The ghost of my grandad told me that Vegetarian goblins would turn us into plants I know they don't believe me, saying that it's all crap But I'll be damned if I get turned into a snack That's why I sneak into a church, what I heard it confirms What I already knew, as I feel my stomach churn They capture and try to feed me that poison ice cream That's when my dad walks in, they act like everything is sweet But now he's real suspicious, it's feeling inconsistent But now they're coming for my family, no submission, I'm resistant Catching bodies, we've got problems, as they're jumping through the mirror Start to chlorophyll with fear, sense of doom is drawing near Let's get their hands chopped off, as we toss the Molotov Got to nip this in the bud, Credence knows it's popping off And yeah I know it sounds bad But if you eat anything in Nilbog it's a wrap... get it?

Lost in Nilbog, we fight to survive Against the goblins who want us to die Stonehenge's magic won't bring us down Our "secret weapon" will take you out

"You don't piss on hospitality," they tell me that But mom and dad, I feel like Nilbog's getting kind of whack Are they trolls, are they goblins? I can't break the spell A deadly fruit that's hanging over us like William Tell Is the fandom ironic? Iconic goblins, laconic Nilbog is feeling demonic, creepy, vegan, Masonic "Oh my goooooood!", they did WHAT with the corn? While Holly's gyrating, Grandpa Seth is forlorn Freezing time, shooting lightning, with the wave of his hand No baloney! That's the homie, so chaotic and grand So if you ever visit Nilbog where the goblins hide Keep a processed sausage sandwich in your pocket to survive and Let's start aiming for their birthmark Not going to sit idle while I watch the hearse park On the front lawn of our VRBO, no Grandpa's zooming in and it's feeling apropos, so...

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Trolls on the hunt, don't be their prey They hunt you through the night a Nd they chase you all day It's a terrifying, horrifying fallacy

"And you can't piss on hospitality, I won't allow it!"