

A Global Threat, Some Nerve

In sights of snipers
With steady hand
Who picked off classmates? It's black and white
Don't you get it son?
Confide in pled pipers with pulp for plans
Then can't decipher which shit is crime
Don't you understand?
You might just hear a word of all they got to say
But you can't face the nerve
When all the silence breaks
Wish it was fiction, wish it all away
Some sick addiction to violent outbursts, nothing's changed
What's the motive behind the act?
Did no one notice the stragglers behind the pack?
So it's an attack
And that's what it takes
Some violent
Non-fiction
Who's smiling?