Falconer, Man Of The Hour

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 the 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 confunsion 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.