

The Tale of How

Deep in the Indian ocean,
all scary and black,
lives an old octopus,
with a tree in it's back.

And from inside this tree,
all Piranhas appear,
who sing soothing songs,
and are kind and sincere.

They're not at all stupid,
Though they're not very bright,
And they're never quite wrong,
they're never quite right.

They're never asleep,
And they're never awake,
They all dress like weirdoes,
make no mistake

There are frightfully happy
except when they're dead,
See Otto the monster
needs to get fed.

A tentacle from nowhere,
can give one a fright!
Stealing Piranhas,
a thief in the night.

They sing soothing songs,
but he never hears,
for shells and the kelp,
have grown in his ears.

Otto is deaf,
Otto means eight,
Otto means death,
To the dodos he ate.

"The future is red"
said Crown-for-a-head,
"we'll have to migrate,
or we'll soon all be dead!"

So they got in the ocean,
to swim far away.
The water turned red,
On that terrible day.

For Otto the monster,
how hideous the slaughter,
he picked them like fruit,
from that inky black water

There where not many left,
But a handful, a few,
one of these had a vision, and
knew what to do.

They filled paper with ink.
And bottles with paper.
An ocean of bottles,
S.O.S ing their saviors.

But no one came,
they where sad and alone,
they seemed to be stranded,
on this Judas called home.

The quiet warm ocean,
of terror and typhoon,
the far away voices
that sing to the moon.

Lo! Treacherous house,
many more disappeared,
until a visit from a mouse,
named Eddy the Engineer.

He appeared from the west,
on a bunch of bananas,
puffed out his chest,
and addressed the Piranhas.

"You're the Piranhas?
Otto wants to eat you?
Well my name is Eddy,
and it's a pleasure to meet you."

"I've read all your letters,
I know all the wrongs,
caused by Otto the monster,
Who's deaf to your songs"

"I'll give you my all,
I'll do all I can,
I need palm trees and syrup,
to start my plan."

Huge sticky pots,
cutting palms at the stem,
they built a great structure,
resembling them.

They got a wet net,
and they sang lullabies,
then caught all these songs,
And placed them inside.

They sneaked to the shore,
and set it free in the tide.
Then all hid in trees,
to watch and to hide.

Otto is stalking
the palm-syrup snack.
He took the bait!
He fell in the trap!

The bait disappeared,
with a growl and a snap.
Otto first yawned,
And then took a nap.

So the island is sleeping,
and still is today.
Eddy had done it!
Our friends got away!

They loaded their ship,
With their mother the tree.
The wind in their sails,
and the wide open sea.

Lyrics by Blackheartgang

<http://theblackheartgang.com/2007/12/07/tale-of-how-lyrics/>