

Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine "Evil"

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He is the People's poet and all the people know it
They've read his published stories in public lavatories
In town and country locals he's Mr. Antisocial
His violence does the talking those boots weren't made
for walking

He's a cold blooded vulture he won't respect your
culture
He's nothing like your good self he's come to burn your
bookshelf
He'll gobble up your children destroy what you've been
building
And when you're left to suffer he'll vivisect your mother
He is the Lord and master of every war and disaster

Every disease and famine, a piece of canning,
planning
Be was in Vietnam he is the Klu Klux Klan
He was the child catcher he gave us Margaret Thatcher

One day the Devil was in high good humor
For he had created a mirror which made everything
Good and beautiful, reflected in it shrink to almost
nothing
And everything bad and ugly, stand out more clearly
than ever

All the little imps who went to the Devil's school
Ran around with the mirror, until there was nowhere
And no one that had not been distorted in it
The Devil was much amused and the mirror itself
grinned wickedly

Then the little imps decided to fly up to heaven to make
fun of God
And his angels, the higher they carried the mirror the
more it grinned
Until it was shaking so hard with laughter that it slipped
out of their
Hands and fell to earth where it broke into millions of
pieces

And then it caused even more trouble than before
Because all the tiny splinters, scarcely the size of a
grain of sand
Went flying around the world and whenever a splinter
flew
Into anyone's eye, it had the same power as the whole
mirror
And made people see everything distorted

Sometimes a splinter of glass even entered someone's
heart
Which was worst of all, for then that person's heart was
turned to ice
And by his royal appointment there'll be no more
enjoyment

There will be no more benders no service will be
rendered
The shops will not be open until he sees you broken
You've got to give him credit the poor man's Norman
Tebbitt
Cruelty without beauty, beyond the call of duty

And beyond my understanding I find it so demanding
I wish I could forget it and be more apathetic
It's just it bothers me so how anyone could be so evil

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