

Cleaving, pounding forsty waves
Heading for the south
A three-master manned with buccaneers
Scourges of the new world
Recognize no law
Brotherhood of hardened privateers
Jolly roger fluttering
Shameless and scornfull
40 loaded beauty guns on deck
Tortuga awaits them
Trenches, rum and gold
The captured frigate on its way back

Their last raid succesfull
All holdings stuffed with loot
The merchant vessel never stood a chance
No quarter was givven
Pennon colourd red
Stabbing, guttering as its code demands
The portugese was scuttled
Leftovers for the shards
Great whites feeding wild on piracy
After the wine and bloodfloabs
They sleep off their debauch
Speeding on the flush of victory

Then all of the sudden breaking weather
Puts an end to their prosperity
Entering weeks of steerless
Aimless floating
In the calm and the merciless heat
Rapidly provisions are decreasing
No more fruit and vegetables to eat

Scorbutics

Ravaging, the terror of the scuruy
Fluid creatures begging for their god
Intestinal haemorrhages
Bones wasting away
Corroding gristle, urinating blood
Fatiguing insomnia, teeth and hair fall out
The rancid stench of living human rot

Scorubitics

Raving in delirious desperation
The last of the freebooters slowly dies
Amongs the pus, blood, bones and bodies
Seagulls swallowing dead gazing eyes