

Back to the Battlefront

Dan Bull

Iden Versio
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I done a verse, yo, I done a verse, yo
I done a verse for Iden Versio
They've only gone and blown the Death Star to smithereens
As if it was hill of beans
But we won't give up easily
Remnants of a galactic empire
Back to send fire
Enact revenge for absent friends
Defend their pride and then die
A death the heavens sent for us
We're meant to avenge the emperor
With relentless lust to see the rebellion crushed
To pieces of debris and dust

Don't get it back to front
'Cause after that you're done
Galactic action, stunts
Massive guns that pack a punch

So grab your blaster, pack your lunch
Run and jump back to the battlefront
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When the empire's my employer
Then I get to ride in a Star Destroyer
Loyal to the path of the dark
But apart from that, no morals
Like a lawyer
Don't just stand there, startled voyeur
Avoiding a fight? I'll start it for ya
Oh yeah
I will send an inferno
Burn your final breath
You'll find no women, you'll find no men
Finer than I, or Kylo Ren
So why pretend any different
When I don't give a who I offend
Get in a fight with Iden then
I will pen you a violent end
Send my guys to find your friends
With an identical plight for them
Hit hyperspace, this sight's amazing
It's like a maze of lit light for days
Sky's ablaze, ship's sides are quaking
Just like the bass, this time we're taking
This fight and chasing at lightning pace
Give the dice a shake, six, strike the base
Woop, my mistake, hit your hiding place
You better find another quick, right away

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End these rebels who were striking the Death Star
Then we'll find where the rest are
Never rest 'til it's bedtime
Crying "Get off the Xbox"
And they're like "Yes, ma"
That wasn't my best line
That wasn't my best bar by far
I've kept the best for the end part
Giving you a headstart, oh, you'll need it
The dark side wants your soul to feed it
Assaulting Theed and leave it molten, beaten
Halt and heed the alarm call
These daft fools wanna start?
Cool
I'm a glass always half full kind of asshole
Harsh, cruel
So these bastards wanna play hard ball
I bring sharp tools
And a lot of fuel for my TIE Fighter
Fly, hi guys, want to carpool?
And can I ask y'all:
Why does Admiral Ackbar talk
Like Ja Rule went to art school
And then got taught fuck all
Come and fight Darth Maul
In a dark hall, while sparks fall
Like Ponda Baba's arm in a bar brawl
That's hardcore
That's Star Wars

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