

# Running Wild, Soleil Royal

1692, the 29th of May

Sir "Tourville", the admiral, his fleet is on its way  
He commands his ships to fight, they attack the british line  
He must be caught in senseless pride, to him his honour's prime

His mighty flagship strong and brave, heading for the fight  
It puts the british men to grave, cruising through the tide  
The veil of night obscures the sea, the tables getting turned  
Confusion rules, no chance to flee, his fleet is getting burned

Cannons speak the fatal words, the language of death  
Wipes away too many men, takes away their breath

Heat and fire, burning pyre  
Smoke and flames, a raging hell  
Death and blood, the fatal rub  
Blows away "Soleil Royal";

Their position's getting intricate, heading for "Cherbourg";  
Desperatly they dare their fate, they feel too much secured  
Cannons fire round by round, the smell of acred smoke  
Vibrating hull from top to ground, shacken by its poke

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To cape "Barfleur"; they try to flee, the battle's raging hard  
Balls of lead rushing the sea, hit the hull windward  
The english-man hard on their trace, follow turn by turn  
A heavy round, the coupe de grace, tearing up its stern

The powder in the storage room, litten by a spark  
Bursting kegs, a giant boom, tear the decks apart  
The blood spills of the scupperholes, the sea is turning red  
No time to pray, no bell to toll, no burial for the dead

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