

The Go Set, Fortune And Gold

Eight months on a stormy sea, this is the tale of a mutiny
Of a merchant and soldiers, of treasure and gold
Of a captain and crew, whose loyalty sold
A plan is forged, and the mission is bold
A murderous crew is awaiting the call
When the sun goes down on the 4th day of June
Poor scurvy sailors, will howl at the moon
But the ship ran aground, and in a raging sea there was not a sound
In the night, of the murderous souls
Treason and treachery, fortune and gold
But this tale had only begun,
for 200 people marooned in the sun
Women and children, soldiers and crew,
Weeks on an island, the madness it grew
And what happened next is a picture of man,
to divide and defeat was the mutineer's plan,
One by one, in the night so dark,
they murdered them all and devoured their hearts.
And only a handful survived, to tell this tale of the sea
Only a handful survived, to see murderers hang from the gallows tree
In the night, of the murderous souls
Treason and treachery, fortune and gold