

Alestorm, Chronicles Of Vengeance

A thunderous crash in the dead of the night
We ready our weapons, prepare for the fight
My band of comrades, so cruelly betrayed
Now face the cold edge of justice's blade
They knew how to hit us, they knew where to look
Our fortress was breached and its mighty walls shook
Accused of this treason, I fled to the sea
To track down the true source of that treachery
Sold out, betrayed
Attacked, besieged
Outcast, accused
Honour, refused
Ride
The Black Spot in my hand
On a quest for the truth
I scour the land
This traitorous curr
Shall die by my hand
If I'm to be spared
I must have his head
I shall not rest 'til this traitor is dead
I called in all favours, I bartered and bribed
I must find this turncoat, and find him alive
And so I was taken to a little old inn
And deep in his cups, my man sat within
We bitterly battled, but I won the fight
And tied him beneath the high tide mark that night
And when I'd made sure he could no longer stand
I left him there with that Black Spot in his hand
Avenged, absolved
Justice, made right
Vengeance, deserved
Honour, preserved
As the lifeless corpse of my enemy floats in the bay, choked on salty brine, I swear a deadly oath.
By Poseidon's name, no traitor will go unpunished.
Hear these words and tremble, for our vengeance shall be swift and merciless!