

Under Jolly Roger

Running Wild

Weigh anchor, hoist the sails
Cruisin' for booty on watery trails
No exploiter we see can still sail on
Our cannons fire till his ship goes down

Fly our flag, we teach them fear
Capture them, the end is near
Firing guns, they shall burn
Surrender or fight, there's no return

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Venerable scoundrels, no blood on our hands
Our engagements are tough, but only for defence
Carefully we sail around the reefs
To force those die-hards to their knees

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Coming through the waves to free all the captives
Boarding the vessels we know all the tactics
We're the menace, the curse of the sea
We pulverize the men'o'war, pay or flee

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Firing guns, they shall burn
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