## Hellhole

The poor man he had no dreams, had no vices all he had was hims elf. Spent his days walking around, thinking of things to do with hi s time.

It's like a dream when I wake and scream. I'm lost and alone and living in a hellhole.

Looked at himself then looked at the world, decided things were n't going too well. Just a man with a sense of justice, would his days of misery ne ver end.

Bought a gun disciplined himself, shoot those those bastards ri ght between the eyes. Crime figures fell like dead leaves, the city breathed a sigh o f relief.

It's not easy when you're making a stand, when it seems that al
l the world is mad.
It's easy to fall by the wayside, but if you act like a sheep y
ou'll get eaten by the wolf.
Now the streets are safe for children to play, couples can go w
alking in the park.
The poor man is happy now, an unknown hero and nobody knows his
name.