

# Unwritten Law, Blurred (Part 2)

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