

Darkest Souls

Dan Bull

The last log's on the bonfire
We should go on. Sire
Things have gone dire
Pray the church has got a strong spire
I'm not pious
Though I know the gods have one desire
To purify via shrines with a song of fire
Prepare to enter
A harmful world of embers
Of half remembered curses darker than the worst December
Forget your christmas card. Return to sender
We never light yule logs. We burn Dissenters
Hurt them and dismember
Any wretched urchin who is too determined to surrender
Curb their temper
Through the nerve endings to the nervous center
I swing a broadsword at a lord of cinder
And swipe left and right quick as if I'm bored of tinder
And all it takes is tinder to scorch a will of timber
The more you try to hide the stink the more it lingers
Like trauma, muscle memory and sores on fingers
It'll sting more than sitcking splinters in your sphincter
Mortal men prepare
For an awful winter where
There'll be more claret spilled
Than an awkward vintner's wares
You'll fall hard as if I've kicked you down a set of stairs into infinite de
spair
So enter if you dare

Chilled fingers each rely on a spark
To ignite the pyre
Summon fire from dark
Stoke the ash for embers
'Fore they pry them apart
Smoke rises
Tiger of mind and lion of heart
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The land of lothric is gothic
Frothing with toxic
Hypnotic
Chaotic
Catastrophic stuff
And all you've got to stop it's what's in your pocket
Accurately calibrated
Rapping at a frantic pace
In language antiquated
Chanting pages of the dankest phrases
Chained dance with a dancer's graces
Yours is a damned disgrace

I balance chance and fate
With a straight stance and gait
Don't aggravate
I'll amputate and lacerate
Or strangulate 'till I decapitate
And your atoms evaporate
Emancipate your plasma from its cells
I'll incapacitate
And stab your face
'Till it's as see-through as a sheet of acetate
As a symbol of your sinful ways I hang you from a meat hook
I'm unkindled like they took away my ebook
Even the darkest souls
Are merely parts of a whole
Molten pieces cast in a mold
He who's dealing the cards never folds
Keep on the path to your goal
Unroll a scroll
And leave them charred into coal
Or dissolved into mulch in a hole
Out in the cold
And with the whole of your self full holes
Oh
How does he do that?
Always coming up with a new rap
At a speed that's truly too fast
While keeping it true to the boom bap
True that
I don't mean to brag
I'm just making up for what you lack
Pulling myself up by the bootstrap
Difficulty curves need a new graph
I cherish the chance
To perish, advance
Correcting errors and vanquish terrors
That dance in embers at camps
Ephemeral phantoms vanish as I replenish my flask
Remember the past
Then think ahead to the task, It's vast
Summon embers from ash
Slashing veritable path through the pantheon
The wrath of a champion

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