

Odyssey of the Creed

Dan Bull

I carry the lifeblood of Leonidas
I feel the spear by my side, just reunite us
As if he and I just realised that
It'd be a surprise
Were there other people like us
We are wise seeing fear minus spinelessness
Is equivalent to being lions
See, there's a timelessness to my fineness
Must be a sign of divineness, Highness
Proving I'm a god, going to do an Aquinas
And you're only alive due to my kindness
Why must we suffer in the mortal plane
A deity and me may just be all the same
So if someone needs assassinating call my name
They'll be evaporated in a massive ball of flame
Scored and scorched as if it's all a game
Now stick this rap up in the hall of fame

Cast in the shadow of a mountain rising
The clouds part, I come out of hiding
I'm a son, son, a son of Leonidas
I'm a son, son, we're the children of Leonidas, and we're
Outcast in the shadow of a mountain rising
The clouds part we come out of hiding
We're the sons, sons, the sons of Leonidas
We're the sons and daughters, the children of Leonidas

Light beams shine on the side of the bireme
On the bow the eye gleams like high beams
Fighting on the high seas
Although we might pull aside if we find us a nice beach
So we park, disembark
Head straight into the marketplace
Pick up a mark to chase
Sticking the sharpest blades
Under their armour plates
Where the sun don't shine or a darker place
'Cause I'm a dark assassin and I'm harking back
And bringing spartan tactics in the heart of Athens
Giving heart attacks to faint-hearted actors
Ripping a fair ladies heart to tatters
Hard-hearted, I'm hard as satyrs
Hit the heart of the matter till the armour shatters
So here's a message that ought to disarm attackers
Piss off, go on scarper, fuckers

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Dispersing any mercenary
That turns up lairy

Turning their nerves to jelly
Hurt them plenty
Popping open arteries like I burst a levee
Their certain death is the first of many
Left under turf and buried
Deserving every penny they've earned
And now they're cursed
To spend it all on a burial urn, burn
One day maybe you'll learn not to be
Such a know-it-all ask Socrates
Hot for teacher, getting those top degrees
All of these gods are a tough lot to please
And if there's one moral that I got from Greece
It's that war's nothing but the cost of peace
So I'm giving you an otorhinolaryngotomy
For a second I forgot to breathe
Oxygen is a privilege, it's got to be
Letting you continue living? Nah, it's not for me

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