# The Ale House Braves

## Orange Goblin

Take your fancy potions and your royal old wives
Tell the ale-house braves they better run for their lives
Have you seen the children with the blood on their hands?
Have you heard about the terror spreading through the land?
'Cos the god you pray to sees the sinners and saints
But he doesn't give a damn about the people he taintsSee the hounds of Fleet Street in their tatters and rags
Selling false premonitions for a penny a bag
All the lords and ladies with their diamonds and pearls
Throwing stones in glass houses, not a care in the world
Take your fancy crystals and your fossilised bone
Tell the ale-house braves the devil's gauntlet is thrown
Belly full of whiskey and a pocket full of rope
No fear in dying when you've lost your only hope
The searchers round on you before your final breath
Essence of life surrenders in the face of death
Adverse repulsion seems to drive you to the grave
No hearts on fire can persuade you to be saved
Blood-sucking leeches have grown bigger in the sun
The roses on the stone tell what you have becomeTake your fancy potions and your royal old wives
Tell the ale-house braves they better pray for their lives
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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