

This Ends Here

Audrey Horne

Howdy boys, anchors aweigh
Burn the map and let's be on our way
We're gonna sail at break of day so drink away
I will be the undertow
Drag their crew down, rats and all
We'll leave their bones for Davy Jones
Down in the deep

Thell them all: This ends here!
Tell them we are crossing Rubicon
All we are, we are all
Someone has to make a stand

A firm grip and a steady hand
Hold fast, crooked mast
We'll shoot the albatross to spite them
We're black as coal

The devil sure knows how to row
So roll them bones, hand over your soul
We'll leave the bones for Davy Jones
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