

The Karkadens

"Admirals Of The Black"

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Oh my brothers
Who knew that you wanted more?
And took you in a common man, a vagrant of the shore
Oh my brothers
We're leaving shores behind
Under black I find my true relation

For years we've been marooned; I'd rather dance the
hempen jig
A change of winds has brought us in a letter of Marque
So collect your piece of eight assured I'll cut your halter
free
And I'll take you in like a brother each night we rove the
sea

Oh my brothers (aye)
Let me hear your roar (yoho)
Now, cutlass in the air, we'll run a rig tonight for sure
Oh my brothers (ho)
To what you say (no prey no pay)
So heed your word and find my cerebation

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Oh my brothers (ho)
To what you say (no prey no pay)

So heed your word and find our celebration

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