

# Murder By Death, Dead Men And Sinners

We set out for sea with icicles in our beards  
where the wind bit like dog's teeth  
and the sea swept our ship up like the hand of a god that had been enraged  
so we carried our dead to the shore  
and that left nine more  
there was violence in the air tonight  
when the ship split in half we lost two to the brine  
and the seawater swilled across the floor  
and the captain lives no more  
for he sleeps on the ocean floor  
the old bastard was as big as a bear  
his coffin was made of a redwood's trunk  
his appetite never thinned  
his belly was wide as two barrels of gin  
cut the engine  
tie it off to the post  
heave away at my call  
listen well one and all  
we'll be rid of this scourge  
when his body goes overboard  
he'd been in irons for seventy days  
fed just gunpowder to fuel his rage  
screamed bloody murder and tore at his chains  
we made him this way  
we were left on that isle  
with a skeleton crew  
made of dead men and sinners  
hell-bound through and thorough  
then it was HE who came to our shore  
and he left no more