Fate Is an Assassin

Input

Iâ€™ve taken notes on the present, written songs for the past
Iâ€™ve created compositions often mimicking a mask
Hiding from myself again, whatâ€™s that aroma?
Just my observation resurrecting from its monthly coma
Drive-by passenger holding up a hand grenade
Singing with the radio on how he canâ€™t stand the pain
Driver is his best friend, a famous hypochondriac
He met him at the bookstore next door to the laundromat
Thatâ€™s where she works, always in a bad mood
Two pierced nipples and a body full of tattoos
Cigarettes and coffee, breakfast of a head case
Doesnâ€™t have the strength to help her brother, heâ€™s a deadweight
He doesnâ€™t have a job, he lives above the bar
Where the locals and the barflies all know who you are
Thatâ€™s why she left him, nothing that the future held
Now in love with the first guy that acted like he knew her well
But heâ€™s abusive, treats her like a stranger
Tells her of his last and how he hopes that he can change her
She calls her only friend, the last one standing
Begging for advice because this life is too demanding

She doesnâ€™t have the time, has her own to deal with
22 and pregnant with a secret sheâ€™s concealing
Parents left her at the age of 9
Holding onto burdens with an appetite to die
Her sister is a lost cause, fell into the wrong group
Heroin and unprotected sex has turned her onto
Many partners, no emotional connections
Except for one but he was killed when he mentioned the name
Of the source of painful divorce
Established his reign as a dangerous force
He supplies four men with an ample amount
They infiltrate the city to disperse of the count
The first is a high school drop out, 16
He wants to rule the world by doing big things
The second is a graduate of college and intelligent
Unfortunately unemployed and does it just to pay the rent
The third is a father of three
Stands out as the story thatâ€™s been bothering me

He prostitutes his children and wrongs his wife
He doesnâ€™t understand so he disregards his life

The fourth is a sad sad song, his young son
Just wants to feel like a man, all grown up
Heâ€™s standing on the corner with his innocence
His adolescent nature is indicative
He knows no better as a young child
And at that moment the populous heard a gunfire
The child lay dead in the street
As a car speeds away and disappears from the scene
Two male suspects identifies from where the bodyâ€™s at
Turned out to be the high school dropout and hypochondriac
Revenge was released as the motive
To get to the source and disrupt his main focus
To get back the life of their brother
Mistakenly killed in the shadow of another
He had a young child on the way
Never to find out because his girlfriend was afraid
And the cycle keeps moving towards the next
The x is the loved oneâ€™s a semblance of someone
A poor man loses his son to a drug, to an attitude, an issue, to a gun
The end doesnâ€™t seem so appealing
It seems so depressing, we all know that feeling
But it continues in the same form and fashion
Unpredictable as long as fate is an assassin

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