

Quick ride to work for another nine to five  
Just another day for pilots stuck in paradise  
Count the minutes you have left alive  
Watchkeeper, reaper, descend a silent predator

A hiss on the horizon, a messenger of war  
From wings of Gabriel, to mangled gore displayed  
Lowest of the low,  
you never will know your victims' names  
Stealth intervention, "clean" death dispatched

Like the blade of Musahi (or concrete socks?)  
Living, breathing forms, just ants on a screen  
So easily dismissed, and easily unseen  
Steel wraiths approaching, hearts burn with fear

Sweat pours in rivulets as mutant modernity draws near  
"Watch their flesh explode -- it's as if they were real  
Mission accomplished... let's drink... first round's on me!"  
Sentinel assassins, eradicate the guilt  
No need to question... until it's you