Murderers Row

Power Trip

Do they walk among you?
Do they plot beside you?
Have we created a new breed ,or just contempt of the flesh?
Primitive aggression wrapped in an iron fist.

Catch or be caught, Shoot or be shot.
Drop or be dropped, Murderer's Row.
Tearing up the block, Leaving men in shock,
Instincts unlocked, Murderer's Row.
Take a trip outside, You roll the dice,
Putting up your life, Murderer's Row.
Death is just in sight, Teeth red and white,
Endless appetite.

Have we entered the valley into the uncanny?
Met with a cold gaze; struck with a colder hand.
Man into machine, Self-imposed destroyer of man.

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