The Quaestor of House Wren was *furious*. His “leaders,” if they collection leading the Restorers could be called that, had told him that this was a simple mission. When he asked if he should call on some of his comrades for help they had told him no – that one ship, flying by itself, would be able to hit the target hard and get out quickly. Farrin had done those kinds of “smash and fades” before and so thought nothing more of it, even though he definitely should have after the sketchy intel he had been briefed on. As he sipped on his ale in the Vizsla drinking hall and looked at the wall of honor for those that had fallen in service of the Clan, he reflected on how close he had come to someone adding his name to it. And ultimately for what, he wondered.

 Draining the last of his drink – certainly not his first, nor likely his last – he rose unsteadily to his feet. On an impulse, he climbed on top of the table and looked out over his Clanmates. “My friends, have I got a story for you…” Clearing his throat, Farrin began to sing – unsure at first, but quickly finding his verbal footing as the tune began to resonate with him.

There once was a ship that flew all ‘round
It was black as night and made no sound
Twas flown by an old Imp smuggler
O fly, dear *Irena*, fly

Soon may the Revenants come
A filthy band of pirate scum
T’were a scourge in space, they kill for fun
But soon they’ll hear our cry

Ol’ Farrin was a mighty shot
He flew and flew to find a spot
From which he could lay in wait
Said he, “Those rats will die!”

Soon may the Revenants come
A filthy band of pirate scum
T’were a scourge in space, they kill for fun
But soon they’ll hear our cry

His bosses pointed to a map
“The target’s here, it’ll be a snap
Just fly out there and take ‘em out –
an easy one, my oh my!”

Soon may the Revenants come
A filthy band of pirate scum
T’were a scourge in space, they kill for fun
But soon they’ll hear our cry

Before too long he flew through space
Fame and fortune close to taste
He knew his Clan would cheer and cheer
When he brought in this bad guy

Soon may the Revenants come
A filthy band of pirate scum
T’were a scourge in space, they kill for fun
But soon they’ll hear our cry

With quite a start he saw his mark
But lo, what was that in the dark?
A whole rat fleet, too many ships –
His death did Farrin spy.

Soon may the Revenants come
A filthy band of pirate scum
T’were a scourge in space, they kill for fun
But soon they’ll hear our cry

He chose wisely to run away
And live to fight another day,
He’s lived too long and seen too much
To say, “My friends – goodbye!”

Soon may the Revenants come
A filthy band of pirate scum
T’were a scourge in space, they kill for fun
But soon they’ll hear our cry

Soon may the Revenants come
A filthy band of pirate scum
T’were a scourge in space, they kill for fun
But soon they’ll hear our cry!