

# Murphy's Law

## Priestess

One life  
Nearing death finds a way to remain  
Kept on  
A digital viewing screen life sustained  
State you prime directives  
    Eat your baby food  
    Scum-filled city streets afraid  
Blow those crooked fucks away  
We're born inside this iron cage  
    Past life screaming out in pain  
    He cried  
    Slate clean  
Memories find a way to reveal  
    He proves  
    It's not his mind but his soul  
That makes him real  
Here's your prime directive  
    Justice is revenge  
    Guard down, pump him full of lead  
That's some fancy shooting kid  
Hold, I didn't catch your name  
    Although he'll never be the same  
    He'll try  
    Never run away  
        Away  
        Away

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