

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