

A rotting old cabin collapses in gloom,
This is a requiem for a bitter man's tomb.
Blistering spite for the whole human race,
Planning our doom with a grin on his face. (A grin on
his fucking face!)

When the goblins arrived. a beacon he sent,
Cackling with madness as he watched its ascent.
Alone in the forest, his treason is done.
Alone in the forest, our prodigal son.

Drawing back farther into the abyss of his mind,
All semblance of human has been left behind.
The traitor, pariah, he'll pay the price.
In the forest he stays, while the goblin armies slice.

Pacing the room where evil was wrought,
Devoid of shame, devoid of thought.
The goblin joke is to drive him insane,
Get in his head and laugh at his pain...

He goes to the shed,
Picking a barrow to carry the dead,
Piling the corpses of girls on a bed,
Rotting collection of brides to be wed.

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The goblins came! Invaders aim!
All mankind! Now will die!!!!