

It Comes In Threes

Man Must Die

Your life isn't yours, it belongs to me now.
Every inconsistency looked at through a microscope, no hope.
No way of being human.
The chance that you might fuck up keeps the media drooling.
Out for blood.
It comes in threes.
And they're dropping off like flies.
Is this the end or the new beginning?
Set you up to tear you down.
Vultures come without a sound.
Driven by demons.
Global domination.
You're a big shot celebrity.
You got the money the fame.
The model wife.
Don't want for anything.
Except privacy.
There's a bounty on your head.
And nothing will take it off. Just a matter of time till someone takes a shot.
Then you're dead!
You're meat for the beast!