

Tankard, Feed The Lohocla

Was it destiny that one day It was born
Drunk creature of the night who haunts us for our brew
It was dark, midnight or so, when most had left for home
Breath of life, Lohocla lives, the barley entity
Now it is alive spawned from the loins of beer
Throat parched and on a quest to quench his - die hard thirst
All he asks oblige him in giving up your drink
It's okay, don't shit your pants, he's tamer than you think

Where is he from? Why is he here?
Nocturnal boozier on a pursuit of beer
So set him free from sobriety-tonight!

Inebriate! One of his favorite words
Control his state of mind though he has no dime
Out of cash and out of stash, he's coming off his high
Time to cruise the local joints to mooch liquid food

Wading through the bar and wasted off his ass
Lohocla's drunk again yet still he begs for more

One day you'll encounter him,
you'd better share your beer