

## Mead from Hell

Alestorm

Under the sea, there's a colony of bees  
And a man named Fred who will shoot you dead  
If you try to steal from his apiary sealed  
With magic spells at the gate to hell

He'll kill you in your sleep  
If you so much as take a single peak

Set sail across the waves  
Where we will stop no man can say  
The alcohol stores are running low  
So into the deep blue yonder go  
Set sail across the waves  
Where we will stop no man can say  
We'll end our quest by following the smell  
That leads us to the Mead from Hell

He brews his mead with psychotropic weeds  
That'll get you high, assuming you dont die  
And you probably find that it makes you go blind  
From the alcoholic proof (it's through the roof)  
We seek the mead from hell  
The endless search for the infernal hydromel

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We've found the mead from hell  
The infernal hydromel  
The booze is in our grasp  
Now it's time to kick your ass

Set sail! Set sail! Set sail!  
Set sail for the Mead from Hell