

Slumpark Correctional, The Sniper

Comes another morning
Wake up -- a pile of hay
Scratch your reddening backside
Throw the dust away
Wrap yourself with ammo
Clean your barrels up
Leave your crib in caution
Resume the Killing Job
Climb that hill with worry
Stretching down in fear
Gaze -- the endless horizon
Hunting time is near
Grab, in awe, your rifle
Silence -- drives you nuts
Waiting to slay your victims
Dying to blurt their guts
I am the sniper!
Scan your screen in hunger
Aim towards your goal
Shoot whatever is moving
Fill the ground with holes
Crossing the yard in innocence
Bullets coming from the skies
Nailed him down -- a headshot
Kissed his life goodbye
No regrets will ever
Cross your brainwashed mind
Just obey their orders
Kill -- justify your god
Walk back home in misery
Remember all you've done
Relive, all that horror
Forget, you're now the gun
I am the sniper!