

No Grave But the Sea

Alestorm

Quest! Set a course to the battle
Speed is our weapon of war
De Grasse will pay with his ichor
Blood, mutilation and gore
This is a mission of murder
Death is the freedom you crave
We are the agents of slaughter
Swift is the path to the grave

Breaking the line
Formidable rage
Ranking their broadside with fire

Sail away, set sail into the blue horizon
Ride the waves, that guide our destiny
Sail away, today we fight and there will be
No mercy for those with no grave
No grave but the sea

Ride! Now the winds are a-changing
Into the breach we will sail
Flanked by the Duke and Bedford
Formidable charge cannot fail
Fire! With a volley of grapeshot
Blood stains the ocean this day
We are the agents of slaughter
Swift is the path to the grave

Three thousand dead
France is defied
The Battle of Saintes will be mine

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