

Hoist the Black Flag

Dan Bull

Alright, lads

I'm one of the only people who have heard Edward Kenway rap
And live to tell the tale
And now I'm going to tell you exactly what he said
He said:

These aren't the high seas, they're my seas
It's likely you'll find me inciting some maritime crises
Plunder all the prizes from the skies to under water
Thunderballing, then I'm back aboard in time for my tea
Tides are dicey, you're dicing with death
Like a diver fighting to rise for a breath
I'm a tycoon taking lives like a typhoon
Hypothesizing that you're probably dying quite soon
But at least in the meantime you can enjoy listening to my tune
It's an assassin sea shanty, so pass the neat brandy
And raise a glass to my sea-faring vigilantes

Right lads, pack your bags
And come aboard as we hoist the Black Flag
I said right lads, pack your bags
And come aboard as we hoist the Black Flag

Look, I'm a canny one, scourge of the Seven Seas
Sink anyone's galleon to murder my enemies
Whether he's been stabbed in a backstreet
Or a vast sea attack by the Black Flag fleet
Kicking people in the ribs, I leap from ship to ship
And clean the deck of crew as if I'm sweeping, never miss a bit
No need for cruise missiles, I wield dual pistols
And rule this world from Kingston to Bristol
So you better make headway for Edward Kenway
Or I'll hit you hard enough to send you to next Wednesday
I make the hardest seafaring men say
"Get away from this fellow if you treasure your gems"
They say that he ranks amongst the most clever
Of the gentleman adventurers without measure
He spends half his time looking for exotic treasure
And the other half lusting for erotic pleasure

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From England to Kingston to New Holland
He's a looting, shooting, Henry fooking Rollins