The Bard's Secret

Dan Bull

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

A word in your ear if I may...Well met, stranger
Elated to make your acquaintance
Now, may I entertain you with some quotations over cadence?
You see, I bear some rare, amazing information
And you look like someone who is used to strange situations
There is a hidden portal within the Bard's College
I was brought through, an immortal to impart knowledge
About an other-wordly form of Redguard sonnet
They took a thumping drum beat and said bars on itI wandered through Solitude, departed Haafingar
Past Hjaalmarch, through The Reach, east of Markarth
I reached the Whiterun Hold
I preached in rhyme and told the people
That the need to speak was higher than the price of gold
Nothing can beat soul, not even sweet rolls
I've got it locked like a pick stuck in a keyhole
I leave you wee trolls wishing that you'd re-rolled
By the Nine Divines, my rhyme's a sight to behold
My freeholds are threefold
I rock the property chain
'Cause I'm the top bloody Thane in this Monopoly game
So you'd better watch the throne, Stormcloak
'Cause you're getting overthrown by an ordinary bloke
It's high time Skyrim had a new High King
And I like hiking - it's quite exciting :)
I'm descended from the Vikings back in my kingdom
But my lyric writing's better than my skill at fighting
My pen is mightier than swords; it's the right choice
They call me "MF Thu'um" when I use my VoiceWith each rap, my Speechcraft keeps stacking
If you could see the graph, you'd actually be laughing
You'll never sound as fresh, I'm a rockstar
I climb the seven thousand steps to High Hrothgar
Like Jurgen Windcaller, my words'll bring more disorder

Than mixing Skooma in an Orcish brigand's drink order
A bawdy bard that raps, my Voice'll cause your cart to crash
Your horse's armor cracks under the awesome force of Paarthurnax
But here's the secret I needed to tell:
You can be an MC with me aswell
Forget the Blades, me and you don't need the Greybeards
Who are Mehrunes Dagon and the Daedra to an atheist?
Mages, take your Spell Tome and go the hell home
'Cause who needs boots of speed when we've got shell toes?
And, so whether you drink Honeymead or Alto
Be sure that Dan'll smelt flows 'til all of Tamriel knows
You should use the bars of the bard deep inside you
And 'til we meet again, friend: Talos guide you
Talos guide you

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