

In The Hall Of The Goblin King

Nekrogoblikon

Shadows fall across the kingdom,
Goblins circle round the castle.
Unsuspecting human victims
Soon to die in bloody battle.

The goblin king in gleaming armor,
Stands above the rows of warriors.
They all wait for quiet signal,
KILL THE LOWLY FUCKING HUMANS.

Storming the royal halls of men,
The goblins kill them once again,
And when his mighty scepter swings,
Man dies at the hand of the goblin king!

Human subjects slave away,
Toil and sweat or you'll be flayed,
Crammed into boxes children cry,
Forced to watch their mothers die!

Eviscerating guards, the goblins pour in,
Run through the castle with hideous grins,
Reaching the hall of the once mighty king...
ONE...
TWO...
THREE...
KILL!!!!

The carnage over, goblins cheering,
Crimson stains across the floor.
In the corner, scalped and beaten,
The king is crawling for the door.

The goblins drag the crying ruler
Up to shredded royal throne,
The goblin king picks up his highness,
And strips his face off to the bone.