Man Of The Hour

Falconer

Heading into the battle
Against inferior foe.
Early morning's sea lies so silent and clear.
Let them feel a broadside
From our three decker of pride.
Let the enemy fleet shatter for the wind.The Man of the Hour
In a challenging game,
He rose to power
By his family name.
The Man of the Hour
In the lion's den,
Wielding his power
While dooming his men.With gun ports open
And without striking sail
He turned the ship around to chase the Danes away.
The wind made the ship heel
Causing panic aboard.
Cannons, men and cargo they all broke astray.Lower decks were flooded,
Chaos and agony.
The morning air was filled with an aria of cries.
Crewmen jumped the rail now
Choosing ice before the fire.
Down from powder deck they saw the smoke arise.Danes in confusion
Surprisingly greet
The self termination
Of the Swedish fleet.
Without firing a round
On the stronger foe
They're victory bound
As "The Crown" went below.

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