

Black Light Burns

"The Art of Self Defense"

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A diminutive figure in a filthy loin cloth
Is en route to your house just to knock you off

A sad pygmy who takes small steps
Who weeps while he snuffs you
Who sits on your chest
The art of self defense
The art of self defense

A diminutive figure in a filthy loin cloth
Is en route to your house just to knock you off
A sad pygmy
A sad pygmy

He weeps while he snuffs you
He sits on your chest
To him you're no different from all the rest

The art of self defense
The art of self defense

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