

# Freebooter

High on Fire

Open the seas to my plight  
Winds in the gales of desire  
Scourge of the port towns in sigh  
Cannons lay waste  
And there's salt in our veins, giving death is our trade to the end  
Skeletal flag, and the fires that blaze seen for miles  
Sword to the throat of the innocent  
Black is our storm and you'll never escape our attack  
The crown and the royals conspire  
Sending the men  
On a quest with Sir Drake to the cities to be slayed or sacked  
No quarter to give, no prisoners will live past the hour  
Sword to the throat of the innocent  
Letter marque for the crimes done at sea, crowns conspire  
The corpse of the bastard is nigh  
Brave men will kneel and die  
The cowards and women will run  
Murder and rape  
And there's salt in our veins, giving death is our trade to the end  
Skeletal flag, and the fires that blaze seen for miles  
Sword to the throat of the innocent  
Black is our storm and you'll never escape our attack  
Keelhauled and nailed to my mast  
I've read the stars and crossed the leagues to bring you death