Feed the Lohocla

Tankard

Was it destiny that one day It was born
Drunk creature of the night who haunts us for our brew
It was dark, midnight or so, when most had left for home
Breath of life, Lohocla lives, the barley entity
Now it is alive spawned from the loins of beer
Throat parched and on a quest to quench his - die hard thirst
All he asks oblige him in giving up your drink
It's okay, don't shit your pants, he's tamer than you thinkWhere is he from? Why is he here?
Nocturnal boozer on a pursuit of beer
So set him free from sobriety-tonight!Inebriate! One of his favorite words
Control his state of mind though he has no dime
Out of cash and out of stash, he's coming off his high
Time to cruise the local joints to mooch Iiquld foodWading through the bar and wasted off his ass
Lohocla's drunk again yet still he begs for moreOne day you'll encounter him,
you'd better share your beer

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