

# War of Dawn of War of Dawn

Dan Bull

Blood ravens here again, aim: secure the spear of Khaine  
And kill assailants making spurious claims against the realest reign  
They came in vein in chase of fame, now they're facing steel in rain clouds  
So they doubtless feel the strain when they hear our name  
No fear of pain, the only fear we claim's the fear of shame  
Of breaking the sacred and ancient consecration we're obeying  
Should you see us kneeling it's merely because we feel like praying  
Been trained to persevere, even when severely maimed  
Bones disappear to bits of meal, betwixt gear and chain  
If you're bleeding out we'll sear the vein with healing flame  
And if you're still laying the you will forever here remain  
But if your zeal attained us valour, you were not killed in vain

In the dawn of war we fight hordes of Orks  
Born to die, that's why we're brought here, all  
In the dawn of war we fight Eldar forces  
Forfeit life and all the glory's yours

I'm torn straight from the pages of white dwarfs  
You can call me racist but I just don't like Orks  
It's a hatred formed inside, I'm born to die for  
It's the way that I was brought, don't call it my fault  
Nor is it the fault of a soldier that's brought the Cyprus Ultima  
Excited as I'd be to cypher with cypress hill, Tolkien and Marshall  
Multiple times while I'm holding the giant warhammer, striking a Dulcimer  
Salting the earth, halting the rule of an adulterous sultanate  
And what's the result of it? I'm the holder of dark knowledge  
Devoted to pass on the culture like Marc Collins  
Barbarous? Far from it, I'm rather more like a barber is  
'Cause I chop pieces of people off for a living and find it marvelous

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I navigate my way across the blood river  
The thick hot ichor hits like a shot of good liquor  
Invigorated, digging craters with the God Splitter  
In a baptism of Viscera, what an odd vicar  
So stop chitter chattering, there isn't a sod sicker  
Dropping cadavers like a chav'd drop litter  
Now let me tell any Ork gang if you thought Dan would allow you  
To walk on his back like a doormat then you're attacking a straw man  
Stroll in under the fold of a torn banner, holding a warhammer  
While I'm picking all manner of holes in your grammar  
You're soaking your pants like a bloke with an overly full bladder  
What's that in your ballsac? Fuck all, twat, oh snap

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Maybe you'll get it when the angel Gabriel pays you a visit  
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