

Shadow Gallery, The Archer Of Ben Salem

So I set out early morning
Through the forests deep and wide
I am vested and determined
To go bring her back alive
As I knife my way through dense fog
In the silence of the field
Stands a soldier like a statue
With a crossbow trained on me

Don't move from my crosshairs
I bring news from home
The deadly pox is in the wrong hands
But this I'm sure you know
Your wife's blood filled with secrets
Hand sequenced DNA
Attempts to re-create the serum
Have failed until today

My wife dead and buried
and my daughter dragged away

Do you not find coincidental
That your two rare
blood types are the same
Intelligence from Israel found her here
Heavy with the blood pure child
They shot your wife with pox tipped
blow dart, got that human trial underway

Your daughter carries plasma, essential to vaccine
Development required the sample
Her blood now holds the key, a grand scheme of
deception for one world government
But the rogue Mossad stole blood at her birth
So now we too hold the key

Outbreak around the whole world
Sets the stage for the main event

Contingent on the bio terror
New World Order rises and it stays
A lone detachment of US Special Forces
sends me here to set it right
You'll aid the underground rebellion,
Your country needs you for counterstrike