

Al betekent het mijn dood

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This storm...

Lightning, fears, winds and monstrous waves!

A demonic tempest!

My men, gone, raining

"I command!"

We set sail!

"I beg you, my captain!

Christ has forbidden to set sail on east on sunday!"

What!?

Your God!?

May he suffocate, may he rot!

Clamp the bible, close to me,

His book of lies I shall now cast into the sea!

"This is blasphemy!"

You hold your tongue or I'll rip it out and have your heart for mutiny...

"No! You cannot send us into madness! We shall not obey!"

With my knife I slowly penetrate his tender throat!

I curse and rage: "Godverdomme! Wij zullen varen, al betekent het mijn dood!"