Surf Squid Warfare

Alestorm

I come to you from another time
With a message that everyone must die
At the hand of undead squids from space
They'll crush your skull and smash your face

We saved the past from vikings Now the future is unclear We must travel through time again And save the world with beer

We're class! You're not!

Let's kill some squids and make them rot

With pirate powered murder skills

The future's where we get your thrills

A shot to the heart with a flintlock gun

And mash their brains with a bottle of rum

We're class! You're not!

From the past we have returned We're here to make those bastards burn tonight Fueled by rum and lust to kill We have the power and the will to fight

Hey Marty, it's your kids
They get devoured by undead squids
Lest the world be torn asunder
To the future we must plunder!

We're class! You're not!

Let's kill some squids and make them rot

With pirate powered murder skills

The future's where we get your thrills

A shot to the heart with a flintlock gun

And mash their brains with a bottle of rum

We're class! You're not!