

Colour Of Sin

Ye Banished Privateers

I may be a simple lass, but of sin I am free
I say me prayers, attend the mass, so paradise I will see.
Me face is pretty, so I've been told, I've had me share of swains.
One of which were far to bold, to impious and too vain.

So I opened his gut, with a single deep cut, and his boots turned warm n'red.
Then he knelt in the sand, with his bowels in hand, as slowly to death he bled

And then the man who looked fer bass, in me barrow at the square,
Then asked fer me to be his lass, he said he'd pay me fair.
But I have kept me chastity, abstained from adultery.
But he listened not and he would not see, as he reached put fer me.

So I shovelled his mouth, down a barrel of trout, till his knuckles turned bone white.
As he struggled for air, but I held him down there till he finally gave up the fight.

One day it seemed me luck had turned, as there approached to me,
A noble lad who fer me yearned, he wished to marry me.
He courted me fer many weeks, till finally I sad aye,
But then his friend with rosy cheeks, tried drunk to with me lay

So I had the man hanged, as me wedding bells rang, so his pants turned solid 'n' brown.
Then his eyes filled with blood, and he dropped in the mud, as the hang-man cut him down.

And so came then me wedding night, fer which I had so longed
But his moves were far from right, to heathens they belonged!

So I smothered me man, with me pillow in hand, till his prick turned stiff and black.
Then I dug him a grave, so his soul I'd save
Now I a widow may be, but from sin I am free,
Now I a widow may be, but from sin I am free
And with his pension, I money won't lack.