

Here we have the Nighthawk,
her crew a rouchy lot.
Got no time for sweet talk,
they've got courses to plot.

Kalon's at the joystick,
and Ood will patch them up.
Nath's a crazy pain chick,
and there's Ernor's closeup.

On the bridge is Zakath,
Mako is here as well.
Kord's having a drunk-bath,
they're all flying through hell.

The Clan's secret weapon,
a blade placed in her arm.
Brought to all that threaten,
those who would bring her harm.

Across all of known space,
through systems at a time.
You'd better try and brace,
this hunter's in it's prime.

Yet who commands this ship,
this band of ragged woes.
He owns the Captain's whip,
Rulvak go put on clothes!