

Front Line Assembly, Victim

So Complex
In His Behavior
Crowded Into A
Hole
Racial Incoherence
Nowhere Left to Go
Misery: Is Unforgiving
He Struggles From Within
He Roams The Human Wasteland
His Memories Grow Dim
Shots
Ring Out Loud
Dispursing The Crowd
Bodies Start to Fall
Blood on the Wall
No Time to Tell
Who's Going to
Heaven or Hell
The Acid Air
Blurs His Vision
City Crime
Takes It's Toll
A Metaphor
For This Incision
A Truer Life
Will Now Unfold
No More Pain
And Self Suffering
It All Ends
Where It Begins
A Universe On This Wavelength
Will Transmutate
In Other Things
The Moment Comes
To Eradicate
A Time to Cleanse
The World
This Is Self Illusion
This Has No Conclusion
A. 38 Hangs from His Hand
His Shoulders Slung Kind of Low
Smoking Shells Lay on The Floor
As The Blood Starts to Flow
The Sirens Scream Outside The Door
Police Running to The Scene
Inside A Man Stands All Alone
His Face Grinning Obscene