The Great Feast Underground

Wind Rose

Underground, in the depths, where the secrets lie With dwarven ale, and mugs held high!

Drinking hard, heavy drums, in the crowded halls The chantings echo till the mountains' bones

Alcohol!

We're drinking alcohol!
Until tomorrow comes
We're drinking alcohol!
And when tomorrow comes
We'll drink more alcohol
Our faces to the ground
We'll drink more alcohol
One more time!

Sing and toast for the dwarven clan We're gonna drink so hard till you cannot stand It's time to grab a beer, come and join us here We're gonna fill your mug 'till the very end

It's time to sing and toast for the dwarven clan We're gonna drink hard till you cannot stand It's time to grab a beer, come and join us here Tonight we party hard at the great feast underground

Overfull, spilling out, on the tabletop With rivers of brew that will never stop

Getting high, to the cap, we become all foes With punches flying on the allies' jaws

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From the ancient tunnels underneath the ground From the mountain hole you can hear the sound Come and join the party 'till the day is gone It's the sound of freedom, it's a dwarven song

From the ancient tunnels underneath the ground
From the mountain hole you can hear the sound
Come and join the party 'till the day is gone
It's the sound of freedom, it's the great feast underground

One more time!
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Until tomorrow comes
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