

Priestess

"Murphy s Law"

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One life
Nearing death finds a way to remain
Kept on
A digital viewing screen life sustained

State you prime directives
Eat your baby food
Scum-filled city streets afraid
Blow those crooked fucks away

We're born inside this iron cage
Past life screaming out in pain
He cried

Slate clean
Memories find a way to reveal
He proves
It's not his mind but his soul
That makes him real

Here's your prime directive
Justice is revenge
Guard down, pump him full of lead
That's some fancy shooting kid

Hold, I didn't catch your name
Although he'll never be the same
He'll try

Never run away
Away
Away

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