

Thrice, Burn The Fleet

In this dark night,
We stand or we fall,
We are kings now,
Or nothing at all.

Check your armor,
Light up your torch,
Touch the flame to the sail,
Before you head to the shore.

And we will burn the fleet,
We can never go home,
So to victory or underground.

Burn the fleet,
We'll be heroes or ghosts,
But we won't be turned around.

Well the old flag,
Will burn with the sail,
And a new one,
Will fly if we fail.

But the fire,
Continues to rise,
And it shows not a hint,
Of any fear in our eyes.

And we will burn the fleet,
We can never go home,
So to victory or underground.

Burn the fleet,
We'll be heroes or ghosts,
But we won't be turned around.

Burn the fleet,
We can never go home,
So to victory or underground.

Burn the fleet,
We'll be heroes or ghosts,
But we won't be turned around.