

Life of a Reaper

Tyler Kinnaman

The sun is up, there's not a cloud in the sky
My day starts with a cup of joe
(Spoken) Mondays, am I right?
Clock into work and start my 9 to 5
And I wait until my victim's time to go
(Spoken) There he is!

I work hard day in and out
That's what killing's all about
It's my life and there's nothing I'd change

Got my scythe and disguise
And the guys I pulverize
There's not much more I need
Is it fun? Oh, well, sure
I'll kill him and I'll kill her
It's the life of a grim reaper

DIFFERENT REAPER: Buddy, where've you been? Don't you know we don't use that word anymore?

FIRST REAPER: What word?

DIFFERENT REAPER: The "G-word". Grim. It gives us a bad rap. Sure, we kill, but it's necessary. It's what we were born to do. And calling us "grim" is just hurtful. Let that be a lesson to all of us. We're just reapers! No need to be calling us names!

Since we were born, this is what we've sworn
We take killing very seriously
We've got skill, we each have one way to kill
If death's a door, then we're the key

Don't be scared, don't be blue
'Cause there's nothing you can do
Don't forget, you're gonna die too

Got a big bag of souls and our monthly quota goals
What else could we need?
There's one thing for sure
We're just death's gatekeeper
It's the life of a reaper

DEATH: MC! Are you ready to go?

MC: Almost! Gimme one sec!

DEATH: The ride is leaving! Get your butt in the car or I'm leaving without you!

MC: I'm coming! Okay, I'm ready.

DEATH: Do you have everything for your first day? Your soul collector? Your scream muffler? Did you pack lunch?

MC: Yes, yes I have everything.

DEATH: I'm just making sure. As ruler of the underworld, I wouldn't want my kid to embarrass themselves on their first day. How about your training scythe to turn in?

MC: Oh, it's upstairs. I'll be right back.

DEATH: I'll meet you in the hearse. Oh, and MC, I'm counting on you to make me proud. Now hurry!

Today's the day that I've been waiting for
Today my training's finally done
Earned my degree and aced Diseases 101
And I'm valedictorian

Still the nerves start coming in
From my feet up to my chin
Take a breath, it's time to begin

DEATH: MC!
MC: Coming!

Got my mean, threatening look
And my How To Kill guidebook
The moment's almost here
I've waited for this day to occur
And now I'm not an amateur
It's the life of a reaper

And we suppose that it's odd this is the life we have to live
It's no fairy tale, we know
But if you could put yourself in our cloaks
For us, it's a Broadway show

Got our reaper degrees and our choreography
Nothing quite compares
We're human's fear, like headlights to a deer
With pride in demise, we make sure every human dies
We're clever, nimble, slim
But we'd prefer that you don't call us grim

We're the bad scary take your souls kill friends and family reapers
Reapers
Reapers
But grim is an outdated term so just stick to calling us reapers
Yeah!