

## Bioshock infinite rap

Dan Bull

And the Songbird sings...  
(It's Infinite)

This is for the voices who are unheard  
Who never back-talked one word to the Songbird  
This is for the second class citizens, and prisoners locked alone  
I bring a list of things the prophet wants you not to know  
I've got to blow the propaganda out the box and so  
Open up the rift and put this disc into your Voxophone  
I'll take your brain to places it doesn't often go  
So brace yourself for take off and watch the show  
I'm properly known as Booker DeWitt  
And I've had enough of this shit  
Fed up of being stuck in a rut  
So I'm looking to rough up a couple of pricks  
And accomplish a mission to look for a woman imprisoned and stuck in a city  
where something's amiss  
Like the rhythm the government's drumming to whip the anger of the people  
Daily handling the stress  
While I've just ambled in from gambling and landed in a mess  
And I'm telling ya, Elizabeth isn't a damsel in distress  
She's the damn best wingman to ever don a dress  
To be honest, we've loads of things  
In common, we both can bring an opening  
We're probably closer twins  
Than Robert and Rosalind  
I throw my grapple and aim  
To blow the back of your brain out  
And contemplate on why we play those irrational games  
My main foe is Zachary Hale Comstock  
The day his reign begun, a fundamental bomb dropped  
Columbia's on lockdown  
Every day they're destroying somebody, so what now?  
Send for Daisy Fitzroy  
The rich get fatter, while the slums are getting hungrier  
It's a matter of time before they pull the rug from under you  
We'll make your money disappear from you like a conjurer  
And overthrow the fundies that are plundering Columbia

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So, I know this is absurd and sounds bananas  
But have you observed the way they worship founding fathers?  
That's why the Vox Populi have hurtled out the darkness  
Emerged, about to start to turn around and clout this heartlessness  
If this disc is flying, you'll be dying like you're Hyacinth  
Hirelings or higher things  
Vox Populi's guys or Jeremiah Fink's  
If they pile in on me, then they're receive undying violence  
I'll lynch the pious kings with the silent wire strings  
From the tiny violins that won't be crying when they're lying singed  
Ignite the tinder, set the sky alight in flights of cinders  
And let freedom ring inside your cries like the singer  
That's like trying to hide your violent injuries, as if they're minor things  
, by keeping just a tiny thimble on your finger  
One hand holds Vigors

The other pulls triggers  
I'm a multi-tasking action man with a glass full of malt liquor  
Salt licker  
Rapture's contraptions are fantastic  
But don't exist yet, so that is how we pack Plasmids  
No need to hack gadgets  
The manner in which I battle a Handyman is akin to black magic  
My life's a play where every act's tragic

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