

## Viking Song Lyrics

Come, gather 'round all ye bastards,  
And raise up a cup to this arse-turd—  
He came and freed the fires of hell,  
And let 'im run loose over hill and dell.

Here's to the Bard and his scab of a brain.  
Here's to the Dragon and all it has slain.  
The gate is knocked in and the town is aflame,  
And it's ours for the taking, and you get the fame.

We tortured some townsfolk, it's true  
And pounded, but couldn't break through.  
With all his might the dragon took flight  
And burned the town down to a ball-bag of shite.

Here's to the Bard and his knob of a head.  
Here's to the Orkney, the smoke, and the dead.  
The gate is knocked in and the town is aflame,  
And it's ours for the taking, and you get the fame.

Here's to the Bard and pullin' me plum.  
Here's to the Beast and the rest of you scum.  
The gate is knocked in and the town is aflame,  
And it's ours for the taking, and you get the fame.