

Pallas, The Executioner (Bernie Goetz A Gun)

Cold night, New York,
Air hangs like death,
Last train to Brooklyn
Pulls in out of breath
King of the blade Holds court in the aisle,
His young face beams danger--Menace with a smile
But if he touches me,
I'll blow away his confidence--He'll wish he's let me be...
I'm Judge and Jury--Executioner
He'll pay the price,
But justice won't come easily
I'm Judge and Jury--Executioner
I have the right to clear the garbage from the street
Eyes meet in combat--He knows the score,
He wants me to take him But I want much more!
I want to see him bleed,
I'll strike a blow for innocence--He'll wish he'd let me be
I'm Judge and Jury--Executioner
(Who's fool enough to pay the price!)
He'll pay the price,
I'm Judge and Jury--Executioner
(Since when is running scared a vice?)
I have the right to clear this garbage from the street
If someone touches me,
They'll suffer for their ignorance
They'll wish they'd let me be
I'm Judge and Jury--Executioner
Who'll pay the price
(Who's fool enough to pay the price?)
Who's fool enough to challenge me,
I'm Judge and Jury--Executioner
(Who'll make it safe to walk at night?)
Take my advice, Stay well away from men like me.

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