

## Setting Sail

Illdisposed

I'm sorry honey  
Our ships are about to leave  
Not waiting for funny  
Battle awaits sword in my hand  
In my heart

We wait  
Then land  
Now screaming  
Battle planned

Invited to see  
Climb to the top  
the taking of land  
Never enough

It's never enough  
The things we must gain  
A plague from the north  
We arrive

Too late  
Don't pray  
Your illusions  
Has to and

On purest form I'll reinstate  
Never again  
Season to come  
Help me convince  
Victory mine

Your fate  
In my hand  
Take away  
But my plan