

History Of Nothing

Calabrese

Stranger with no face,
The prey looms near, you don't recognize.
I'm anonymous,
As I wait and wait and wait for you
To come close.

Whoa, I am the one pressing in the shadows.
Whoa, in the alleyways, the history of nothing.
I only know the roads to assassinate, killing like the gallows.
Whoa, I am no man.

Eyes bulging,
Of puppets strangled by their strings.
You're a pawn, a domino,
To be knocked down just like those who've come before.
You know you will.

Whoa, I am the one pressing in the shadows.
Whoa, in the alleyways, the history of nothing.
I only know the roads to assassinate, killing like the gallows.
Whoa, I am no man.

Autopsy scar of a Hollywood death,
Machines of crime at the jugular vein,
Las Vegas [?], highway of blood,
With no easy way out, Hell is coming down.

Whoa, I am the one pressing in the shadows.
Whoa, in the alleyways, the history of nothing.
I only know the roads to assassinate, killing like the gallows.
Whoa, I am no man.