

# Alestorm, Keelhauled

My friends I stand before you  
To tell a truth most ARR  
They lust a traitor in our mist  
Who haven't vote the captain's ARR  
He don't deserve no mercy  
We oath to ship him with the guns  
But I am not an evil man  
So thus lets have a little fun  
We'll tie that scoundrel to a rope  
And throw it overboard  
Trap him underneath the ship  
A terrifying deadly trip  
Keelhauled, that filthy lad, gonna send him down to the death bellow  
Make that bastard walk the plank with a bottle of rum and the Yo-Ho-Ho  
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I will not say what he has done  
His sins are far to grave to tell  
It's not my place to judge a man  
But boy he will burn in hell  
The sharks will dine up on his flesh  
And Davie Jones will have his soul  
Take his money and his hat  
He won't need them where he's gonna go  
And thus lets him to a rope  
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