Mistakes you'll make, I'll sail behind
Blast you to hell, revenge my grind
One chance, my luck, our fates entwined
Blood and Flesh
Eyes will go blind
Fire!!

Tortured screams, flow forth from depths abroad
To be your future day, only for ye sailing bawds
Treasure in hand, as the blood of your man
Words you shout are truth in sound
Your treasure we'll take, blood spilt to the ground
Run, run, run to thy refuge
Ye hide in thy North
For the day you defeat us, will never come forth

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