

Shael Riley, Down With Bane

When the weekend comes, every time, sure enough, someone's like
"Yo, Shael. You wan' go to the club?"
Nah, I got something to take care of.
"Man, you talkin' 'bout that Gangrel Sheriff."
I came to roll dice.
I came to read books.
I came to eat snacks.
And get dirty looks from girls,
when they see me with my laws of the night.
"Is it my or is his groin emitting unholy light?"
I got an eight-foot penis.
I roll to jack off.
I'm the darkest dark lord
since friggin' lord soth.
So come on, tell me now
who's your new hero got that
plus two T H A C zero
and charisma eighteen.
No shame in my game
and the person to thank is my master Lord Bane.
I just got one fucking question for you.

Are you down with Bane?

Mister Big Shot, known to drop the beat and we
kickin' it Teshwave style in Zhentil Keep
because we keep coming back; the resilience is incredible
and if you're fucking with Blen then you're
fucking with Thorivol and if you're
fucking with Thorival you're out of your mind.
"Oh my god, teh death attack!"
Rogues do it from behind.
Better just keep both of your eyes on me
cause I got Boots of Move Silently.
I'll drop you in the first round,
then I cleave and I leave all your friends on the ground.
Going through your pockets,
cause I wanna.
Gotta get them lockets;
plus two armour.
So put away your dice.
You ain't got no game.
I'm a min-maxed twink.
You best know
I'm down with Bane.

(interlude)

Well what do you know? Surprise! It's me.
You released me from my prison when you hit level thirty-three.
Congratulations! I'm back from hell and in your basement to teach you the real spells.
Open your heart to me and open your wallet.
Buy all the suppliments and drop out of college.
Acknowledge that the Chic-tracts you read were right,
and when you reach the right level, we can party all night!

You see my man's more evil than any alive.
He'll make you shell out ninety dollars for three point five
when you bought three point 'O like six months away.
"But there's new artwork in there!"
This ain't no gallery show!
You wanna run with my crew? We got a couple of rules.
We never mess with the metaplot, unless we approved
by the DM and head of the local chapter.

Shared continuity's always a factor.

Just step back. I'm strapped and you know.

I pack composite long-bows.

I got a stake launcher; leave your primogen on the ground.

I got a mack-ten; that shit spits dragonsbreath rounds.

Step to me? You be gettin' assaulted.

I roll seven d-ten like I was fucking Exhausted.

So bring that lightning bolt, lightning bolt, lightning bolt, death!

I've been LARPin' longer than you've been playing Everquest.

I have my ghoul sneak into your haven and ignite,

then at Elysium, later that night, I won't invite ya

to my party.

"Here's to so and so. He couldn't make it. 'Hope I didn't crush his ribcage when I staked it, er, I mean 'three cheers for the Masquerade and blah blah blah.'"

Are you down with Bane?