

## Tilt

# "Hero Maurader"

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Captive in my fantasy  
of ticket selling murder,  
A death every thirty seconds  
I am hopped up on sugar,  
The plot is oversimplified and tied up very neatly,  
The enemy is black and white,  
and I believe completely  
I am the hero marauder,  
I kill as easily as blink  
I fuck like Zeus,  
I fit right inside his shoes,  
Projecting myself  
Onto the screen  
Glued to my movie seat  
With sticky melted candy,  
I forked over my ad-  
mission price, I've  
got my soda handy,  
I kick the chair ahead  
of mine and scream  
at each explosion,  
my pitiful life is shoved  
aside, I'm blinded  
by emotion!  
Emerging from the exit,  
I'm relieved of my suspicion  
purged of all my questioning  
and emptied of conviction  
I'm a terminator with a  
superhuman torso  
a great obliterator  
with a savage manifesto

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