

## Bottle Gods

Finsterforst

Every night we're on the road  
To push aside tomorrow  
Chasing more the liquid gold  
No use forget our sorrow  
Then there's always the wisest guy  
Getting straight into our face  
Time to stop, but know your place  
We are a hopeless case  
So tired of your tale  
Everyday the same old tune  
We won't quit anyway  
And we don't care what your stand  
Leave us alone, we are the fellowship of the brew  
All we need are the last sips from the bottle in our hands  
As the night and drinks go on  
With continuing time  
Doing nothing but having fun  
This is our night to shine  
We sat there like we own the place  
And put their nice guys on the shelf  
We will take care of all your girlfriends  
They will enjoy themselves  
So tired of your tale  
Everyday the same old tune  
We won't quit anyway  
And we don't care what your stand  
Leave us alone, we are the fellowship of the brew  
All we need are the last sips from the bottle in our hands  
Get us more Czech  
We're starving here  
Pull your ass down here  
As we destroy the place  
Just bring the bottle  
AND GET OUT OFF OUR WAY!  
So tired of your tale  
Everyday the same old tune  
We won't quit anyway  
And we don't care what your stand  
Leave us alone, we are the fellowship of the brew  
All we need are the last sips from the bottle in our hands  
HEY  
HEY  
EACH JUST ONE MORE ROUND  
LIKE THE MEN SAID  
DEATH OR GLORY!