

Alestorm, The Huntmaster

In a time when men knew the meaning of fear
And the tyrants of hell ruled the land and the seas
There lived one man who was true
Guardian of secrets that only he knew
Condemned for a crime that he did not commit
Sentenced to die in the depths of the pit
He swore he would take his revenge
Every laster traitor, their lives he would end

With the power of ale - He could not fail

Sail into battle, glory and metal

Hail! - Huntmaster
Ride! - Huntmaster
Fight! - Huntmaster
Die! - Huntmaster

Up from the bowels of hell he sailed
Wielding a tankard of freshley brewed ale
Slaying all those in his path
Those who might hinder his god-given task
To bring back beer to the lands of the free
This is his quest, his true destiny
Legends shall speak of his name
Hail the Huntmaster, with honour and fame

With the power of ale - He could not fail

Sail into battle, glory and metal

Hail! - Huntmaster
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This is the hunter's badge of glory
That he protects and tends his quarry
Hunts with honor, as is due
And through the beast to the Gods is true