

Alexander Pistoletov

"Cirnos Perfect Math Class"

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Continuing the adventures,
With the combats between ships
Started right after the storm,
Thus I met my own frigate.
Let the guests of the sea know
The might of Jolly Rogers,
Those who rule over the sea,
Are the very true pirates.
Roaring cannons, whizzing grapeshot,
The fight suddenly begins,
Clanking bullets and sabers,
So it goes the deadly fight.
Two frigates have met
In the blue hell of ocean.
Our pirate ship
Turned into your mischief.
Our pirate ship
Turned into your mischief...
and the doom.
Chorus:
Not a Somalian,
Not a Caribbean,
I am the Russian, new pirate guy.
Not a Brazilian,
Not an Indian,
I am the Russian, new pirate guy.
Yes I'm like this, new pirate guy.
2. From the depths of the ocean,
came the monster of the sea.
And our frigate was seized,
by the giant octopus.
It threw us all overboard,
Breaking our ship to pieces,
So the frigate broke apart
And sunk to the sea bottom.
But the crew survived this,
And reached a local island,
Where we've built the new vessel,
More than rugged and more potent.
And so we set out to sea,
And we found that octopus.

And shot him with our cannons,
Breaking him to his guts.
3. 3. Internet is like the sea,
There are surfings and the torrents
And we're swinging for our rights,
On the vessels with no decks.
If there's something
you've composed
Or there's something
you've devised
Then you hold your copyright
In your own two hands.
Just like arms of the octopus
Copyright is choking all us,
Calling us, like at sea,
Violators and pirates.
Though the pirates, like all people
Also have the laws of their own,
Making noone being happy,
Who violates these laws.

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