Tracking / Ishnifus and the Challenge

Dethklok

We're searching
We're trying

So much time has passed since Toki was taken
They've left no trace of him, of this I'm not mistaken
This man, his abductor with the silver face
A freakish, deadly demon; a bastard, a disgrace
Born and left alone, never knew his mother
Who was killed during birth, but left him a brother
Together, they were trained to kill those who crossed his path
His brother died in Mordhaus and now he blames the band, so

We have our best men on it
What else are we supposed to do?
We're trained to ex-filtrate him
They are so good, what can we do?
We have our best men on it
What else are we supposed to do?
We're trained to ex-filtrate him
We know we must save his life

We must track him
We must find him
We must rescue him
We are running out of time (2x)
Toki; if we don't hurry up, he just might die!

Word from the field, information for thee
That we've hired the best man to find the entity
He is the best tracker that is known around
And has exceptional equipment, both sight and sound

He was raised by wolves, he can kill with his teeth
He can blend into shadows, he can hide in a tree
If he cannot find Toki, then nobody can

I'm telling you sire, this is our man!

That's good. Where is he?

He's dead

Oh. Throw him in the garbage

Don't throw him away, there's more we can do
The dead can sometimes talk and offer us a clue

Sire, there's a drive hid within this dead man's torso
We can play this video on the main computer console

I see what you're doing, and you're trying to kill me!
But I won't let that happen, 'cause I still got Toki!
If you send another man, we will kill her and he!
I'll be waiting here for Dethklok in the depths of humanity!

We have our best men on it
What else are we supposed to do?

We're trained to ex-filtrate him
They are so good, what can we do?
We have our best men on it
What else are we supposed to do?
We're trained to ex-filtrate him
We know we must save his life

Toki; If we don't hurry up, he just might die!

We must call of the search
They have the upper hand
I've failed at my work
And I've failed this band

You mustn't worry, my friend
For you see, there's an answer
I know what we have to do

Alright, let's hear it

Gentlemen, I must speak to you
On behalf of the Church of the Black Klok
My words will never be as weighty
As they are right now, this is a challenge for you

I already don't like the sound of this

Many years from now, you'll know this
Moment was the one that proved your spirit
You must go in alone and save your brother

You mean coworker

I mean brother

You means rhythms-guitarist

I mean brother

Not brother, band-mate

I mean brother

Guy, stop syaing 'brother'. You're grossing us out, thank you

You must be heroes

I await your decision

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