

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

Hidden between piano keys
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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