

I Am the Inquisitor

Dan Bull

Inquisitor

Ah, hallo, Sire. Shall we travel to the Fallow Mire?
These hallowed grounds face a threat that's hella dire
And I'm telling buyers beware of where you buy your wares
Check their origin like I did when I bought BioWare's
In the Arbor Wilds I hear there's a Fade Rift
And we need to rescue Farmer Giles somewhere near Redcliffe
We're almost at the Storm Coast, Val Royeaux's no more close
I sleep in a tent depending on events otherwise I'm in a bed with four posts
I suppose I had better be fetching my coat
Cause there's some Red Templars in the Western Approach
Oh! The Breach leaves the sky cold up in Skyhold
But I can afford to heat it, see this huge pile of my gold
No influenza, with these treaties I'm an influencer
Think you can beat me? Name a date and place, where and when, sir?
Should I spit ten bars or pages? Support Templars or Mages?
Collect Shards or guess star constellations and arrangements?
Seal rifts shut in Thedas, kick butt and save ass
With great gallantry, level up and upgrade my talent tree
Cause it ain't just hard in Hightown, like a tale that Varric weaves
There's an ancient massive effect, I may as well just save the galaxy

I am the Inquisitor, a Fade visitor
Zipping up the rifts with a fist is my signature finisher
My team administers me with the means to win imminently
And I may say that they do it magnificently
Once more unto the Breach, dear friends
Once more! Because Corypheus wants war
Once more unto the Breach, dear friends
Once more! We'll see if Corypheus wants more

We'll see if Corypheus wants more
Or whether he's had enough
He's a bit tired
And now he just wants to go home for tea

I've got the dopest team in Leliana
Josephine, Cullen, Cassandra
Solas, Sera, Blackwall, Dorian
Cole, Vivienne, Varric, Bull, Morrigan
Call us the D A Team: the Dannish Inquisition
Vacancies, apply within if you think you can fill this grand position
Corypheus has delusions of grandeur
A ridiculous man pursuing the Anchor
But hang on, you can pray and thank the maker in the Chantry later
Wait 'til Dan obliterates that manky mangy agitator
Blast this antagonist as if he's had a Dragon's Kiss
Leave him hanging there and haggard like a pair of sagging tits
In comparison I'm an ample and elegant breast
Not an Iron Bull but I am Bull nevertheless, yes!
Yes blud, I'm the Tim Westwood of Crestwood
The Method Man of the Hinterlands, Haven was the best hood
But my terrain ranges from Exalted Plains to Emerald Graves
When I stray there's no limit to who and where I will save
Between Ferelden and Orlais, I seem to be helping them all day
These Orlesians' decor schemes are really well bloody ornate
I've heard the myths but this is divine living

Like when I'm giving a wyvern a whiff of the rhythm
I witness how quick it'll give in
Give them a kick in the face from the Forbidden Oasis
To the Hissing Wastes to paraphrase Sera: this is a pissing disgrace
Damn son, I've had it with Samson
I'm going to get ever so terribly nasty
That's what happens whenever you mess with the Herald of Andraste

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We'll see if he wants more... once more
Once more...