

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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