

Justice, Highschool Death

Get up at the usual time
Packed bag in the corner of the room
Breakfast - the day's starting well
Rushing in by the ringing of the bell

Now my time has come
And my job has to be done
Don't move, it won't help you anyway
Get ready for my judgement day

Highschool death

Bullets flying through the classroom
Ripping virginal flesh from the bone
Blood spills from the teacher's head
He tortured me and now he's dead

Outside the parents cry
Cops are waiting to come in
Kids are screaming, trying to run away
This is my private judgement day

Highschool death