

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