

Surf Squid Warfare

Alestorm

I come to you from another time
With a message that everyone must die
At the hand of undead squids from space
They'll crush your skull and smash your face

We saved the past from vikings
Now the future is unclear
We must travel through time again
And save the world with beer

We're class! You're not!
Let's kill some squids and make them rot
With pirate powered murder skills
The future's where we get your thrills
A shot to the heart with a flintlock gun
And mash their brains with a bottle of rum
We're class! You're not!

From the past we have returned
We're here to make those bastards burn tonight
Fueled by rum and lust to kill
We have the power and the will to fight

Hey Marty, it's your kids
They get devoured by undead squids
Lest the world be torn asunder
To the future we must plunder!

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