

Brunt Of It "Subversive Terrorist"

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There was this kid
Meager in stature, abundant in wit
Pushed him, they shoved him
All of his life, he put up with it

Started in grade school
Beat up at recess, tripped in the halls
Then there came high school
Humiliated daily, had no friends at all

Thought it was over when school was done
But the torture had just begun
It only got worse as he entered the world
Repeatedly dumped on by every girl

Taken all that he can take
Like a pressure cooker, about to explode
Mind is set on getting even
Those fuckers will pay, revenge is his motto

Violence, it just aint his thing
Covert to him is more inspiring
Cuts and bruises, they heal alot faster
Then the wounds left by this bastard
He started out with such innocence
He turned into something more deviant
Went from one extreme to another
The extent of his evil makes me shudder

Heres some insight on how he works
Late night hang ups, itll drive you bezerk
Sugar in gas tank, flatten your tires
Crap in a brown bag and light it of fire

Your credit card number, he finds in your trash
Sends you subscriptions to gay porno mags
Plotting, planning, scheming, coniving
How to get his even without you knowing

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He turned into something more deviant
Went from one extreme to another

The extent of his evil makes me shudder

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