

Dinosaur Boss Battle

Closure in Moscow

Dear Swamp-Ass,
Back from Bermuda just in time
Here from the past, present, future,
I'm sweatin', babe
My primordial soup needs salt, anyways
I got my style, claws
So let them cyborgs feel my dino-war

Now listen here, little monkey
Straight out the sea foam wormhole,
They've come to take our bones
But we won't be trophies for no system jumping surfing cyborgs on safari!

Lasers on them lizards? We got 'em beat (No!)
Tokamak eugenics? We got 'em beat (Uh!)
Neutral beam injection? We got 'em beat, yeah!
'Cause all I've ever needed was my style, claws
Some say a tactical tyrant of sorts
Now heed my warning...

Little monkey, carry on
Now give 'em the slip
Cambrian bomb, all set, gonna blow
Little monkey, don't belong, carry on home
Save your mammalian heart

Straight out the sea foam wormhole,
They've come to take our bones
But we won't be trophies for no system jumping surfing cyborgs on safari!
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

They're on a crusade from a planet with three moons in orbit
They're here to harvest, and they're pissing off stegosaurus
Sure, us prehistoric cats haven't got no titanium,
But we're predatory, the glory is in our DNA
Lasers on them lizards? We got 'em beat (No!)
Tokamak eugenics? We got 'em beat (Uh!)
Neutral beam injection? We got 'em beat, yeah!
'Cause all I've ever needed was my style, my claws, my rage, it's raw.
They'll wipe out on our Mesozoic shores.

Wanna see our prized pterodactyl?
She's in her very own Tithonian-era metal band
She's got a sexy case of the she-banshees
If she's warmed up enough... warmed up enough

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Cambrian bomb, all set, gonna blow
Little monkey, don't belong, carry on home
Don't wanna hear you say:

"I can't keep my hopes up, no no"

The Deinonychus swarm in tow

"I can't keep my hopes up, no no"

"I can't keep my hopes up when there's raptors in the kitchen!"

It's a boss battle with times-zero potions

Tell me, what's a dinosaur to do?

It's a boss battle with chipset emotions

Maybe I've bitten off more than I can chew

So it's back to Bermuda, got no time

Lost in the past, present, future, I got my;

Style, claws, and that's all