

Running Wild, Styrtebeker

Drinking manners gave his name, empty a tankard all in one
Not afraid of fiend or god, just his look will make them run
Call the crews, we take to sea, bound for Denmark's southern shores
Let's prove our loyalty, risk our souls without remorse

In confidence we stand the fight, we trust in traders' words
Outlaws as a rich man's knight, waiting for the cut that hurts

Strtebeker, the furious cry for vengeance
Strtebeker, thunderous he crossed the sea

Merchants' profits to defend, Klaus agreed to give support
Conquering old Viking land, carry away the goods they hoard
Letter of mark a doubtful help, grabbing claws and greed
Cry of vengeance yelling scream
We'll come back and they will bleed

Hunters' tradeships, where they are, for survival and revenge
Big success in easy fight, hunt them back into their trench
Captured by their strongest ship, traitor's words send us to death
Death for all on vengeance trip, proudly Klaus will lose his head

Strtebeker, a furious cry for vengeance
Strtebeker, thunderous he cross the sea
Strtebeker, he thwarts their plans, he teach them fear
Strtbeker, he scorns the traitors, kicked their ass