

# Chronicles of Vengeance

Alestorm

A thunderous crash in the dead of the night  
We ready our weapons, prepare for the fight  
My band of comrades, so cruelly betrayed  
Now face the cold edge of justice's blade  
They knew how to hit us, they knew where to look  
Our fortress was breached and its mighty walls shook  
Accused of this treason, I fled to the sea  
To track down the true source of that treachery

Sold out, betrayed  
Attacked, besieged  
Outcast, accused  
Honour, refused

Ride  
The Black Spot in my hand  
On a quest for the truth  
I scour the land  
This traitorous curr  
Shall die by my hand  
If I'm to be spared  
I must have his head  
I shall not rest 'til this traitor is dead

I called in all favours, I bartered and bribed  
I must find this turncoat, and find him alive  
And so I was taken to a little old inn  
And deep in his cups, my man sat within  
We bitterly battled, but I won the fight  
And tied him beneath the high tide mark that night  
And when I'd made sure he could no longer stand  
I left him there with that Black Spot in his hand

Avenged, absolved  
Justice, made right  
Vengeance, deserved  
Honour, preserved

As the lifeless corpse of my enemy floats in the bay, choked on  
salty brine, I swear a deadly oath.  
By Poseidon's name, no traitor will go unpunished.  
Hear these words and tremble, for our vengeance shall be swift  
and merciless!