

It's A Grand Day For Killing.

It's a grand day for killing.
The clouds are low in the sky.
Those half-ogre guys,
Won't expect our surprise.
We'll be throwing their guts at the sky.
It's a grand day for killing.
The stairs will lead us up.
They'll see us approach
and think it's a joke,
until they are covered in blood.
(Covered, just covered, in blood.)

It's a grand day for killing.
With weapons and spells galore.
When we attack
with our arrows and axes,
The walls will be dripping with gore!
(Dripping, dripping with gore.)

Maybe we need some more help?
Maybe we should have a plan,
Maybe it's crazy to charge up these stairs
And to fight these half-ogre men.
Maybe we ought to stop now,
Think before things go too far.
But maybe the reason we came all this way
was to beat some ogres to tar.

It's a grand day for killing,
while ogres are blind in the glow.
the hostages wait
thinking death is their fate,
Not knowing we'll come from below.
It's a grand day for killing.
We'll fight until they die.
Throw lightning and thunder,
Until they're six feet under.
Then Tolmen will bake us pie!
(Bake us, bake us a pie.)