

The Order

Dan Bull

Order. Order!

Let the right honourable gentleman speak

(Ahhhhh)

These dark streets creep with Half-Breeds
We can't see through the smog; the deep fog falls
We can't breathe
We can't seem to keep the peace, appease the beast
Police the streets easily, you see
We have been seemingly waging a war
Ceaselessly since the days of yore and ages before
We came from the court of King Arthur
And we've been battling happily ever after
Knights in shining armor never died; a timeless martyr
We ride from by the harbour to the heart of night and farther
So hide inside your parlour
Unless you'd like to try to find whose knives are sharper
I will slice you like a barber
But the demons of Fleet Street aren't Sweeney Todd
Barbarically to Half-Breeds, he's a teeny dot
It's like likening the hijabi to a bikini top
I know, these asynchronous references should really stop

The Order is heading for war
More important than ever before
The Order is heading for war
And I warn you, we'd better be Ready At Dawn

So, in no particular order, let me introduce the Order
First of all, there's me, Sir Percival
The author of this verse I rip with vicious flow
And then there's Isabeau
What's that? No realistic women in gaming? Is it though?
She's wicked, bro, I haven't met a classier lassie yet
And I'll bet you'll laugh at the banter with Lafayette
Sir Galahad's a gallant lad, so glad I had him gallop
Had I not, the team would be approximately
Three quarters as bad as that
Together, we're battling infestation of perverted termites
And instead of bug killer, we've thermite
Turing the searchlight on them 'til we hit the turnpike
And despite the dark, the lights in our hearts will burn bright
Like a burning zeppelin, and by my reckoning
We've earned the right to eternal life in Heaven
So God better let us in
And by my reckoning
We've earned the right to eternal life in Heaven
So God better let us in

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