

## Running Wild "Styrtebeker"

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Drinking manners gave his name, empty a tankard all  
in one  
Not afraid of fiend or god, just his look will make them  
run  
Call the crews, we take to sea, bound for Denmark's  
southern shores  
Let's prove our loyalty, risk our souls without remorse

In confidence we stand the fight, we trust in traders'  
words  
Outlaws as a rich man's knight, waiting for the cut that  
hurts

StÃfÃfÃ,Ãrtebeker, the furious cry for vengeance  
StÃfÃfÃ,Ãrtebeker, thunderous he crossed the sea

Merchants' profits to defend, Klaus agreed to give  
support  
Conquering old Viking land, carry away the goods they  
hoard  
Letter of mark a doubtful help, grabbing claws and  
greed  
Cry of vengeance yelling scream  
We'll come back and they will bleed  
Hunters' tradeships, where they are, for survival and  
revenge  
Big success in easy fight, hunt them back into their  
trench  
Captured by their strongest ship, traitor's words send  
us to death  
Death for all on vengeance trip, proudly Klaus will lose  
his head

StÃfÃfÃ,Ãrtebeker, a furious cry for vengeance  
StÃfÃfÃ,Ãrtebeker, thunderous he cross the sea  
StÃfÃfÃ,Ãrtebeker, he thwarts their plans, he teach  
them fear  
StÃfÃfÃ,Ãrtbeker, he scorns the traitors, kicked their  
ass

