

Modern Life Is War

"Martin Atchet"

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Martin, I've seen the ones you oughta bleed.
They've been driving around in their big stylish cars.
Well, I think they oughta feel your pain.
Yeah.
I think they oughta wear your scars.
'Cause what Ruby told you, well that was true.
Now you better lace up those boots.
'Cause only you know how it felt when the pretty girls
looked at you that way.
And somebody is gonna hafta pay.
He's gonna get his revenge.
He's gonna crucify himself for the world's sins.
His name was Atchet.
He was one of them.
He was one of them.
He's coming through the swing door.
He doesn't give a fuck no more.
Cause no one ever gave a fuck about him.
A horrible little monster born into a life of pain.
The only way to relieve the hate:
Justice in the upper tiers of the corporate class tonight.
A little lesson on twisted wrongs and crooked rights.
If he could write the headline in the paper the very next
day it would read...
Violence works in mysterious ways...
And somebody is gonna hafta pay...
Somebody's gonna hafta pay.
He's gonna get his revenge.
He's gonna crucify himself for the world's sweet sweet
sins.
His name was
Atchet.
He was one of them.
He was a skin.
"Are you a messenger boy?"
"No, I'm the judge and jury.
If you're gonna call the cops...
You better fucking hurry.

There's no use begging for your life.
You made your choice and now you pay the price...

You fucking bastards!
Bastards!
Bastard!"

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