

## The Karkadens "Olde Wave"

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And so I've heard the sirens again  
And seen the smoke rise in the distance  
And even from these waters I can  
Feel the fires burning within  
Anchors down, and ship abandoned  
Into the night we set on land and  
As we make our midnight gathering  
I can't help but reminisce to when

We had all sworn, signed our strength under a code  
Carved a brethren deep in stone  
We had all sworn, cutlass raised we pledged an oath  
A brotherhood under the sword

In the curves of ocean swells I  
Feel an ancient current arise  
As it looms towards the eastern sky  
I can hear the drumbeats call me to rise  
Miles away against an island coast  
The crash of oceans draws me close  
With this current I return  
With cutlass drawn to render our oath

When I breathe the ocean  
I can feel it burn

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