Cut and Run

Pallas

Cold city, runs hot with pain
Knives slash your jugular vein
Cut and Run
There is no escape from the gun
Tongues lie a noose around your neck
"grass stains" seal your fate
Cut and Run
There is no escape from the gun
Nowhere to run
Nowhere to hide
Run from the gun
Flee for your life
Search, search and terminate
We have read your mind
You are an enemy of the state
Nowhere to run
Nowhere to hide
Run from the gun
Flee for your life
Assassin: "John Doe"
"I have reason to believe you are an enemy of the State,
so, by virtue of the powers vested in me by the State,
I am hereby obliged to terminate your existance"
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