

Seventh Rum of a Seventh Rum

Alestorm

There's a war in the seven seas
And you have to make a choice to fight
Against the sickness and disease
Or to be an instrument of blight
But when your back's against the wall
And the storm is closing in
You'll be compelled to heed the call
And the end of time begins

We stand as one
Til the battle's done
Kill them all, let the bastards fall

We sail the oceans blue
Guardians of the chosen few
Seven seals are now undone
Seven bottles of ancient rum
Legends from days gone by
Brought to life 'neath a crimson sky
To the curse you will succumb
Seven bottles of ancient rum

The choice was never yours to make
You knew it deep within your soul
There was just one path to take
So let the oceans seize control
The pestilence is drawing near
The seventh seal has been unleashed
It's time to stand up to your fear
And face what lies beneath

A curse through time
The ancient rime
Set sail!

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