

Moving Targets

Fish

Oily river, running deep, dirty water racing through the city streets,
swollen gutters, summer storms,
walking wounded stand to in another dawn,
Marching in silence one eye on the time,
one eye on the madness around them,
They don't know they're blind,
His mind on the trigger, he picks up a magazine,
exits the underground and enters the scene

And checks out the world and all the moving targets
Adjusting his sights to take in the moving targets

Locked and loaded, safety off,
checks his bearings on the ground before taking off,
Middle distance, draws a bead,
allowing a margin for error he takes a lead,

He's out in the open he's out on his own,
so far from his family, so far from his home,
He came out of his hiding came out of the trees,
he blew all his cover when he entered the killing fields,

Only to find he'd become a moving target,
He walked out in the world and became a moving target,
Where the hunter is hunted, a moving target.

Holding a breath still in his lungs,
he steadies his hand on the barrel of a loaded gun,
his sights set on the world his heartbeat slows,
His pulse marking the time
he senses the pressure of the moment he clears his mind,
he calmly delivers the bullet and recoils from the dream,
of moving targets.

Rolling numbers, rolling bones, lucky ladies,
he takes them out and takes them down,
Collecting trophies, hunting game,
no remorse as they've only got themselves to blame,
Bleeding heart innocents running in herds,
the weak and the woeful get what they deserve,
There's no room for pity, no space for guilt,
in this murderous city it's kill or be killed,
When you're running the field you become a moving target,
When you start making marks you become a moving target,
You took your first step in the world and became a moving target,
When you walk in the world you're a moving target,

Wandering shopping malls, moving targets,
High school assembly halls, moving targets,
At fuel stops and parking lots, moving targets
In high streets and super marts, moving targets,
There's no place to hide!