

The New Delhi Assassination

Anubis Gate

Moving in the streets of south New Delhi
On my way to sell what's left of my soul
In order to protect their underbelly
No exposure, some heads will roll

You're not immortal
The game won't protect you
A final proposal
What else can I do?

Moving up the stories to the highest rooftop
Looking for a spot as the dusk hits the sky
Fumbling with a weapon and I feel my sweat drop
Making preparations for someone to die

Out in the open
With eyes on the market
Knowledge still unspoken
I'm bringing down the target

Hold your breath, behold
Hold your breath, behold
Take your aim, be cold
Take your aim, be cold