

The art of silencing people.
Murdering enemies is such a pleasurable task.
Suppress any possible living/breathing threat from the equation
.
Empowered by the poisonous touch of my silver plated advocate,
I gently squeeze it's trigger to paint him red.
Decide a man's fate and impersonate god.
I softly pull it's trigger to pierce his flesh.
Organs and ammunition properly acquainted with one another.
My love for the gun grows stronger.
Dedicated to extinction.
My aim is as bold as his arrogance.
I smile proudly as he trembles in the line of fire.
The sight of a human spirit's weariness brings joy to this beholder.
Witness the priceless look on his face
As he savors the final moment of his shameful existence.
The sight of a human spirit's weariness brings joy to this beholder.
I aim for his head as I empty my charger in his direction.
His blood stained tie and shirt will leave a lasting impression
Now that he's been put to sleep by the lethal injection of my smoking barrel.