

Moist
Fleshy pink hands are now
Covering us,
Lowering us into
A tiny metal
Box.
They said we would never escape
The goblin box,
They had never been so fucking wrong
In their whole god damn motherfucking

Lives so easy to save,
Lost by the hundreds.
Foolproof design?
But this box is
Easy to fucking destroy!
Where the fuck are your brains now?
I (think I) see them on the wall

Breaking free
(Rip all the humans)
With ease
(Tear all the humans up)
Our appetite for blood
(Kill all the humans)
Impossible to please

Stuffed
Into the clutches of this
Horrible box,
So
Many other beasts
Have met their demises.
They said that the box
Was a damn solid design,
But what they didn't realize
Was goblins are stronger, faster, and smarter.

Chuckling humans, sealing the box,
Goblins are undeterred.
Taking great care as they check all the locks
Not a peep can be heard as they speak not a word!

In the end, the humans are mauled, beaten, and killed.
You may ask how this came to pass...
How did we escape the box?
Clearly, the answer is...

The humans had built the box to torture and maim all
kinds of magical creatures...
But the goblins were not to be trifled with, no not to
be trifled with at all.
And as the humans lay there, a pulsating mound of bone
and flesh, dead and mutilated
Beyond all hope and reason, the goblins feasted on
their rotting corpses, filling the halls with the
shrill sound of chilling laughter. Forever.