

# 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