

The Dark Lords

Hawkwind

I have turned Zarozinia into a giant slug Elric
You will no longer mate with women like her
We will have the Sword from you Elric
One way or the other, it makes no difference
Look at him scurry backwards and forwards
The poor little wretch does not know which way to turn
Ah, we've got him this time
That is unless we turn into a worm, a slithering worm
Give us Stormbringer
Your spells are no good now
Go on Elric, look into your baubles
You will find that we are right
You will find that you have to give it to us