

A wrinkled gnome sat on the yard  
On this sailing vessel he was the guard  
He may brought safety, or he may brought dread  
If he was treated well, or if he was treated bad

Guardian, evil spirit  
Tormentor, evil spirit

He watched the blade and his anger grew  
'Cause for his own wealth he skinned hard their crew  
Money and fame were his conviction  
Violence and force were his religion

Guardian, evil spirit  
Tormentor, evil spirit

The reef appeared too fast for him  
He tried to duck but wind refreshed  
The yard came down, the gnome was gone  
The blade was dead, justice had won

Guardian, evil spirit  
Tormentor, evil spirit