

Quick ride to work for another nine to five
Just another day for pilots stuck in paradise
Count the minutes you have left alive
Watchkeeper, reaper, descend a silent predator

A hiss on the horizon, a messenger of war
From wings of Gabriel, to mangled gore displayed
Lowest of the low,
you never will know your victims' names
Stealth intervention, "clean" death dispatched

Like the blade of Musahi (or concrete socks?)
Living, breathing forms, just ants on a screen
So easily dismissed, and easily unseen
Steel wraiths approaching, hearts burn with fear

Sweat pours in rivulets as mutant modernity draws near
"Watch their flesh explode -- it's as if they were real
Mission accomplished... let's drink... first round's on me!"
Sentinel assassins, eradicate the guilt
No need to question... until it's you