

Heroes of the Storm

Dan Bull

A storm is approaching
We'll call it a blizzard
To freeze the seas
And leave frozen all of the waters and rivers
War is a given
No hidden extras
Just endless offense and defense
To resolve the control of the Nexus

My actions are reckless
I'm trekking the map with a death wish
I'll do a little more than just snatching your necklace
I'll have you for breakfast
You're last on my checklist
Trapped in the Nexus
Gasping and breathless
Grasping for exits
But I pull you back to the cesspit
So you better pray that you're ready for the ride
To the place where dimensions collide

We're the heroes of the storm
We've been brought from Azeroth
To the Heart of the Swarm
We're the heroes of the storm
Transform to our final form
As we ride to the shores
Of the tides of war

Are you after an argument fella?
If you are, then I'll pardon your error
But you'd better leg it from the light of the sky temple
To the dark of the garden of terror
Dragon shire to Blackheart's bay
Cursed hollow, ain't that half cray?
And although your last fight lacked heart, hey
Have an invitation to the mad partay

It's going to get so surreal
Look above, there's Tyrael
Hanging in the sky like an aerial
Fending off hell and when he dies
Then he pops like generic non name brand cereal
Thrall is a warchief
Of the horde, he's
The sort of orcward guy
To saunter right through the haunted mines
He was born to survive
You were born to die

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I'll personally stamp on a mercenary camp
Observe me expanding the mercs in my ranks
Merking your carries and hurting your tanks
You hoped it was over, but Murky is back
Merking your carries and hurting your tanks
You hoped it was over, but Murky is back

Illidan'll kill a man a minute in a melee
Give the model man a medal
Man, he didn't dilly dally
Damn, a limber limb'll live a little longer
Than the liver of a little lost lamb
In the middle of an alley

And with her valour Valla's manner manages to banish you
To Valhalla
Well, hell, I'd had enough of valleys
Hey, better watch when you wander the lanes
Unless you want Sonya on you again
Jaina's a mage that engages and maims
You'll be left with lasagna for brains

The lane in Raynor's range is raining rage
So rein it in the rate of your rave
Or the raiders'll raise their rays
With a razor aim
And raze your race and reign
My raison d'etre's to get you and wreck you
'Til you're left shrivelled like a raisin, damn
You better pray that you're ready for a ride
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