

Squadrons

Dan Bull

Empire
Rebellion
Rebellion
Empire

Empire, rebellion, entire battalions
Of Corellians with a red fire in their belly and ready for anything
Rebellion, empire, I'm penning a memoir
Of valiant women and men who'll ascend higher
Than the tyranny sent by the Emperor

Let me cut to the chase, you see those dots up in space?
Each one's a star where wars are part of all their customary days
And plus whose dominant traits are trading shots because they
Who opted not to obey that heinous doctrinal faith of Vader's
Got in the way and aimed to stop it prevailing
Make it fail at the hands of renegades who got a little base
Used it to blow up that big grey bollock that shot up the place
Based on information Bothans bravely took for costs that were paid in blood
And were slain, their loss for our gain will not be in vain
Our squadrons will take their place, this is not just a game
We're a natural team, held fast with mental tractor beams
Established through practice, sat at the helms of these exact machines
We've had to see so many ravaged home planets and shattered dreams
Displaced populations are dispersed like scattered seeds
And now our foes are reaping what they've sown, a blue harvest
As shadows of the empire flee the light, they'll know a true darkness
Like Anakin who started nice and then he grew heartless
Amputating Luke's arm, shit can you believe how rude Darth is?
Just another abusive father going too far with it
Regardless, he's getting attacked from all sides like new carpets

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We're keeping the squad tight, if we see you it's on sight
It's not the size of the dog in the fight, it's the size of the fight in the
dog in the dogfight
"What's a dog?" I'm not sure, alright then, a Wookie on all fours
You don't have to be pedantic, why's everything got to be canon, even the fa
nfic?
I'll boldly go where no one has gone before, Mordor
Flying, soaring through the Eye of Sauron till I hit Hogwarts
Are you getting involved in a perilous cult or assisting the cause, the rebe
l assault?
You're selling your soul when every second and every call could affect the r
esult?
This is the sort of profession that you could never insure at all
You can't even fill in the relevant forms and not get a hell of a sore belle
nd and balls
When you're heading with reckless abandon through Beggar's Canyon
Can't deduce whether theseimps are stupid or sinister, better ask Hanlon
Handling business with my companions, that's the best thing, now I'm flexing
But getting in the line of fire of our X Wings' as reckless as driving while

texting
Senses heightened, I sense a pre-emptive strike in
Seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, bomb, get ready for defensive fighting
Blowing up a flagship only for the brags it allows now that's some expensive
Hijinks
Flying uninsured, I've dented up my rented Y-wing
Still the finest fighter pilots signed up to fight and die
Let's finally find the flight to firefight the tyrants' frightful violence
We pilots harmonize and strike like violins' tightened wire strings
As bows hit bows we bow then vow to finally bring
This evil Empire to an end just like the Death Star
We detonated every deck, even the medic, creche and restaurant

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(Space, the final frontier)