

King of all the purveys
Lord to many and no one
Prince and a fool flow in his veins
Outlaw running free
Chasing gold and glory
Women he meets never forget

Master of the seas, tyrant of the waves

Sailing the seas for gold
Riding the windswept waves
Living just as he pleases
No care for the code
Scourge of the seven stars
Salty in disposition
Reputation precedes him
Be it friend or foe to the overlord

The world is playground
Inviting all to attend
Where he rests his head is where it resides
Famous and infamous man, testing the waters of glory
The winds they lead him wherever he roams

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Dead men tell no tales
Living men live no longer
The duchess she cries "Off with his head"
A chest of gold awaits the strongest and the courageous
Yet thieves are found at the end of a noose

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