

# The Surge

Dan Bull

I've got this  
I've got this  
I've got this

I'm slowly roasting under the solar rays  
Been stuck in this hole for days  
What virtuoso made the oh-so great proposal  
Of drones with blades  
Hey, don't separate my nose and face  
My looks will go to waste  
I was low a moment ago  
But pain's a way to motivate  
I don't suppose they'll float away  
So I'll make a new way to negotiate  
I, turn over the page with no delay  
I'm my own protege  
I'm a dark soul with two hard shoulders  
Known as the motorway  
So don't you dare overtake  
Or you'll need a new coat of paint  
Severing extremities is a clever method  
We use to lose a load of weight  
Your tech's like your culture:  
Free for me to go and appropriate  
Those flows provoke debate  
Blowing up at an explosive rate  
So debased I won't associate with you  
You're overrated  
I'd prefer to go on a date  
With a moldy plate of roast potatoes  
Craving so voracious I could float in space  
And won't be weightless  
How the heck did I get so big?  
Sticking tech to my exo rig  
But it's never sufficient  
I'm already getting ready for the next growth  
So let's go dig

Never mind the gods and their schemes  
We are the cogs in their machine  
The wildest fighting dogs you've ever seen  
Blood  
Petrol  
Metal  
Sweat and dreams

Adapt to stress, disaster  
Like a committed method actor  
No happy ever after  
A vicious metal raptor  
With the extra X factor  
Collecting tech scrap for  
The aptitudes I have to yet master  
Get faster  
Test, you'll get your neck snapped  
So It's messed up like It's Glen Baxter's sketchpad  
That's drenched in alphabet pasta

Sepp blatter  
Deceptive bastard  
Fully fledged engine of vengeful havoc  
A tragic ending's pending  
When you're a drunk trying to enter traffic  
Shrapnel spins severed limbs  
Liquidating everything  
From megaliths  
To insignificant details we see the devil in  
We go to the CREO party  
Dismantle the demonarchy  
Don't start when you can't complete  
Or your arteries will receive no heartbeat

Never mind the gods and their schemes  
We are the cogs in their machine  
The wildest fighting dogs you've ever seen  
Blood  
Petrol  
Metal  
Sweat and dreams

I've got this

Someone call a doctor  
I've got this

Doctor, I've got this urge  
But I'm lost for words  
Feel like I'm on the verge of popping off  
Do not disturb  
Call off the search  
I've lost my nerve  
Giving you just desserts  
I'm kicking you off of the kerb  
My golly gosh, that must have hurt

(Never mind!)

Never mind the gods and their schemes  
We are the cogs in their machine  
The wildest fighting dogs you've ever seen  
Blood  
Petrol  
Metal  
Sweat and dreams