

# Orange Goblin, Born With Big Hands

Branded with irons under black skies  
Born with the look of hate in those eyes  
Raised on a mountain, like a stray beast  
Only desire to kill what he needs

Conquered the wild, angry and mean  
Moved to the city, age of sixteen  
Fighting for money all over town  
Hungry for blood and a heavyweight crown

He's not your average mountain man  
'Cos he was born with big ol' hands  
There's adamantium in those bones  
He's got a jaw that's made of stone  
With his barbarian beliefs  
It's no surprise that he can't be beat  
He's not your average mountain man  
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Got a reputation as the king of street brawlers  
If you're stepping up, I guarantee that he'll floor ya  
Bare knuckle fighters, wanna put him to the test  
But let me warn you if you do, well then you're messin' with the best

Don't you fuck with ol' big hands

Still undefeated, on top of his game  
Still got the rage of a beast in a cage  
Born with a fist the size of a ham  
I always said he'd be a street fighting man

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