

# The Yogscast, Diggy Diggy Hole

Brothers of the mine rejoice  
Swing, swing, swing with me  
Raise your pick and raise your voice!  
Sing, sing, sing with me  
Down and down into the deep  
Who knows what we'll find beneath?  
Diamonds, rubins, gold and more,  
Hidden in the mountain store

Born underground,  
Suckled from a teat of stone,  
Raised in the dark,  
The safety of our mountain home,  
Skin made of iron,  
Steel in our bones,  
To dig and dig makes us free,  
Come on brothers, sing with me!

I am a dwarf and I'm digging a hole,  
Diggy diggy hole,  
Diggy diggy hole  
I am a dwarf and I'm digging a hole,  
Diggy diggy hole,  
Digging a hole

The sunlight will not reach this low,  
Deep, deep in the mine  
Never see the blue moon glow  
Dwarves won't fly so high  
Fill a glass and down some mead!  
Stuff your bellies at the feast!  
Stumble home and fall asleep  
Dreaming in our mountain keep

Born underground,  
Grown inside a rocky womb  
The Earth is our cradle,  
The mountain shall become our tomb  
Face us at battlefield,  
You will meet your doom,  
We do not fear what lies beneath,  
We can never dig too deep

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