Port Royal

Captain Quint

"Hey, where am I?"

"You want to know where you are? Ha! Ha! Ha! Haaa! In Port Royal!!"

Hundred masts, thirty flags
An island in the gulf of Darien
Sandglass, bloody heart
Flying high above the scene

Marooners with loaded guns
Are still waiting at the quay
A hungry fleet from underworld
"Freedom" is the law they pray

"Black strap", rum and gin
Sexual freedom all the way
A rolling dice, an ace of hearts
One shall win and one's to pay

Concord and freedom
No need for the holy write
Rebellions, non-servile
Spitting on religious hypocrites

Port Royal
A cry of freedom on the sea

When the "Oxford" hits the sea
Slave driver learns the Moses law
There is no chance, they can't escape
They hunt them down and eat 'em raw

Gin Lane, New Providence
It all is now since along time gone
But there are still descendants
Port Royal's spirit lives forever on

Port Royal
A cry of freedom on the sea.

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