

# Persuader, Fire At Will

Stalking the shadows in search for a dream  
The dream of neOn-nightmares  
From your guns they feed

A target selected  
Coming up from behind

Now the light of the city, it triggers his mind  
Behind corners like the judgment so unkind

A target selected  
Left is a body undead  
So face it

No one knows the one who dies  
It's never to be told  
Spinal chill, fire at will  
A will for more, printed to the core  
Left is a body undead

The dawn approaches, it's killing his lust  
Beams of light ascend and penetrate his eyes

Every second you're away, he's falling

When the sun begins to fade, I'm mourning  
And as the shadow kills the light, I'm burning  
But the world won't stop, it keeps on turning