

# Bendy and the Ink Machine: The Old Song

Dan Bull

Have you ever woken up inside a pentagram  
Memory blank  
'Til you remember why you're sent  
By a tempermental man  
Who sent a ranting letter  
That presents a certain mental plan  
In contravention of intended function  
Like a dental dam  
But you better lend a hand  
Or you'll get reprimanded and  
Left like a gentle lamb  
Defenceless next to Slenderman  
We're kind of concerned  
'Cause Sammy's having an epiphany  
Harping on, he's highly strung  
And tenser than a timpani  
So many instrumental references  
This is a symphony  
Can I get an "Amen" for that?  
Come on, give me some sympathy  
The leaky Ink Machine  
Is clogging and blocking the hallways  
Oi mate  
Wait up or I'll probably be soggy  
And stuck here all day  
Oh great, how rude  
A failure to communicate  
You should move the bacon soup  
The gate'll soon be raised  
And through you race  
Into another room to ruminate  
Locate the music station  
A booth, a bass, a spooky tape  
That you can play what Susie says on

Hidden between piano keys  
Is an evil anarchy  
Ebonies and ivories  
Are sapping at your sanity  
Melodies are maladies  
Attacking your anatomy

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Is an evil anarchy  
Reanimating latent hate  
And raising rifts towards neighbours  
In favour of playing a painful riff  
Creating discord

The lurking searchers heard you so they lurch at you  
They're determined to convert you  
To the inverted church of murk and gloom  
Hurting you? They're certain to  
And if you desert they'll murder you  
They'll turn you to the turbid goo  
You swerve in dirty loos  
You might be sacrificed

To idols scribed in black and white  
Only the flesh inside can satisfy their appetite  
Demonically magic  
Dramatically monochromatically manic  
We're morally panicked  
'Cause Sammy is one enigmatic fanatic  
Emphatically honest but gone in the faculties  
Obviously gone through traumatic things  
Talking erratically, logic is lacking  
He's properly batshit  
Belongs in a box that is padded  
And strapped up in cuffs and a jacket  
And locked in the attic  
He's chatting a lot  
Hearing classical songs in the static  
Though what happened to Boris is tragic  
We've got to do that for the Gods to be happy  
Do you want to be dragged in the blackest of swamps  
Wally Franks running back to the Bronx  
This isn't yonkers, it's bonkers  
Novelty gloves are packing a punch  
Henry  
Hey, stop running away  
That ain't very friendly  
Come back and play a game straight away  
With your favourite mate  
Bendy

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