The Privateer

Story

The privateer is watching
The moon provides the only light
Roaring winds are blowing
A flag appears out of the nightGuns are spitting fire
The cannonball tears up the rail
The vessel's changing course
The thunderstorm blows up the sailA furious fight is raging
Red-hot cannon's shooting hard
Iron balls are flying
Tearing all the planks apartHis allseeing spy-glass is aiming at the sea
No mariner has the slightest chance to flee
His crystal ball's revealing where he has to steer
He fights the covered evil without a fear
Oh, the privateerThe sea-dog's reamed in legends
It said he had the second sight
His assignment must be holy
He fought the fight with power and prideThe key to ancient wisdom
The power to have seen the truth
He'll return to holy ground
Where his tortured soul had died in youthHis allseeing spy-glass is aiming at the sea
No mariner has the slightest chance to flee
His crystal ball's revealing where he has to steer
He fights the covered evil without a fear
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