

From the dismal shore a full, abandoned light
To lead us to refuge or to our burial
Sight was foul and most unkind
The mist a vengeful phantom
To send us howling to the deadly fathoms

The mortal greed of their flock
Our fate, a vessel
To be impaled upon the rocks

And then we knew the siren must have sung
The spoils drift away as water fills our lungs

But we have risen as specters of the sea
To claim descendants of this treachery

But we have risen as specters of the sea
To claim descendants of this treachery

The mortal greed of their flock
Our fate, a vessel
To be impaled upon the rocks

And on this night, the mist a vengeful phantom
To send them howling to the deadly fathoms

The gutless reign with crosses hung
Feeding our conquest on rusted flesh
And Hell's disguise

But we have risen as specters of the sea
To claim descendants of this treachery

But we have risen as specters of the sea
To end the reign of liars!