

We let the mast and rigging burn  
Don't need no steers-man on this trip of no return  
No rules, no limits  
So, raise your glass of wine  
We're caught on this ghostship tonight

There ain't no sunrise on our tack  
No time for sorrow on this slowly sinking wreck  
No fear, stop chilling  
And raise your glass of wine  
We're caught on this ghostship tonight

No time for worries and regret  
We will all be singing until the last man on the deck  
Drink up, make merry  
So, raise your glass of wine  
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