Buccaneers Inn

Battlelore

Numenorean corsairs
Your sons have stepped ashore
From the battle and storms
With northern fleets
Great treasure they fought
From the shores of Gondor
Drove their men into the sea
It's time for the feastTo the habour of Umbar
Like a wind we sail
Your pitiful slaves now row
Tonight we will celebrateOpen your barrels
Bring me your finest wine
Where are the women?
Your heroes have arrived
No sleep tonight my friends
It's time for the pleasures
Because it is soon another day
And our ship leaves againFill my mug, I just want to forget
All the troubles and fighting
And the ghosts in my head
Dancing and drinking
In Buccaneers Inn
And later tonight it's time for sinNo need to worry the future
Let's live the moment
It's our time we are not going to waste it
The morning seems like torment

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