

Rebirth

Hadouken!

We'll rise again
We'll rise again
We'll start again

Like they rose from the dead again,
Such thoughts move straight through their head again,
Blessed as the children of men,
Who saw that swords strike less than the pen.

Surfacing from primordial waters
We are the sons and daughters of Rawkus,
Take your pretence to the slaughter,
Leave adversaries hung, drawn in quarters.

As we awoke that morning, yawning,
Blessed with a new skin forming,
Eyes squinting, claret still pouring,
Fists clenched, grasping, crying out calling,
Lungs gasping, absorbing endorphin,
We this unsuccessful abortion,
Spartan spawn, sworn,
Raised for warring,
All told and we're reborn again.

I don't need their eyes on me,
I don't need no sympathy.