

# Samurai Champloo, Battlecry

sharp like an edge of a samurai sword  
the mental blade cut through flesh and bone  
though my mind's at peace, the world out of order  
missing the inner heat, life gets colder  
oh yes, I have to find my path  
no less, walk on earth, water, and fire  
the elements compose a magnum opus  
my modus operandi is amalgam  
steel packed tight in microchip  
on my arm a sign of all-pro  
the ultimate reward is honor, not awards  
at odds with the times in wars with no lords  
a freelancer,  
a battle cry of a hawk make a dove fly and a tear dry  
wonder why a lone wolf don't run with a klan  
only trust your instincts and be one with the plan  
some days, some nights  
some live, some die  
in the way of the samurai  
some fight, some bleed  
sun up to sun down  
the sons of a battlecry  
some days, some nights  
some live, some die  
in the way of the samurai  
some fight, some bleed  
sun up to sun down  
the sons of a battlecry  
look, just the air around him  
an aura surrounding the heir apparent  
he might be a peasant but shine like grand royalty  
he to the people and land, loyalty  
we witness above all to hear this,  
sea sickness in the ocean of wickedness  
set sail to the sun set no second guessing  
far east style with the spirit of wild west  
the "quote-unquote" code stands the test of  
time for the chosen ones to find the best of  
noble minds that ever graced the face of  
a hemisphere with no fear, fly over  
the blue yonder where  
the sky meets the sea  
and eye meets no eye  
and boy meets world  
and became a man to serve the world  
to save the day, the night, and the girl too  
by Nujabes  
opening