

Running Wild, Mutiny

Pain of hunger's growing stronger
The wages are gone, can't wait no longer
I have to sign on under every flag
If I want to live, I have to fag

Engaged, I hit the sea
Never thought of mutiny
The work is hard, the pay is low
We're treated bad, our anger grows

The waterbarrels going bad
Daily a sailor dies by fag
Whip cracks pain's their holy law
If they're going too far this means war

Stand up and fight

A seaman disobeys a law
The whip cracks, flowing gore
He gets a hundred cuts, one too much
His death feeds our grudge

The waterbarrels going bad
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With grinning looks we precede
Revenge for the ones who'd bleed
Encircling bastards who killed
Their eyes show fear, they're thrilled