

Rage of the Pentahook

Alestorm

In Paraguay there lives a man
Five rusty hooks on his right hand
And rage consumes his every living day
As one against the entire world
His hooks of deadly wrath unfurled
Slashing all the bastards in his way

He fights to die
He lives to kill
To cut your throat
His greatest skill
He'll eat your kids
And punch your house
And set fire to your cat

So we'll raise our hooks up to the sky
And drink to absent friends
Those far away and those who died
Still fighting to the end
Have no fear for life is short
And death will take us all
So when that bastard comes for us
We'll meet him standing tall

Die by the Rage of the Pentahook!

Many legends have been told
Of evil men from days of old
But none of them compare to what he's done
Sadistic psycho through and through
There's nothing nasty he won't do
One time he shot a baby with a gun

He'll break your neck
And eat your face
The foe of all
The human race
He'll stab your mum
And drink your rum
This bastard can't be killed

So we'll raise our hooks up to the sky
And drink to absent friends
Those far away and those who died
Still fighting to the end
Have no fear for life is short
And death will take us all
So when that bastard comes for us
We'll meet him standing tall
Set sail for the twilight hall