

# Visions Of Atlantis, Armada

My army's cutting through the waves - Hail Jolly Roger  
Built to send some other souls to the grave  
I run a shot across the bow - Hail Jolly Roger  
Better pray whatever time will allow  
Til the grave I'll lead the fleet  
Til my name's a crown on their defeat  
To the fight  
To the battle that brings their decline  
Fight  
Til I break through the enemy's line  
To the brave, til the grave  
Til they all die under my might  
No mercy tonight  
Armada!

I fear none of these scurvy dogs - Hail Jolly Roger  
Neither all their bloody kings or their gods  
I'll find a heaven of my own - Hail Jolly Roger  
Freedom carved into the wound til the bone  
Til the end I'll lead the war  
Til they bend more blood will stain the floor  
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To the battle that brings their decline  
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