

Hondo Maclean, Mortal Kombat

Fight combat so you've got to go, go, gone
This surge has taken destined to bestow

Get over here
Cold morning wrapped in shivering silence
I hear the fountains pour and I'm reassured
Alive
Before I forget to remember

Final round, saltwater swallow choke my lung
Caught out blue tears in the company of none
All drunken eyes
Raining just like the day I heard of
Your devastating acceleration

Rain kept hitting ground, I drown
My head is in the clouds
And I am soaked right through
Gotta dry these dripping clothes
Or else every hand I shake
Could catch these dripping blues
Gotta dry these dripping clothes
Or else every hand I shake
Could catch these dripping blues
Gotta dry these dripping clothes
I've gotta get out of these dripping clothes

We're staring into
A void that seems to be, everywhere between
The skyline down to the sea
Shine your distant rest - anaethetised

Finish him
Sun's gone to plan for a better day
Sun's gone to plan for
Fatality, flawless victory