

Alien: Isolation

Dan Bull

In space, nobody can hear you scream...
This is a transmission from Amanda Ripley McLaren
I'm stranded in a ship that is barren
But it is apparent
That there's a visitor with the vicious plan
And I'm a fish in a barrel
This isn't a Christmas Carol
But if you could tell me
Just what the dickens was happening
And what this is that I'm tackling
I'd be pretty thankful
Lights flickering
Life trickling
Through the cracks in the corridor floors
Is quite sickening
No time for dithering, babbling
Impotent panicking
The impetus will drag us kicking and scrabbling
Into the blackness
I need my wits about me
This bleeding bitch has found me!
Come to think of it
I really shouldn't spit so loudly
Whoops!

This is survival of the fittest
Survival of the vicious
Survival of the wickedest and sickest! This is survival of the fittest
Survival of the vicious
Survival of the WICKEDEST...

Continued transmission from Amanda Ripley McLaren
The more I witness the madness
The more that it is apparent
What evil hazardous demon hell is this?
Is it a lucid dream of a weak, cardaverous human being
With sleep paralysis?
I'm none too keen to feed the ravenous beastly savages
With creepy phalluses
Creeping round the ship
'Til my radar's beeping vanishes
Nothing seems as loud as my breathing pattern is
The teeniest sound could be the catalyst
For the last battle of wills
Between me and evil manifest
As I wander through the corridor
The horrid gore conjures all the awful thing I've done I'm sorry for
I'm not an omnivore
But I was one before the food chain collapsed
I saw my colleagues' innards on the floor!
But bring it if this ugly motherfucker wants some more!
You're just one deformed ponce with a pompadour!

This is survival of the fittest
Survival of the vicious
Survival of the wickedest and sickest! This is survival of the fittest
Survival of the vicious

Survival of the WICKEDEST...

In space, nobody can hear you scream... In space... Scream all you like...