

X-Triptych

Dan Bull

Welcome to the next generation

Man, I feel like a superstar in a high powered supercar
Shoot for the stars, no stopping me, I'm revving up a cacophony
Doesn't matter whatever you offer me
Won't swap it for anything, honestly
The road ahead of me's calling
And pole position is where I've just got to be
I'm an ace in a race, set a pace
That'll take you to a range of places
Make you say, "Ooh, great, amazing"
A trail in my wake as I blaze away
'Cause it's the way that I make my paper
Do me a favour: Get out of my way, bruh
Boy racer with places to be
So it's safe to say I'll see you later

Forza Motorsport, will open doors to a sort of ocean port
That'll flow a course from coast to shores, the poetry of motion's yours
Saddle up, we're going on tour, you'll ride astride your chosen horse
Through a load of applause, such force
You were only supposed to blow the doors
Horsepower, galloping gallantly, shoot for the stars, Galileo Galilei
Hey! Don't prang my McClaren, geez, the tab to patch up the damage
Is grand as your annual salary and apparently you just cannot handle me
So hand me the keys as I shoot for the stars blasting these supercars
To a brand new galaxy

Yeah, uh, yeah
Let's go

There's dead on every street, the city's a cemetery
So evidently, you better believe it's better to get up and leave
If that's something you'll ever achieve
Well then you will need to get a bit mean
With the endless sea of horrendous beings
That'll see your flesh as a delicacy
They want to find out how your meat tastes
One bite is all it takes
Should you make a small mistake
They'll make you their next gourmet steak
The stakes have been raised, son
Can you stave the invasion?
From the cradle to the grave, you'll save
All walks of life and death when you slay them

I'll make tools, then I slay fools
Though I break rules, stay faithful
To the label of a fellow cutting straight through you
From the nape of the neck to the navel
Maybe it's painful, maybe it's not
I don't know, your brains are all rotten
And though you may have forgotten the way that it was
I won't let you forget when I take you to God
With a homemade blade aimed straight at your schnoz
I don't suppose there'll be that much tissue left
To let you blow your nose

And so it goes on, the contagion continues
It'll blatantly take every grain of the patience
And latent frustration that's waiting within you

Skill

Yeah, uh, yeah
Let's take it back

Rome, the place I name as my home
Made it my own and I'll die before I see it overthrown
I'm one of the most valiant fighters, I'm known as Marius Titus
This city's in my blood as valuable as my life is
With all of the troops, Legions at hand
We're ruling a huge region of land
Reaching through France and even Britannia
And for that, we've Caesar to thank
For seizing it and I think of the man
When I'm leading a siege and I see that the ranks
Are in need of command, eager to mangle
A people as weak as we are grand

Ryse

This isn't my kind of war, the thing that I'm fighting for
Gibbon's Decline and Fall didn't begin describing all
The wicked things that Titus saw, his sight is raw, his eyes are sore
Lives withdrawn with violent force, civilian killing with knives and swords
Now my kids and wife are torn asunder, souls all but plundered
I hunger for vengeance on the men responsible, I've called their number
I'm a lord of thunder striding right in with the force and might
Of lightning strikes, I will never bore or tire
Of war or fighting, Ryse

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