

Bombshell

Dan Bull

Every one of my friends is dead
Now all I want is revenge instead
I'm a part-time engine head
And a part-time filler of heads with lead
Ever since the Washington Incident
I've been itching to become intimate
In the militant tense
With those who have triggered and given defence
In a literal sense
I'm taking 'em out
Not on a date
But I'm laying them down
I hate the debate with the Gamergaters
And Tumblr pages are just player haters

I'm a bombshell
Nothing will stop me from being a bombshell
Whether disability or demons from hell
I stick to my guns just in case you can't tell
You've just been hit by a bombshell

Every one of my friends is dead
Now all I want is revenge instead
Blowing Kyrronite
Like dynamite
On ammunition, diminish any sign of life
In my line of sight
There's two types of guys
Those that will buy me a pint
Or die
Some say I'm arrogant
But that's bad of them
Nah, the fact is I'm adamant
That with practise I'll smash any challenges
And be the champion
I fancy my chances
A warrior woman, an Amazon
Run any marathon
I'm Shelly Harrison
I am a calm, collected person
With a bionic arm, but I'm set to burst
On any threat that's lurking
Get to working
Instead of just sitting on the net just surfing

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Recognise I'm mechanised
Wrecking lives
What you reckon, nice?
I live an isometric life

But I spread dread in concentric lines
So step in line
Or you're getting fired
By electric shells and electromines
You're treading a fine line
I'm heading to find President Skye
Zeroth is mine
Race to the end
Repel an attacker
Say hello to my friend
Motherflakker

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