

Goblins Ahoy!

Alestorm

"Arr! A pirate, a goblin, and a priest walk into a bar-"
"A goblin! A goblin!"
"I know, I'm getting to the part with the goblins."
"No, no! No, captain! Th-there be goblins!"
"Surprise!"
"Shiver me timbers."
"I'll take your skin! (All your skin!)"
"Oh God, no..."

Sailing relaxed, endless blue
Nowhere to go, nothing to do
Running low on pirate brew
Frightening shortage of wenches to screw

A cryptic shadow on the horizon
Set camp and explore, lest they should wizen
The pirates unearth a mysterious grave
Could this be the magical treasure they crave?

And as the pirates sailed onwards, towards certain doom, all they could think about was how wonderful it would be to pillage an uncharted island, for they had found an ancient map, buried deep within the sands of the grave. The map read 'Goblin Island'

Slice, slice, dice, dice
Cutting the pirates into bite-sized portions of flesh!
La la la lala
And then we'll feast on their brains for our meal!
Chomp, chomp, chomp, chomp
And then we'll make funny hats from their skin!
Ripping and tearing
We'll use their organs as toys!

The pirates drop anchor close to the shore
Eager to find out what lies in store
Camp is set up near the menacing mountains
At midnight the necks turn to bloody fountains
The goblins come out from their goblin caves
Ready to make the intruders their slaves
Psychotic war cry, green-skinned braves
The skin is stripped from pirate knaves

"Yarr, that little green bastard stole my skin..."
"Who's got your skin now, you dirty pirate!?"

Out of the dark, the goblins march
One by one, through the goblin arch
Ready to kill the sleeping foes
To pluck off every one of their toes
Slaughter begins, the mayhem unthinkable
Pirate blood's especially drinkable
Let's make jewelry out of their bones
And break their jaws with tiny stones

La lala lala lala lalalalala lalalalala
La! La! Lalalalalalala hey!
La lala lala lala lalalalala lalalalala

La! La! Lalalalalalala hey!
La la lala la la la la la la la la
La la lala la la la la la la la la la

Looting and pillaging cut short by death
The cold embrace of a goblin's breath
Broken in half and stuffed into a chest
By furious goblins with no need to rest
Ripping and tearing, shredding the bastards
Pirates are fast, but goblins are faster
Bandits now slaves to ferocious green masters
What once was a voyage is now a disaster