

Gama Bomb

"Return To Blood Castle"

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Back to the castle...
Returning you might say...
There's a vat of brains and it's brain mashing day,
The lord of the manor has been up to no good...
And now he must pay...

Refined psychopath with a metal jaw...
Primitive justice comes to call
An angry mob approaches...
Peasants the lot of them...
Toting a priest and some pitchforks...
Just like a Dracula film

They were here once before...
Got no satisfaction...
Ruling with a steel jaw, brain wine concoction,
He thought it was fine to mash up their heads...
Now he meets his destruction...
So tear down the gates and slash up the drapes...
For a baron of blood there can be no escape
Found in the garden...
Unsuspecting fool...
Grabbed by the locals...
Gouged up with a spoon...

We know how to deal with your sort...
We'll make no mistake...
Crudely shear his head before they fry him at the stake
Crush his minions in a rage as they batter him with
sticks,
Setting fires, they're saying prayers...
Violence and righteousness is surely a winning mix...

Blood! Blood! We want blood!
Back for the attack
Hack! Slash! Cut a dash - it's good to get your own
back

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