Firebreathing through your unseigable fortress. I'm the devil a nd Michael De

Ruyter's my name. I ride on the waves, right through your chain s. You are my

prey and you'll never forget my name. A firebreath, a crimson s
ky, in a lake

of fire you will die. The English pride, consumed by flames, yo u'll never

forget my name.

Firebreath, spritting forks of fire. Firebreath, attacking a cr umbling empire.

Firebreath, the Dutchman's anger. Firebreath, a fire's breath. The voyage to

Chatham. in 1667. The three day wat, never equalled again. Capt ure the Royal

Charles, the English flagship.

The river Thames, the bleeding English heart. A firebreath, a c rimson sky, in

a lake of fire you will die. The English pride, consumed by fla mes, you'll

never forget my name. A thousand cannonballs, rain down on my deck. Of the

Seven Provincies, the republic's battleship number one. But the y do no harm,

cause Satan's wings protect. His servant's life, from the Engli sh last

convulsion.

A firebreath, a crimson sky, in a lake of fire you will die. The English

pride, consumed by flames, you'll never forget my name. Firebre ath, spritting

forks of fire. Firebreath, attacking a crumbling empire. Firebreath, the

Dutchman's anger. Firebreath, a fire's breath.