

Sailing relaxed, endless blue  
Nowhere to go, nothing to do  
Running low on pirate brew  
Frightening shortage of wenches to screw  
A cryptic shadow on the horizon  
Set camp and explore, lest they should wizen  
The pirates unearth a mysterious grave  
Could this be the magical treasure they crave?  
"And as the pirates sailed onwards, towards certain doom, all they could think about was how wonderful it would be to pillage an uncharted island, for they had found an ancient map, buried deep within the sands of the grave. the map read 'Goblin Island', "

SLICE SLICE DICE DICE  
Cutting the pirates into bite-sized portions of flesh!  
LA LA LA LALA  
And then we'll feast on their brains for our meal!  
CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP  
And then we'll make funny hats from their skin!  
Ripping and tearing, we'll use their organs as toys!  
The pirates drop anchor close to the shore  
Eager to find out what lies in store  
Camp is set up near the menacing mountains  
At midnight the necks turn to bloody fountains  
The goblins come out from their goblin caves  
Ready to make the intruders their slaves  
Psychotic warcry, green skinned braves  
The skin is stripped from pirate knaves  
Out of the dark, the goblins march  
One by one, through the goblin arch  
Ready to kill the sleeping foes  
To pluck off every one of their toes  
The slaughter begins, the mayhem unthinkable  
Pirate blood is especially drinkable  
Lets make jewelery out of their bones  
And break their jaws with tiny stones  
Looting and pillaging cut short by death  
The cold embrace of a goblins breath  
Broken in half and stuffed into a chest  
By furious goblins with no need to rest  
Ripping and tearing, shredding the bastards  
Pirates are fast, but goblins are faster  
Bandits now slaves to ferocious green masters  
What once was a voyage becomes a disaster