

There's a song called 'Blade of Immortal Steel' by a band called Twilight Force. It's about an aging 'sword master' with a 'magical' sword who couldn't fend off the muggers who robbed him in a forest. When a hunter rescued him, the old man gave the good samaritan his sword which was fair enough, but he literally forced intensive weapons training on the hunter AND forced him to be another sword master for the REST OF HIS LIFE. I'd just be like 'I appreciate the gift, really I do, but I have my own life that I want to lead.' Not only that, the rescuer is then told to train the next generation of people to be even more soldiers! The modern day equivalent of the story would be an armed soldier being mugged, a tree surgeon coming to his aid and the soldier giving away his 'magic machine gun' that shoots 10 rounds a second. The soldier then turns the tree surgeon into another soldier. Finally the once tree surgeon is made to train his children to be soldiers and to forever pass the gun on through the generations. Sound a bit silly to you?

And of COURSE the steel is immortal as no steel can die. It doesn't make the weapon special in any way whatsoever, it's like calling a table, brick or spoon immortal. Therefore the song should just be called 'Blade of Steel.' Would you take me seriously if I wrote a song called 'Magic Spoon of Steel That Never Dies'? Because it's the same thing. A friendlier version of the sword song sure, but as Twilight Force write some pretty cheerful music, I think the spoon lyrics are more fitting. The band has a song called 'Queen of Eternity' which is far more impressive than an immortal sword, but judging by TF's lyrics in BoIS, 'queen' is another word for 'sword', again resulting in lyrics that don't make complete sense. Well they do technically speaking, but they sure are confusing.

I remember when I was 6 in a swimming pool and I would have drowned if a life guard didn't save me. Wouldn't it be strange if I rewarded the person with one of my few possessions at the time (magic shoes that keep the rain out) and then forced him and his future family to spend the rest of their lives doodling? (One of my only skills at the time). Yes, it's equally strange? So why would my story ever be considered worse? Because it's even too silly for a power metal song? Ok making the tale more grown up, say I still haven't learnt my lesson and I go swimming in the sea right now as a fully grown adult and guess what? Another lifeguard rescues me. Wouldn't it be odd if I gave the person a free copy of my book The Danger of Proverbs, and forced him and his family to be writers? It's probably a form of stalking and if I wouldn't end up getting arrested, I would at very least get a warning which I think is unfair.

What's really weird is the fact TF are actually highly skilled composers, you could say they're the power metal equivalent of The Beatles. What would TF lyrics be like if they were more in the style of The Beatles? Maybe something like this: Yesterday all my troubles seemed so far away. Now it looks as though they're here to stay as I will have to leave my life behind after rescuing a sword man.' Or you instead of 'Hey Jude, don't let me down. You have found her, now go get her. Remember to let her into your heart, then you could make it better', you could have the eerily similar 'Hey Hunter, don't let me down. You have found me, now go get your sword. Remember to let it into your heart, then you can make it better'. (i.e. fend off robbers).

Now what to say? Ah yes, I must buy the album sometime. Yes, I'm not the biggest fan of the lyrics, in fact I burst out laughing when reading some of them, but having

listened to thousands of metal lyrics that could have been written by children, you learn how to focus on what really matters, that being the tunes and harmonies. It's good stuff! However, I'm not letting the flaws go and my plan is to write a whole sketch based on the situation described by the band. Sorry Twilight Force, just consider yourself lucky if I don't base a whole book on the lyrics as I think it could sell. I'm reminded of a Peter Serafinowicz sketch that goes 'You killed my accountant! Now YOU must be my accountant!' Funny stuff. And bye for now!