

Peter Crowley Fantasy Dream, The Dark Ship

We see a light, on the cold distant horizon
Followed by a thunder, on this twilight they're in sight

It's the legion of the cursed
The fleet of thousands souls
They were banished from their land
To oppress and darken the seas

Brothers in arms ! We must defend our ship
At the risk of our lives
Canons ! Get ready to fire !
(it) won't be the end of our quest

Ocean of torment, lying in their eyes
Vision of sadness, keepers of death

Smashing our anchor of iron and dust
Throwing our torches, the fire from hell
We must be fierce, there is no time to cry
This is our time fellows, they have to die !

Lost in their wrath, from the chaos inside their heart
They will find their freedom in death
In the abyss of infiniteness

Look at these fools ! All made of flesh and blood
We are thousands of souls !
Archers ! Start bending your bows !
(it) will be the end of their journey

Ocean of torment, lying in their eyes
Vision of sadness, keepers of death

At the end will remain one of us

Gnawed by anger inside
They will find their end
Consumed by the Darkness
Here their fate

Great walls of water, surrounding the ship
Our reign of terror, will soon find his end
Glorious battle, we faced the dark ship
Their souls will perish, deep inside the sea