

This Ship, A Coffin

Adestria

Well I've heard rumors that he's lost his way,
Locked in his cabin where he drinks all day.
This ship, a coffin, we've come off course.
Adrift! Adrift, never to see the shore.
Every vessel needs a crew, each crew needs a head,
But we feel that this captain is better off dead.
We'll drown him in his vices, we'll hang him by his feet.
Mutiny! Mutiny!
We'll feed his body to the sea.
But with no captain we will surely run aground,
Splintered on the rocks where we'll never be found.
No message home, no chance to say our goodbyes,
All because this captain could not swallow his pride.
Let her feast on the captain who refused to lead.
Mutiny!
We'll drown him in his vices, hang him by his feet.
Mutiny! Mutiny!
We'll feed his body to the sea.
You can't keep us down, don't bother trying.