

# Battle Rap (Mount & Blade II: Bannerlord Song)

Dan Bull

A mighty empire has risen and thus must fall  
In its shadow, rival kingdoms battle for the spoils of war  
Let us hear a humble soldier's thoughts

Straight out the pages of the past a tale throughout the ages lasts  
Longer than a battalion slain like a thousand blades of grass  
From bounteous bays to mountain ranges, it's too late alas  
You're out of range about to break no mount or blade could rein it back  
A fatal trap, an axe stuck in a stranger's back  
No hesitating hazarding a guess endangers Satan's wrack  
You're praying for the day that you could say you're safe at last  
But first you must remain tenacious and face a sustained attack  
Your encampment cannot stay intact, it'll be razed and stacked  
By wave after wave after wave of faces masked  
That invade in packs plagues of rats after table scraps  
'Til the only fact you know for sure is that this fable slaps  
The state of battle incubates all manner of shameful acts  
But in its absence civilised society just may collapse  
It could happen in a few decades or just today perhaps  
And it won't wait to ask what you make of that just stating facts

A mighty empire has risen and thus must fall  
Before a dozen lords, a hundred banners and a thousand swords  
Heed another humble soldier's thoughts

I'm the bringer of the force, another slinger of the swords  
If we out here talking factions i rep kingdom of the Nords  
This is my town, if i catch a Khergit they get torched  
I'm the real wolf around here ain't no worth in bringing yours  
I clearly break my enemies, no fear of taking friends from me  
I ain't got no time for that, i'm here to shape my destiny  
So if you try and stop me then the light is what you'll never see  
I'll have to gift your head to king Ragnar as a centerpiece  
We real ravens not the people to feel safe with  
Deal hatred but we put work in to build greatness  
Strength is got us an infantry, real dangerous  
Archers giving us bodies we will paint with  
This is what it came to, i'm medieval as they make you  
I'm the piece of puzzle that you need to fit to play through  
Surrender ain't an option there ain't anything we can't do  
So meet me on the front line before you meet the angels

A mighty empire has risen and thus must fall  
Still they hold the fort in hope the dust settles just as before  
Stirring another humble soldier's thoughts

One of the first moors  
Torch the city walls  
With a curved sword  
All praises do swore my first born  
Born for the war  
Let the herd swarm  
Kill them all  
Let the blood soak the ground 'til the earth's warm  
Shook them to the Earth's core  
Before they saw the horses  
They heard the roar

Blood on the lips of a herbivore  
Calling for their lord  
In a language you never heard before  
No soul will reach heaven's doors  
Our orders are burn them all  
Furthermore, cut their head off, never let the serpent crawl  
Furnaces light the night sky, igniting the urban sprawl  
Church and school  
Herb and jewels  
Curtain closed  
Curtain all  
Sword stab  
Sword slash  
Horizontal vertical  
No motion is wasted all formation is purposeful  
Death comes for all of us but you going to see her first of all  
And there's fates worse than her, i know you heard before  
And once you're dead you'll see the worst of all

A mighty empire has risen and thus must fall  
Without foundations nations crumble to rubble walls  
Til all that's left are echoes of a soldier's thoughts