

Lyrics from the VT & Yukon album "Level Up"



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Console War lyrics by Yukon

Well, the time drew near, and the fanboys gathered,
Into their camps they segregated.
And all that night, they glared at one another.
Each side, the other long berated.
For with the dawn came the rising of the console
That each group loved above the rest.
In melee would their loyalty be proven,
Their will put to ultimate test.

So fierce was competition for the market
That every mall across the land
Now bore insignia from every maker
Holding a few of every brand.
Thus had fans turned out in massive numbers,
Teeming in front of every store.
Employees knelt and prayed survive the onslaught
Of the coming of the console war!

The sun bled red in the eastern sky,
Small warmth against the winter chill.
Plumes of white smoke drifting to the sunrise,
As fanboys shifted stance, but still
They would not abandon their places in line
For no midnight sales had given them respite
To their hours, days, of not-so-patient waiting.
Tempers flared with the crimson light.
Repressed anger at other console-waiters
Who stood a chance their prize to snare
Made for arguments among the crowd of
Players, so that they were unaware
Of the inside movements of the store employees
Prepping to wide open their doors:
Fist-fights broke out as the speaker came on:
"We're open!" The cry of the console war!

In chaos, riots soon broke out
As gamers fought with untold fury.
They'd later find their acts quite hard
To explain to the jury!

When the store clerks at last came from hiding,
There was nothing left in the store but rubble.
Shattered plastic, shredded cardboard,
Ruined consoles for their trouble.
In their furor, fans had taken
To striking one another in the head
With those exact same consoles
They'd waited so long to purchase.
Then the manager of the institution said,
"From here on out, never more
Will we sell EVERY console on the same day
I don't want another console war!"

A Graymer's Lament

lyrics by Yukon

When I was just a little boy,
Video games brought me such joy.
My console was my favorite toy
In front of which I'd sit.
Yet now, when I take time to play,
I find my skills have gone away,
For though I scream and swear and pray,
My gaming's gone to piddle.
Right out to pasture, one might say.

Refrain:

'Cause I'm twenty-nine, my words don't rhyme,
And I feel like such a lamer.
But I tell you son, my time is done.
So sings the ancient graymer.

Each day, I'd while away the hours
Unlocking new amazing powers,
Searching mazes, dungeons, towers,
'Til my hands would twitch.
Today, if I can find the time,
My wife soon tells me it's a crime
To play so long, and if I whine,
She'll only start to explain that I'm being entirely unrea-
sonable about this. Yes, dear.

[Repeat Refrain]

My teen years were, no doubt, my height
Of prowess; we'd party all night
On LANs and Internets, despite
Our dire need to nap.
These days, I'm long in bed at ten,
Dreaming of long sessions when
I'd beat out all my friends, and then
Tell them their skills were quite bad, if I do say so my-
self. As a matter of fact, I DO say so myself.

[Repeat Refrain]

Bridge:

Hit twenty-two, what did I do?
I plum ran out of luck.
Newfangled games put me to shame:
I grind my teeth and yell, Gosh-darnit, how'd he get
over there so fast?

So I bring my story to a close
With a solemn warning. Here it goes:
Beware, my son, this path you chose,
For it may bring you heartache.
When your body no more takes caffeine,
When pizza damages your spleen,
Know that you have become a has-been.
Of games, you shan't partake any more. Hey, that actu-
ally kinda rhymed! Sort of. Mostly.

[Repeat Refrain]

Goldfarmin' lyrics by Yukon

Step one is just to find the spot
Where the mobs are tough and the loot is hot
Then to sell said loot - that's number three
Which will make me profit immensely!
What's that you say? I missed step two?
Fine then! I'll tell you what to do to be
Goldfarmin'!

First, pick a class built for solo play
Then grind on mobs all night and day.
Just script those macros; walk away -
Sell the vendor trash; put the gold on eBay.
If a GM spots you, better pray
You're at your keys, so you can say you're not
Goldfarmin'!

With epic loot, there's a special trick
(Check this out, it's pretty slick):
Find the in-game bug that'll dupe your thing
Then sell them both for double bling!
Or better, always keep one spare.
You'll ensure there's enough to share when you're
Goldfarmin'!

With all my tricks, I farm gold with ease;
I sell so much loot, people think I'm Chinese!

The hardest part is to not get caught,
Which is tricky when you sell alot.
I prefer to split between IGE
And the smaller sites to get so wealthy.
If they do, by chance, suspend my account,
I have thirteen more, so you can count on me
Goldfarmin'!

I Love My Computer

lyrics by Yukon

My love life's been quite poor of late,
A thing I must address.
It seems each time I find a date,
It's soon a total mess.
See, when I'm walking down the street,
And a girl catches my eye,
When we two one-on-one can meet,
I get hung out to dry.

Oh, Sheila was sweet; so was Joanna,
Lord help me, Rhonda was fine;
So too Sharona, and Rhiannon,
Not one of them could I make mine.
Just really fast, they'd walk away,
This strange look on their faces.
I'd hear from police the next day
To not visit their home places.
It's true I smell 'cause I don't bathe,
And laundry I'm not doin'.
But is why they so behave
Causing me only ruin?

Then I remember, there's one girl
Who's always been around.
To me, she means the whole world;
It's this I must expound:

I love my computer!
She plays games for me, and DVD's, and keeps me on
the Internet.
She's unlike any woman that I've ever met.
Yes it's true:
Computer, I only wanna be with you.

Well, who needs girlfriends when you've got
A lady who treats you right
By screaming "Kill Spree!" and "Headshot!"
Long late into the night?
I touch her gently, deep inside,
To upgrade her hardware.
I could just weep with joy and pride,
For she's without compare.
Her video card is liquid-cooled,
She's got four gigs of RAM.
Her RAID-config is freshly tooled,
And she never gives me spam.
Her brilliant thirty-inch LCD
Brightens my darkest day:
"How 'bout a game?" she speaks to me,
And now I've got to say,

I love my computer!
With her I play each night and day until my strength is
gone.
I fall asleep beneath the light of the monitor turned on.
I'm sure she knew:
Computer, I think I wanna marry you.

Fatal exception has occurred? Oh, computer, not you
too! Oh baby! BABY!

Life is a Game

lyrics by Yukon

I'd buy what I want from a vendor -
Go on a shopping spree!
Far-off places, foreign lands,
Wild creatures I'd go see!
I'd pause for food or rest,
But only periodically.
Yeah, nothing'd be the same
If life were like a game.

I'd rally friends and teammates
To be a leader proud.
We'd fight for honor (or hot loot)
And shout our anthems loud!
Together, we would stand amidst
The cheers of the crowd!
Yeah, nothing'd be the same
If life were like a game.

I'd think about what way to use
My resources would be best.
I'd try to learn about other forces
So I'd know, not guess.
Maybe I'd seek out other courses
Than war, I should confess.
Yeah, nothing'd be the same
If life were like a game.

There'd be consequences for all your actions
For evil or for good.
Each person that you meet would matter.
That's how plotlines should
Unfold, demonstrating all
Meaning that it could.
Yeah, nothing'd be the same
If life were like a game.
Life is just a game.
Life is just a game!
Life is just a game.

Moral Values

lyrics by Yukon

It started back with GTA, then Sims and Elder Scrolls.
"Concerned parents" - in other words, some dummies
just too old
To know or care what's in our games.
Fearful from TV hype,
These wise old fools all gathered round and came up
with this tripe:
"These games are full of awful things,
like violence and porn
And naughty language, and the French!"
Thusly, a plan was born:
To pass a law to protect kids, enforced across the land:
In every store in every state: to make a gaming ban!

Chorus:

Games are bad for children,
so we'll keep 'em outta sight.
We're righteous, freedom-loving folk
and it's our sacred right
To legislate what's good or bad.
And even though we might
Be wrong, we won't admit it,
so get ready for a fight!

First, they hired enough lawyers that they formed
into a pack,
Then they sent them to the courtrooms, programmed
ready to attack.
Next, they bought off politicians to be spokesfolk
for their cause
(After all, such figures need not only votes,
but applause).
They even had celebrities who rallied to their banner.
Oddly enough, some were in R-rated films!
What manner of double standard might this be?
"Oh, our kids don't watch those!"
Meanwhile, at home, young Johnny's learned to access
Playboy shows...

[Repeat Chorus]

When the day at last came in court, the judge said,
"Each law trying to ban all these games infringes
on free speech."
Said folks with brains, "We told you,
but you wouldn't listen, plus
If children want to learn to fight and rut and drink
and cuss,
It's not just games you'd have to ban,
but books, music, TV,
And pretty much most human beings
from sea to shining sea."
Despite all this, the war goes on, unto this very day.
I wish our robot overlords would hurry on their way.

[Repeat Chorus]

When Smacktards Attack

lyrics by Yukon

Yo, shut up and listen, and don't you be dissin'
Our rhymin' and chimin' 'bout peoples who pissin'
Us off with their idiot groanin' and moanin'
Like bitches in heat. Have a seat. You be shown
How these smacktards with drivel so damn adolescent
They give up the fact that they're way pre-pubescent.
Add their brains all together - it might coalesce
into one tasty monkey.

Attacks from these packs of degenerate mammals
Take place in the space of in-game chatting channels.
"Thanks sucker!" "You fucker!" "I owned you!"
"That's gay!"
You hear every jeer ten thousand times a day
Until, with a chill, intuition comes dawning:
These zerg-like young bastards are actually
spawning!
Their numbers redoubling, like ants they be crawling:
Gotta kill 'em all! (Pokemon!)

Chorus:

Like a swarm, like a plague, like a rabid wolf-pack,
These dumb n00bs will come. And there's
no turning back.
Prime your rockets, your magic, your lasers, your axe
when: smacktards attack!

We can see from your stares, from Medusa-like glares,
You think we've gone too far. How bizarre!
Let's compare
What would happen, if you, were caged up in a zoo
And required to live as the animals do.

Would not constant barrage from inane entourage
Make you quiver and shiver and gibber with rage?
'Course it would. And it should.
For these challenged-in-age creatures
Are much the same.

So now you can see just how happy we'd be
If only we're freed from their illit'racy.
As the smacktarded rise, the good gaming dies,
Our friends leaving in hordes for new games to try.
Our game they've defiled. What parents let childs
Play M-rated games with their IQ's so mild
That if Carlos Mencia should find them profiled,
He'd say "Dee Dee Dee!" [Repeat Chorus]

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Overdrive
lyrics by VT

Right place
Right time
Jump in
it's primed
Feel the road behind your eyes

clear shot
open lane
why you came
Time to take the prize

Chorus:
Been a long time comin' and it's fallin' into place
but the field is tight and there's still a lot to face
There'll be no chance if you can't keep the pace
but the end's in sight and now it's time to race

A draft a pass
a wreckless tap
a lap down from a nudge
but as you steer
your prey draws near
Time to end this grudge

Like a snake on track
you throttle back
and slither through the turns
Put it back in gear
Leave that chump in fear
as the air behind your burns

[Repeat Chorus]

it's the final straight
it's lookin' great
when you catch sight in the glass
of some turbo punk pretender
creepin' up to make a pass

On the inside line?
He must feel like dyin'!
You spit as you jerk the wheel
Smoke billows, sparks fly
"Don't let him get by!"
the metal and rubber squeal!

[Solo]

A photo finish
can't diminish
your howl as you cross the line
The flags fall down
and the others all frown
cause they got left behind

But before you can gloat
a little emote says
"Hey, let's race again!"
The screen resets
and the n00bs all sweat
cause they know you'll be comin' for them... again.

[Repeat Chorus]

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I'm a Tweak

lyrics by Yukon

Now I sit me down to play.
"Grant us victory," I pray
To Lady Fortune. Come what may,
I'll overcome all in my way.

Six hours pass as if I'm dreaming.
Guildmates angry, leader screaming;
From my headphones, curses streaming
(In the bedroom, wife is steaming).

How'd it all go so awry?
I didn't mean to pull that guy
Before I heard the "Fire!" cry.
So now I'm forced to wonder why
My finger slipped. I must have flipped.
My mind is stripped, or maybe tripped
Out, ripped out, whipped into a frenzy
STOP!!!

I'm a tweak, I'm a tweak
I'm a hyper gaming freak.
On the job, I'll sneak a peek
At cheats each day of every week.
I'm a tweak, I'm a tweak
I'm a caffeinated geek.
I'm one frenetic, energetic (and poetic)
Supersonic tweak!

I think of games all day and night.
They haunt my dreams; they cause a fight
Between my wife and I, despite
The counseling. Oh well. I'm right.
I have to play. The hour nears
For when the others will appear.
I check my net. It seems all clear.
But then the worst of my fears:

A canceled session. I'm alone.
From deep within my heart I groan.
But that won't stop me! For I own
A thousand other games to PWN!
I start to play. Time slips away.
Night turns to day. Alarm clock brays
Without delay. But I'm afraid that I can't
STOP!!!

I'm a tweak, I'm a tweak
I'm an uber-awesome geek.
Don't act like I speak in Greek.
I'm an elite. I'm at my peak!
I'm a tweak, I'm a tweak
A hyperventilating freak.
I'm caffeinated, stimulated (and elated)
Supersonic tweak!
I'm a tweak, I'm a tweak
I'm a hyper gaming freak.
On the job, I'll sneak a peek
At cheats each day of every week.
I'm a tweak, I'm a tweak
I'm a caffeinated geek.

I'm one frenetic, energetic (and poetic)
Supersonic tweak!
I'm a tweak, I'm a tweak
I'm an uber-awesome geek.
Don't act like I speak in Greek.
I'm an elite. I'm at my peak!
I'm a tweak, I'm a tweak
A hyperventilating freak.
I'm caffeinated, stimulated (and elated)
Supersonic tweak!

**Welcome to The Edge
(Gaming's Edge Theme)
(Instrumental)**