

Who Would Home a Cur?

Dan Bull

One shot, one kill
One look, one kiss (one look, one kiss)
One kiss, one kill (one kiss, one kill)
One look, one kiss, one kiss, one kill
And the fingertip tingles with the imminent thrill
One look, one kiss (one look, one kiss)
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Meet young Amélie
A ballet dancer dans Paris
Full name Amélie Guillard
Married a man named Gérard Lacroix
(You don't know anything about me)
Then she was taken by Talon
Who would break her mind and then drain her personality
Replace it by talent, trained her and made her an agent
Had her send her soul mate to the grave
Then painted nails, pale flesh (flesh)
Making veiled threats
Frail threads, no trails left
Your day of death, all stale breath
A widow's kiss will never miss
And when it hits you'll suffer bliss
No clever twist, no severed wrist
Just the best death for which you'd ever wish

Widowmaker, the bone breaker
A lone ranger, King's Row, Tracer
Chased over roofs, an explosion, an aim
And then shooting straight at the choral accelerator
Huh, missed the target
But hit Tekhartha, Mister Mondatta
Another kiss to mark up on the hitlist
Which mark's next? You just can't predict this
Like predictive text, cold as duck
Targets hit the deck, soldiers struck
By awe, bullets and a whole lot of muck
That'll wallop with the force of a truck, bad luck
And Widowmaker would have made a wicked woman in a Winnebago
Because her aim is homing in, from far away to wherever they go

One look, one kiss, one kiss, one kill
And the fingertip tingles with the imminent thrill
One shot, one kill (one kill), time stands still
And the steel tip splits, it's smooth as silk
One look, one kiss, one kiss, one kill
And the fingertip tingles with the imminent thrill
One shot, one kill, time stands still
As the lifeblood spills, it's smooth as silk (cough)

Sorry but I'm gonna have to interrupt
The thing that you were about to say
I've been informed and I ought to warn you
That the spider has come out to play
Trapped in her web, backed in a corner

Back of the net, but you're about to be the ball
Her sniper sights are like spider bites
So if you spy the lights, you better hide or fight
You'll never find the right antidote
For the overdose though, ride or die
Like dynamite inside a mine
She's right inside your mind, timing her strike for the right time
And when she tightens the trigger
It's difficult to forget it like riding a bike
When will the venom mine blow? Hell, if I know
Hope it doesn't happen to a friend of mine though

Venomous enough to kill a rhino
Like the poisonous inkpen filling my notes
Killing enemies and minimize foes
'Til they're lying in a pile like a really nice roast
No family members, she'll never write home
She's just sitting motionless, fishing for roaches
Like a heron might, so slick, quick and ferocious
But this revolution won't be televised though
Temperatures low, reflections in the scope
Perception is par excellence, the rest I'm sure you know
Widowmaker would have made a wicked woman in a Winnebago
(In a Winnebago)
Because her aim is homing in, from far away to wherever they go

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As the lifeblood spills, it's smooth as silk
One look, one kiss (one look, one kiss)
One kiss, one kill (one kiss, one kill)
One look, one kiss, one kiss, one kill
And the fingertip tingles with the imminent thrill

When the bomb drops and the song stops
(Hey) It's a long shot
Taking hits from the barrel like a bong topped
With the kick like a Paolo Wonchope
So your lungs stop, she'll fill your lunchbox
With a punch that'll puncture you, once, plus
Every other legendary skin you've unlocked
That's punk rock
One shot, one kill, one nil
Smooth as silk, won't stop until
Everybody from the opposition is visible from her position
And pop, she's accomplished her mission
Widowmaker would have made a wicked woman in a Winnebago
(In a Winnebago)
Because her aim is homing in, from far away to wherever they go
To wherever they go