

## Fleming & John

### "Locked In The Crosshairs"

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Cross hairs locked onto the target  
Bolt-action sniper rifle  
Picks off victims at 900 meters  
They scatter, I splatter  
Humans onto the concrete  
Like a spreading disease  
The parasites disgust me  
I must exterminate the human race!  
Random civilians drop in a hail of  
Gunfire, men, women and children  
Are all potential targets  
Ecstasy increases with every fatality  
High velocity projectiles fire from my PS90  
Ten 30-round magazines are gone in minutes, humans  
littered  
Throughout the street like the empty shells,  
I switch over to the Remington Super Magnum,  
Lined up, execution-style killings  
Brain matter splattered  
Cranial discharge leaks from cadavers  
I then stroll through the sea of bodies  
With a 12-gauge in my hand  
I detect a young innocent humanoid playing dead  
I stick the barrel in the back of her head  
She pleads and begs yet I remain emotionless  
I cock the gauge, pull the trigger then repeat  
The crimson carnage of the mass homicide makes me  
feel complete

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