

Personal War

"Fire At Will"

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Stalking the shadows in search for a dream
The dream of ne0n-nightmares
From your guns they feed

A target selected
Coming up from behind

Now the light of the city, it triggers his mind
Behind corners like the judgment so unkind

A target selected
Left is a body undead
So face it

No one knows the one who dies
It's never to be told
Spinal chill, fire at will
A will for more, printed to the core
Left is a body undead

The dawn approaches, it's killing his lust
Beams of light ascend and penetrate his eyes

Every second you're away, he's falling

When the sun begins to fade, I'm mourning
And as the shadow kills the light, I'm burning
But the world won't stop, it keeps on turning

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