

Farmer from the West

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As our ships sails under moonlight
The mighty north-wind blows
There's a scream come from the cabin
Not a sailor could have known
Is it he who killed the captain?
Is it he who cut him down?
Is our masquerade not over?
Has the king not found his crown?

See I'm a man of quick decisions
A farmer from the west
I will find the captains murderer
And I will fight him for the rest
So if I die, burn the bridges
If I don't, ring the bell
Cause we will drag his bloody body
We will hang it from the sails

Cause I won't be home for your winter
No, I won't be home for your spring
If the good lord comes to find this body here of mine
He will see, yes he will see

See there was blood upon the window
The thunder rolled on by
When we saw the lightning coming
We heard the farmer cry
"swim for shore, cause I'm a dead man
Burn the boat to the ground!
I've got the devil in my bosom
And god can't save me now"

Cause I won't be home for your winter
And I won't be home for your spring
If the good lord comes to find this body here of mine
He will see, yes he will see

That was the last time we had seen him
The ship sank to the sea
And if you listen to the wind blow
You'll hear the farmer scream
"swim for shore, cause I'm a dead man
Burn the boat to the ground!
I've got the devil in my bosom
God, no god can't save me now"

Cause I won't be home for your winter
And I won't be home for your spring
If the good lord comes to find this body here of mine
He will see, yes he will see