

## 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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