

Six Trials To Become A Beerzerker

Gwydion

All metrics, all measures
All used for the next trials
Full! Full!
Candidates are looming
Where the previous have fell

Six cups, five mugs
Four tankards to empty
Fast! Fast!
Afterwards try not to shake
Your entire skull

All metrics, all measures
All filled for the next trials
Full! Full!
Beware don't slip
On this grog-wet ground

Three bottles, two jugs
One keg to empty
Fast! Fast!
Beerzerker is chosen by a tight criteria

Oh, Beerzerker come!
Oh, Beerzerker come!

Supreme elites of the boozers part
Vicious drainers of fine ale
Display with pride an enormous paunch,
Always avid for more

Zealous maids run to refill
Labour sweat drops show it well
From the forehead to the neck
They travel towards their breasts

Inside this thronged hall
Stands out a distinct melody
Charming, loud, grotesque belches
Such exquisite symphony

From the start straight to the end
Many laughs this night have shared
With dull eyes we gaze in wonder
To those who barely still stand

Farewell brave beerzerkers
You've endured your trials bravely
We shall now rest and prepare
For the next time we'll be there