

LEVIATHAN

SEE THE SIGN OF THE HARBOUR,
IT SEEMS A BIT LIKE A SIGN OF HELL,
WE SOLD OUR SOULS AWAY,
TO BE PAID IN GOLD AND HUNT THE WHALE.
THREE YEARS ON OPEN SEA WE STALK AND KILL,
BUT A GODFORSAKEN MAN,
WANT THIS TRIP FOR HIS OWN REVENGE.

HUNT THE WHITE ONE,
KILL THE RIGHT ONE.

AHAB IN YOUR EYES YOU ARE A SAINT,
YOU HUNT THE DEMONS OF THE SEA,
BUT THE WHITE ONE IS YOUR BANE,
AND YOUR LOSS TURNS YOU INSANE.

AS OUR VESSEL CLASHES THROUGH THE STORM,
WE FEAR OUR SHIP WILL BE RIPPED APART,
BY THE POWER OF THIS HELLISH NIGHT,
BUT THE CONATION OF THIS GOD DAMN MAN,
KEEPS US ALIVE.

UP AND DOWN,
CARRIED BY THE WIND AND WAVES,
WE SALE ON.
BUT THE GODS HAVE DECIDED,
THAT WE WILL DIE AND ALL,
FOR HIS WRATH.