

Black Leviathan

Crystal Viper

He was called The Black Leviathan
Was he a ghost? No one knew
Baltic Sea was cursed for ages
With an iron hand he ruled

His black ship was fast like thunder
Sails were dancing with the storm
Sailing was for him a hunting
Waving abyss was his home

Burning masts
Sea was a grave
Full of blood and wrecks

Black Leviathan: mighty pirate
Didn't take the prisoners
Losers sinking to the bottom
Never saw the shore again

But one day, there came a hope when
Unfurled sails have been seen
Young and brave man, his silver sails
Swelled out proudly in the wind

He left his ship, looked at the sea
"I'm the son of the wind" he said
He was sure he'll save the Baltic
But he dies from a pirate's hand

Nothing changed
Sea was a grave
Full of blood and wrecks

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