

Murphy's Law

Priestess

One life nearing death finds a way to remain.
Kept on a digital viewing screen, life sustained.

State you prime directives, eat your baby food.
Scum-filled city streets afraid.
Blow those crooked fucks away.

Slate clean, memory finds a way to reveal.
He proves it's not his mind, but his soul that makes him
real.

Here's your prime directive: Justice is revenge.
Guard down, pump him full of lead, that's some fancy
shooting kid.
Hold it, didn't catch your name.
Though he'll never be the same, he'll try.
He'll never run away.