

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