

# PORT ROYAL

## Intro

"Hey, where am I?"

"You wanna know where you are? Ha! Ha! Ha! Haaa! In Port Royal!!!"

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## Port Royal

*Music: Rolf Kasperek, Jens Becker, Majk Moti*

*Lyrics: Rolf Kasperek, Jens Becker, Majk Moti*

Hundred masts, thirty flags  
An island in the gulf of Darien  
Sandglass, bloody heart  
Flying high above the scene

Marooners with loaded guns  
Are still waiting at the quay  
A hungry fleet from underworld  
"Freedom" is the law they pray

"Black strap", rum and gin  
Sexual freedom all the way  
A rolling dice, an ace of hearts  
One shall win and one's to pay

Coricord and freedom  
No need for the holy writ  
Rebellious, non-servile  
Spitting on religious hypocrites

Port Royal

A cry of freedom on the sea

When the "Oxford" hits the sea  
Slave driver learns the Moses law  
There is no chance, they can't escape  
They hunt'em down and eat'em raw

Gin Lane, New Providence  
It all is now since a long time gone  
But there are still descendants  
Port Royal's spirit lives forever on

Port Royal

A cry of freedom on the sea

## **Raging Fire**

*Music: Rolf Kasperek*

*Lyrics: Rolf Kasperek, Stefan Schwarzmann, Majk Moti*

Can you see the licking flame  
Waiting for its time  
Its increasing energy  
Preparing for the prime

Fed up with your boring prate  
All senses gettin lost  
Second to none our flame shall rouse  
Just like a growing host

Raging Fire, burning down the walls  
Raging Fire, the rebellion force  
Raging Fire, all across the lands  
Raging Fire, fights in self defense

The anger grows on and on  
The young stand up and fight  
No more lies and censorship  
All oppressed stand tight

Knights of fortune and dictators  
They can't stand this heat  
We know what we want from life  
Beware we brake your greed

Raging Fire, burning down the walls  
Raging Fire, the rebellion force  
Raging Fire, all across the lands  
Raging Fire, fights in self defense

Wake up break the silence  
Come on join our league  
We must stand defiant  
To dethrone this breed

## Into The Arena

*Music: Majk Moti*

*Lyrics: Majk Moti*

They imagine a heaven  
Talk about hell  
They can't live without a remission

Plentiful punishment  
For numerous sins  
Suffering their own cruel invention

Their heaven is boring  
Their hell's a stale joke  
Faith is their one vindication

Doubt is forbidden  
Joy is tabooed  
For a folly there's no hesitation

Sacrifice their life for a lie  
A thousand sheep have come to die  
Down the thumb there's no remorse  
It's the time for martyres

*| Chorus:*

Into the Arena - go down  
Into the Arena - show-down now  
Into the Arena - the beasts are prepared  
Into the Arena

Hunting the witches  
Considered to be  
Riding on brooms in the dark night

No mercy for people  
Who dare to oppose  
Medieval church was a scourge in its pride

Millions of people  
Killed for the cross  
By relentless religion - disgusting

There is no excuse  
For things they have done  
In the name of their God - it's a bad thing

Sacrifice their life for a lie  
A thousand sheep have come to die  
Down the thumb there's no remorse  
It's the time for martyres

*| Chorus*

Lock your door the priest is coming  
Beware of all the Parsons

Today it's all different  
A daring contention  
They talk about love and forgiving

But still they are hunting  
Now we are the victims  
Maybe they are eviious for our living

Sacrifice their life for a lie  
A thousand sheep have come to die  
Down the thumb there's no remorse  
It's the time for martyres

*| Chorus*

## Uaschitschun

*Music: Rolf Kasperek*  
*Lyrics: Rolf Kasperek*

No more eagles gonna ride the wind  
Turning circles in the sky  
Badland's growing and the bison's gone  
Uaschitschun tell me why

Why do you kill my creed  
Claiming earth and wind  
You never kept your vow  
But you can't lock me in

I'm riding free  
Riding free with the wind  
Free as an eagle  
Proud as a king

My mother's the earth and my father's the wind  
You can't possess them, they are free  
It's time for you to see what you have done  
Can't hold my soul 'cause I will flee

Why do you kill yourself  
Ravage what you need to live  
You can't eat your gold  
Nature's calling you

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## Final Gates

*Music: Jens Becker*

[Instrumental]

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## Conquistadores

*Music: Rolf Kasperek*  
*Lyrics: Rolf Kasperek*

Exploring the seas to conquer new lands  
Troops arrayed by the church  
Sanctified and blessed they set out  
Crusaders, gentiles' scourge

They fight, they kill, they rape  
Under the banner of the 'holy' church  
They hunt, they lie, they cheat, they steal  
Doing dirty deeds under churchbell's peal

Conquistadores  
- Hungry for gold, doing as the religious madman told  
Conquistadores  
- Religion's knight, havoc and death caused by pride

Pearls of glass for ingets of gold  
Violence, force and deceit  
Taking the wealth or the Indian's life  
Their way of feeding their greed

Heathen must turn to Christianity  
It's like 'believe or die'  
Arrogance and blindness, religion's force  
Believers never ask the reason why

## Blown To Kingdom Come

*Music: Majk Moti*

*Lyrics: Majk Moti*

Out in the world you can watch'em struggling  
For a small piece of luck  
They won't die with a smile on their face

For possession they'd kill their mothers  
For some bucks they deny themselves  
And the whole world is right in that trace

They are riding forth  
No time to lose  
Got to alter every place  
They are riding forth  
No way to choose  
And the next step's out to space

With a high hand they watch their buildings  
Self-righteously praise their deeds  
No time for recess on their way

In a way it is quite amusing  
But it's a fake of deepest dye  
Let's hope they'll see it one day

They are riding forth  
No time to lose  
Got to alter every place  
They are riding forth  
No way to choose  
And the next step's out to space

Pay attention to history  
Look at all the things they've done  
No remains, there's nothing left  
It's all blown to kingdom come

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## Warchild

*Music: Rolf Kasperek*

*Lyrics: Rolf Kasperek, Stefan Schwarzmann*

When I was a kid they taught me their rules  
We did anything they want, we did it like fools  
Their book was holy, we learned it by heart  
Their holy fight, we had to take part  
Exploited and cheated my life was a mess  
Religion and war, we were possessed

Inspired and brave, out to the field  
So blind that we couldn't see, our destiny was sealed  
We tried to fight, fell one by one  
Disillusion, our belief had gone  
Exploding shell tore off my legs  
Senses faded by the grenade cracks

Warchild, Warchild  
We fought and died for it... we are

Warchild, Warchild  
We cried and bled for it

Wake up now

## Mutiny

*Music: Rolf Kasperek*

*Lyrics: Rolf Kasperek, Stefan Schwarmann*

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

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

## Calico Jack

*Music: Rolf Kasperek, Majk Moti*

*Lyrics: Rolf Kasperek, Stefan Schwarzmann, Majk Moti*

Up with the roger, the vessel is close  
Cannons are loaded the weapons prepared  
Set up more sails the distance grows  
They try to escape but we shan't care

Calico Jack, Listen and hear my command  
Calico Jack, I lead you to victory  
Calico Jack, We shall win in the end  
Calico Jack, You may believe what I foresee

Down with the roger, the vessel's too far  
It's time for the red flag, no remorse  
Ann and Mary, more rum in my jar  
I need more refreshment before we set course

Changing the course now, we must get in touch  
Triple afford, he must not escape  
Our breath in their neck they feel our grudge  
We have to hurry to get them in scrape

Fight

Acrid smell of smoke in the air  
White flag's rising, mainmast breaks  
Ears go deaf by my brother's blare  
Upper deck is taken over

All of a sudden a yelling cry  
Ports turn open, what a mess  
Soldiers get out'n'comrades die  
Desperate fights, we're on the lose

*[THE JUDGE]*

John Rackham,  
You are charged with murder and piracy of the high seas  
In the name of Her Majesty you will be taken from this court  
And hung, drawn and quartered

What are your last words, accused?

*[CALICO JACK]*

My last words? Ha Ha!!!  
Who do you think you are?!  
What right have you to judge over my destiny?!  
Take your pompous words and stick'em where the sun don't shine

I swear we meet again

Bye!