

Bloodstains on the Captain's Log

Carach Angren

Come Catharina and kiss the gold medal
A trophy for the most respected man around.
Breathe with me from the opium pipe
And drink a little more wine.

I love you, but not as much as my sea, ship and crew. What?! No
w you hide your fears
Lest it becomes your fault
Should I choose to molest you.
Catharina! If you try to leave, there will be grief.

A wonderful house built for my wife to dwell
Still nagging like one of my annoying men.
Catharina! He defies the trust in marriage and god.
For there are bloodstains on the captain's log.
I stand for greed, lust and the willpower to defeat.

The mask I wear is kind
With a distorted face underneath.
I believe in bliss through violence and suppression.
Take, rob and rape.
Don't let these filthy foreigners escape.
On our pillage through the Indian seas
We sail heartless under the flag of piracy.

Ravish and ruin their lives.
Execute their children right before their eyes.
My treasure chambers, teeming with the riches I adore.
I call it passion, not a sin, to kill for more and more.
Come Catharina and kiss the gold medal
A trophy for the most respected man around.

Breathe with me from the opium the opium pipe
And drink a little more wine.
I love you, but not as much as my sea, ship and crew.
What?!
Now hold your tears lest it becomes your fault
I should choose to violate you.

Once he sailed the course of trade and righteousness.
A stern, yet stout, master of the sea.
Now his soul drowns in condescension.
His mind corrupted and martyred by greed.
Bloodstains on the captain's log!