

# 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