

Tilt, Hero Maurader

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 f**k 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