

## **Front Line Assembly "Vigilante"**

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So Complex  
In His Behavior  
Crowded Into A  
Hole

Racial Incoherence  
Nowhere Left to Go

Misery: Is Unforgiving  
He Struggles From Within

He Roams The Human Wasteland  
His Memories Grow Dim

Shots  
Ring Out Loud  
Dispursing The Crowd  
Bodies Start to Fall  
Blood on the Wall  
No Time to Tell  
Who's Going to  
Heaven or Hell

The Acid Air  
Blurs His Vision  
City Crime  
Takes It's Toll  
A Metaphor  
For This Incision

A Truer Life  
Will Now Unfold  
No More Pain  
And Self Suffering  
It All Ends  
Where It Begins  
A Universe On This Wavelength  
Will Transmutate  
In Other Things

The Moment Comes  
To Eradicate

A Time to Cleanse  
The World  
This Is Self Illusion  
This Has No Conclusion

A. 38 Hangs from His Hand  
His Shoulders Slung Kind of Low  
Smoking Shells Lay on The Floor  
As The Blood Starts to Flow  
The Sirens Scream Outside The Door  
Police Running to The Scene  
Inside A Man Stands All Alone  
His Face Grinning Obscene

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