

Unwritten Law "Blurred"

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A man walks through the rubble of this cold and
mindless
Land with a chip on his shoulder and a pistol in his
hand
No emotions he has immortal thoughts
No friends or peers for a thousand years in a place
where he's been dropped
Just a threat and a waste of a deaf, blind soul
His tricks and cons are carried on while the ignorant
enroll
You won't be the first, you'll be the very last to know
When you're face to face with a man called Death and
life's the pending toll
So if you want to turn out like this bold and fearless
man
Then keep living your life in a reckless abandon
Thrown the dice, this gamble you have lost
Realize what you must sacrifice to pay the growing
costs
Caught in a cage you slowly fill with rage
In a world where hate's like a never ending plague
You won't be the first, you'll be the very last to know
When you're face to face with a man called Death and
life's the pending toll

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