

## **Borialis**

# **"Mightier Than the Sword"**

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I'm spittin' with the venom  
To your soul through flesh and denim  
I kill every opponent with the message that I send 'em  
And I leave 'em, with no heart-beatin', the lungs  
breathin'  
Their last thought was questioning the demon they  
believe in  
Forcing me to start kickin' mental martial arts  
Piercing they hearts, with all these metaphorical darts  
Make use of this verbal abuse and call a truce  
'Cause the verse hurts worse, and works quick as a  
noose  
Stop frontin', you wantin' my mouth to stop running  
Some sought assault, but the thoughts kept comin'  
The last man who tried, well, he died in his sleep  
I can't believe what I was saying put him 6 feet deep  
Diagnosed with an overload flow to his brain  
I guess the truth that I told him, must have drove him  
insane  
Any rough @\$@., can pull the trigger, but I'm bigger  
The poisoned lyrics make you sick quicker than liquor  
So go blast your gun, I'm gonna be the one who'll be  
yellin' victory  
When all is said and done son

Now I'm battling my wars  
With chords and metaphors  
Lord knows the pen's mightier than the sword  
Armed with my thoughts and the almighty force  
For sure the pen's mightier than the sword  
Destroy the flesh, but the core will endure  
Of course the pen's mightier than the sword

So blow me up with a bomb, I'll move on and go beyond  
Like the wayward son, and carry on  
I'm forever green, I'm what you never seen before  
What you thought was raw was far from hardcore  
I'm alive on a compact disc, I never miss, I always hit  
Assuring I'll forever exist  
Three times as arrogant as Cannabis is  
Now they teaching classes, calling it The Borial-  
Analysis

I grip the mic as if I'm never gonna pass it  
When I spit the ancient and eternal to the masses  
Enthusiastic, opposite of plastic  
Just recorded this shit, and it's already classic  
Man on a mission, holding my position  
With no war paints, just poetic ammunition

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Combat, without physical contact, you're under attack  
Gettin' bashed, smashed, slashed, and gashed  
With the sharp tongue, piercin' your ear drum  
It's fearsome, slinging your gun son, I ain't even got  
one  
I'm doing what I say, and saying what I mean  
With words that cut clean from a poet supreme  
I flip tha Tai-Chi Chuan, droppin' terrorist bombs  
With blood from Lebanon like Kahlil Gibran  
I reside in the hills outside the city walls  
Behind closed doors with the infinite source  
While you're dwellin' in your hood, inhaling the smog  
I'll be in the woods, puffin' logs talkin' to God  
Uninvolved with ya'll, I'm watchin' all far from afar  
Loungin' on a mountain top, countin' the stars

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Mightier than the sword (3X)

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