

# 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 our 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 our 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!

Songwriters

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