Cliteater, Hobo Shooting

Scrawny beggar in filthy clothes
Eating rehash food and trash
Not aware of any danger
Lurking around the corner
Implement of death, to thee I vow
Chamber spins, trigger tight
Grinning bullets flying,

Brutal impact, hobo screaming
Flesh, bones and blood fly about
Savage chest wound, open mouth
Recipient of pain stumbling, falling

Hard concrete bloody redecorated
Fractured skull, kissing the concrete
Impulsive shaking hobo, another ending
Worthless tale