

# Widowmaker

## The Black Dahlia Murder

You're locked in my sights  
And it'd be my delight  
To blow your head clean off the neck where it rests  
As you'll see that I do specialize  
In a one-shot surprise a sniper they've called me the best

You'd suggest I'm a cold hearted man  
Well it's a cold hearted world

And besides if you'd open your eyes  
There's always been demand to be met  
Need someone destroyed? I'm gainfully employed  
No mark is too sordid no victim too close

I am death  
I profess I've a cold hearted plan  
To ingress from this cold hearted life

While the competition rests I am obsessed  
Exacting success one mark at a time

Killing is my business and at my business I excel  
By silenced gun or silver blade

It's the shock on their face as I send them  
Screaming to hell

Succinctly my conscience is clean  
Though truly this work is a mess  
To silence I've sworn this heart doth not mourn  
Emotionless to no god I'll confess

Largely but a ghost to them  
Most won't see me at all  
A red dot centered patiently  
Where the spine does meet the skull and they're gone

Killing is my business and at my business I excel  
By silenced gun or silver blade  
It's the shock on their face as I send them to hell

Crimes of lust a sworn revenge  
Reclaiming what's been lost  
Adulterers extortionists  
All pains I'm paid to stop

They call me the Widowmaker