

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