

Part One

MC Chris

The horror, it was Zorro
He was wearin' a mask
I was out with my folks
And we was havin' a laugh

We didn't do this too often,
mingle with the proletariats
folks were [?]
And too often they were scaredy cats

Always goin' out
Leavin' me with the help
Always raising funds
And I'm left by myself

They saw that I was missin out
On being a kid
Dad said we're going out
And I'm flippin' my lid

I was lost in the dark
like that time in the cave
Surrounded by bats
Alone and afraid

Big Z on my screen
Meant dueling and danger
Someone so evil
Can focus their anger

A hero that sent the unjust to their ruin
A mask to protect from people pursuin'
A cape to conceal a collection of tricks
And eveything black, on this he insists

I am the Batman
I jump up and then I land
You don't know what I got in my hand
The shape of a bat you go "SPLAT!" and "KABLAM!"

I am the Dark Knight
I do whats right, but I do it out of spite
Don't look quite right if you turn on the light
I'll land with a boom [?] fight

Dad had the limo out back
I was sacked out cause I'm a little lad
Don't wanna be older, head's on a shoulder
I heard a loud sound, and I went on the ground

It was sad [?] and my father was dead
My mother was screamin' till she was shot in the head.
See pearls in a puddle that was suddenly red
The memory gets muddled except what the man said

"Ever dance with the Devil
In the pail moon light?"

A riddle I'll remember
For the rest of my life

This killer was a chiller
I was froze to the bone
Alfred found me, I was howlin'
Like a pup on his own

I made a promise to my parents
In the circle of light
I would vanquish evil in a cape
Maybe some tights

I didn't know how I would do it
Or which form I would take
I just knew it was a creature
Only I could create

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[?]
pack plenty of socks
brought a legion of luggage
drug it down to the docks

But I gave them the slip
Stowed away on a freight
I was pissed with being rich
Life's a bitch, so they say

Foreign land, with the plan
and the knowledge within
for soon I'd be a man
that would need to begin

This quest to be best
And defend the opressed
Packed in the projects
Like objects and pests

I'd have to return
But for now, I would train
I learned tracking and hunting
On the African plain

In China learned Tao
Japan, I learned Jiu Jitsu
Don't believe you would bleed
Well let me convince you

Nerve pinch [?]
[?]
Used the Quivering Palm
In a fight take a life

Over a hundred forms
Of hand-to-hand anguish
[?]
Learned every language

Studied [?] with ninjas
disguise and escape
Learned boxing, detoxing
Concealing with capes

Went to Cambridge, [?]
But never for too long
'Fore the end of the semester
I would have to be gone

Came home to forgotten
Gothem's so rotten and twisted
Came home to my mansion
It's a vast stash of riches

Brooding in the darkness
With a bust of my father
A bat through the window
A question of honor

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