

Dead Space 3

Dan Bull

Mass panic (Where are we?)
Crash landed on a barren planet
Tau Volantis, God's sake, How romantic
Look out for Danik
The Unitologists are on a ship
And if you spot them then use your hollow tips
While human colonists seek the codex key
Who's the musicologist's new foe? That's me!
Rewriting rhyme science, Isaac Clarke
My lines shine like eyes in the dark

Mines in the vast reaches of deep space
Are the reason that I came to be in this bleak place
But to keep my spirits up I keep lacing the beat
With words that deserve a million replays
Til I beat the game on every difficulty
Pitifully, leaving you amazed, at my skill
Now could we open the electric doors
And let me get debauched
With the Necromorphs
Until the Nexus falls
I bet you've all
Never seen a pair of balls
As heavy as my testicles

I walk the walk, I'm one of the nastiest trash talkers
Attack Crawlers and Swarmers, blast Stalkers
I go berserk at Lurkers
Turn them into burgers
I murder Pukers
Use their mucus as a gherkin in a bap
Amidst the battle I'll be working on my rap
To refute your version of the facts
Plasmatic fluid all curdling
I'd ask you to call and inform Planet Earth I'm coming back
To stack astronomic fees as a music producer
And you? You're stuck at Zero G's, Medusa
God Is Dead...Space
Thus Spake Zarathustra