Celebration #1 (Tom Furse Remix)

Night Beats

When they come into you're town,
The son is of the soul generation,
Will grap what is narrowed down,
As much as they can carry,
They take these coins these gems,
And then they take the rest,

You'll know that when your robbed by them,
Your plundered by the best,
The wreack each house and Inn
And leave the city burning,
They do not care just who they harm,

They were very undeserheing,
Although the leave wrong,
To rot and slaughter all in view,
There parents
There words are not as dangerous as you,

In the middle of this story which is self explanatory,
You have earned the category of bafoon,
This may seem a little blurry,
Do not fret and do not worry,
They will clear up in a hurry,
Very soon

There's no cause for any grinning,
You begun the second inning,
For you now a just beginning.

Chapter three,
Your a wanderer.

(some mistakes on this feel free to update)

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