

Tigers Of The Sea

Stormwitch

Message from the masthead: "Spanish galleon, straight ahead!"
Up the shrouds, hoist all the canvas
It is worth the plunder, coming from down under
Filled with spicery and treasures

Out on the sea, the power is ours
Spitting on order and law of the king
Banished we are, outlawed forever
We never care what tomorrow may bring

Tigers of the sea, chasing the gold of her Royal Majesty
Tigers of the sea, sentenced to death at the black gallows tree

All men to the cannons, let them shiver, make them dance
Casks of ruin for everyone, let's go
When the rigging's falling, boarding party's crawling
Up the rail, we will prevail

We never know the habits and fashion
Of England's and Netherland's nobility
We only know the king is no poor man
A few diamonds less won't make him weep

Tigers of the sea . . .

Gentry, take care of your jewelry
Sire, beware of the tiger
Black pyre, sails on fire

Tigers of the sea . . .