

Anthrax, Lone Justice

There's two kinds, of people in the world
The outlaws, and the lawmen that prevail
The bounty hunter's job is on the wrong side of the law
Intentions, of the truth and nothing more

Burn'em, clear the streets as he rides into the town
Cause the nameless one's gonna have some fun
He's gonna bring an outlaw down
Wasted, it's over quick he's nailed 'em three for three
Then he with his squint-eyed grin and stubbled chin
He rides through history
The jury, in his mind the choices weigh
The trials, if you're guilty you're his prey
No judgement otherwise can change the lust
That's in his eyes
The sentence, will be carried out in stride

No name, like a shadow on a moonies night
Real game, He'll be there to uphold
Justice, law and order
And you'll pay, the highest fee
When the gunslinger takes his piece

The money, it's the price you have to pay
When he calls, drop your eyes and look away
The man has taken life to balance scales of wrong and right
Existence, each day a moral fight.