

# Return To Blood Castle

Gama Bomb

Back to the castle  
Returning you might say  
There's a vat of brains and it's brain mashing day,  
The lord of the manor has been up to no good  
And now he must pay

Refined psychopath with a metal jaw  
Primitive justice comes to call  
An angry mob approaches  
Peasants the lot of them  
Toting a priest and some pitchforks  
Just like a Dracula film

They were here once before  
Got no satisfaction  
Ruling with a steel jaw, brain wine concoction,  
He thought it was fine to mash up their heads  
Now he meets his destruction  
So tear down the gates and slash up the drapes  
For a baron of blood there can be no escape  
Found in the garden  
Unsuspecting fool  
Grabbed by the locals  
Gouged up with a spoon

We know how to deal with your sort  
We'll make no mistake  
Crudely shear his head before they fry him at the stake  
Crush his minions in a rage as they batter him with sticks,  
Setting fires, they're saying prayers  
Violence and righteousness is surely a winning mix

Blood! Blood! We want blood!  
Back for the attack  
Hack! Slash! Cut a dash - it's good to get your own back