

# 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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