

This Song Is About the 2017 Video Game Prey and Not About Famed Leica

Dan Bull

Another day
Another spin of the Atlas
Another day
Another calendar page stacked up
Pull myself up off the mattress
Get changed
Then make a cup of the black staff
I've had enough practise
Practically captive
A lab rat running laps, hapless
Red eyed like rastas
I'm either very tired
Or something's happened disastrous
The redder the sclera
The bigger the terror
I regret
There's been a bit of clerical error
I've been subjected to medical tests
That have hyper-developed my genitals
Jealous?!

It's the genesis, fellas
Neuromods
To ride the punany
Here me now
Wish I had this earlier
It's criminal
I can have lived as long with a willy this minimal
Now I'm enhancing my chances
Of dancing with phantoms
That haven't had a man that's as handsome
Holding their sanctum
The mansion to ransom
While humming the national anthem
A panther run rampant
From aft to foredeck
Don't ask what's before Dec
It's "Ant and"
Put on a londoner accent
And you can rhyme it with pj and duncan
Danke schon
Gang star
Tailing prey
Transtar
Bailey jay
Moby dick on a mobius strip
No whaling this way
Sail away

Sail away
Sail away
Sail away
Sail away
Sail away...

Talos one
Floating in space

Ballast gone
No hope in this place
Phallus, dong
Stop Joking
It's taking any remaining pathos
Out of the song
What a shameful waste

I told them to make it
And they made it
Probably nothing to do with me
But never mind I'll take it
Never mind I'll take it
Never mind I...
Never mind, I'm Morgan You
Who you talking to?
Don't mind me
I'm just sorting through resources
To recycle a knife fork and spoon
And I might leave you covered all in gloo
With shimmering shine like a morning dew
You've been sleeping, haven't you?
Dormez vous

Dark harvest
Marvellous
I'm a bastard
My style is fatherless
Shout to Osiris, Joe bananas
Far from harmless when I go banans
Mad scientist, I'm not clothed in armor
Do it Bruno Mars style
No pyjamas
I'm that bloke in dramas
Fulfilling the trope:
Hero protagonist
Forcing rhymes in broken english
Like I'm twiddling the dial on a broken wireless
Psychotronic science is quite horrid
Take a typhon and a siphon the life from it
Now we're surprised that they want to fight for it?
It's an eye for an eye, and mines bollocksed
So now I'm a fightoholic
Ready to bounce like a lowrider's hydraulics