

Hellblade: Senua's Song

Dan Bull

Is it any surprise I feel listless
When I see strange lights and hear whispers
The beings always seem to have something to discuss
And it's tough to predict if it'll be disgusting
Sometimes they point me the right way
A lifesaver but too unreliable to be called my saviour
No one around me can hear them or see them or feel them all breathing
Appearing to me disappearing as easily
Here when I need them and here when I don't
A relief and a fear to me
Seeing the ghosts of deceased who were near to me
Leave for the coast bringing grief and a tear with me
Seeking reprieve from the fury that's jeering me
But it seems that they're deemed to be here with me
Real as the me that I see in the mirror
Every minute, every week, every year 'til infinity

All that we see and hear and feel is real
As long as we believe it's real
'Til our walls come crumbling down
Everything is real

I don't know whether you might know this
But back then we didn't do diagnosis
We were too blinded by our views to quite notice
The difference between demons and true psychosis
So those most prone to it you might know
Were left to float on their own through the gloom like Moses
Eschewed by those that should have stood by closest
To comply with the group who never knew my motive
Who knows what induced it, was it through mitosis
Trauma, eating funny mushrooms in too high doses
Giving you mycosis? Wish I knew why floating
In my supine boat. Roam alone but in two minds rowing
Reciting the poems that I knew by rote
And now the moonlight glow gives a new bright hope
I never lose my focus
'Til I've opened up my mind showing you my opus

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The furies fume in the eerie gloom
Whispering that the darkness will be here with me soon
It must be real, I can feel the abuse
Feel it breathing on my shoulder round my neck like a noose
It's no delusion, no effect I've produced
No confusion, no illusion, there's a threat on the loose
They're always with me, Lord forgive me
Give me the fortitude to force secure the doors of misery
I'm falling quickly more than simply sickly
This is something dormant that was borne within me
Forming in my thoughts, I'm in deep
But I've learned to live with it
And I urge you to purge your prejudice

That led you to spurn and reject me
Just because of hurtful ignorance
Picture it, the pict who never picked her deck
Picking up the pieces of her past and repositioning it
Listen to my voice as if you're listening to voices in your head
And pick a different choice instead

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