



The overhead train roars past at near midnight
 The entire structure shakes
 Scaring away the rats taking refuge below
 They run to the shadows of tall buildings
 Scaring the bums eating their day's pillage
 The bums throw everything in reach at the rats
 Who once again scurry away

One lucky rat runs into a dimly lit club
 Inside is a silent crowd; they take no notice of the furry patron
 Every eye is on the stage; every ear listens in rapt attention
 As the saxophone sings out a longing melody over the room
 A piano whispers an answer
 The rat puts down its crumbs
 And curls up under the bar to listen

4

A crowd of lonely men wait patiently
 They saw her enter, she'll be an easy target
 The tipsy vixen wanders out
 And they encircle her

She grins and pulls on a smirk, almost pitying their poor ignorance
 They picked the wrong chick to mess with this time
 As she simultaneously punches a jaw and kicks a groin
 She doesn't need a prince charming to save her
 But a kind man approaches
 And chivalry still lives



7

A shot rings out over the frozen land
 Many other follow, and the approaching man
 Sees a body fall
 Their mutual enemy takes off, true to form
 The approaching man shoots, knowing his bullet has no chance of hitting
 Little less chance of doing actual damage

He runs to the fallen warrior
 The wounds bleed freely, badly
 The man rips out a phone-
 But the Injured shakes his head
 The man stares dumbfounded
 But the injured looks up
 His eyes full of peace, he smiles; he is ready.

A ringing phone disrupts the serenity
 She jumps when she hears that voice on the machine
 Her glass shatters when it hits the floor
 She sneaks into the room
 In which she will find her deceptive host
 Holding her gun at head level, she rips open the curtain

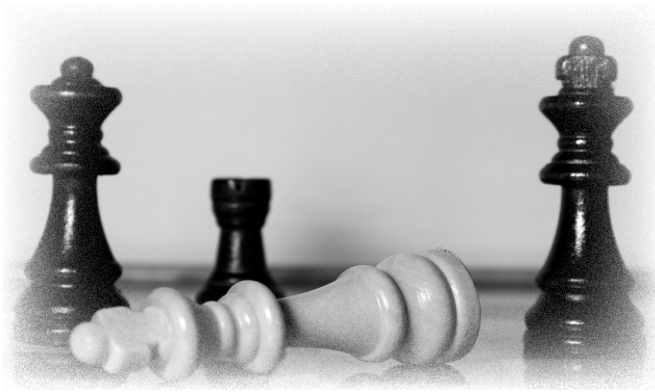
An hour before, he was a friend
 A protector, the near extinct gentleman
 He saved her, when she did not need saving
 Together they reminisced
 Sipping wine and swapping stories
 Who is this man, and what mystery is in his smile?



1

A trouble maker with a cocky smile
 He spins his gun around his finger and sheaths it
 Nothing fazes him
 Except when the money disappears
 One of the fab five gone with the contents of the safe
 One trying to fix the destruction that vixen left
 Two more playing chess in the corner
 The man returns to the couch lamenting the lack of food

A call, a tip on a job, and a codename
 That name
 The man snaps to attention as though woken from a dream
 Forgetting the bitch, and the money she stole,
 He moves like lightning
 He acts with purpose
 Maybe this time he can save her



3

A wild goose chase ensures
 Crowds of people flood the streets
 Kicking up mud and pushing through others
 The scent of garbage oozes up from the pavement
 Not a familiar face in sight
 He wanders lost, chasing a memory

But snow continues to fall
 A blanket over the dirt and trash
 As if to say, 'relax,
 You don't have to look at this now.'
 Overhearing a name and a rumor
 He sucks up his pride and calls his remaining partners





An ambush, a name, a painful past
He stands before the man, a former comrade
This now-enemy tempts and teases
"She was in this town, but you're too late now."
They pull their weapons
The body guard steps in the way
Shots ring out

He does not know how much time has passed
Not shooting to kill, they're toying with me,
The snow still refuses to relent
But he is still here
Lost in a memory and still dreaming-
But still facing this life and not finished yet.