

Plan B

"Tough Love"

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Let me tell you a story
It's called Tough Love

Once upon a time there was a girl called Sinita
Dreaded going home after school
'Cos her dad would mistreat her
Her mom was just as bad when she got mad
Was more than glad in lend a hand in helping him beat
her

Sinita used to wear the cloth of her religion
Sinita used to pray to God thought He was listening
But nothing was ever changing she couldn't see a
difference
The relationship between her role became distant

She didn't agree with the fundamental religious views
of parents
Might as well speaking to her gibbering to her was
incoherent
She was living in the western world
Could not understand why she couldn't be like all of the
western girls

So one day she rebels
Walks into a shop and purchases a copy of
A bliss magazine for female teenagers
Ripped up the plastic wrapper
And started flicking through the pages

Tough love, tough love, I call it hatred
Tough love, tough love, I call it hatred
They call it tough love, I call it hatred
That's your flesh, your blood that's sacred

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So engrossed in a new found interest
Sinita fails to realize the time

Before she knows it is a quarter to nine
She shuda been back from prayer an hour ago
Now her parents gonna know she skived

In the slim hope that they won't
She hides the copy of bliss in the books under her arm
And makes her way back home
She opens the door to find her mom and dad waiting
The expressions on both of their face are skafing

Before she has time to think of an excuse
Her fathers has his hand 'round her neck like a noose
So tight he chokes her she drops all her books on the
floor
Apart from the bliss magazine that lands on the sofa

Dad can't control his rage
When he sees that the center page is a boy band
poster
"She's possessed by the Devil", mother shouts
Blaming it all on Satan like it was the only explanation

He grabs Sinita by her hair, goes down to the basement
Hearts raising as if she knows her life is about to be
taken
Look up into his eyes, "Look here's what we gonna do
You've bin possessed by a demon, we gonna beat him
out of you"

Sinita cries for help, she sees her mom pick up a
broomstick
And her dad take off his belt
But it's no use 'cos her brothers and sisters won't listen
So undeterred her mom and dad carry out the
exorcism

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For hours they violently torture their daughter
Beating her to an inch of her life 'til it's right on the
border
They continue to physically hored her
By now Sinita has a mental disorder

She no longer cares if she lives or dies

Absolutely no more tears left to cry
She see the evilness in their parents eyes
And thinks they the ones who need to be exorcised
That's when the rebellious streak complete it
intoxicates
Her sudden energy boost
And never seen before her aggressive nature

She decides no matter what they are never gonna
break her
"Go to hell", screams at her dad
As he goes to give her another loop of the belt
"Go, fuck yourself", she screams at her mom knowing
It's only gonna spur her on

Now Sinita has lost the plot the physical pain
Ain't nothing compared to the heartache
And her heart breaks and it rots
Once it was filled with so much love
But now so clogged up with hate that it stops beating

She stops breathing
Her body's just a caucus now, her soul's leaving
No more pain, no more bleeding
That's gone blow by blow from a severe beating

It takes half a dozen more blows to the end
Before they finally realize that she is dead
That's when the door busts open and in come the feds
The neighbors must have called them
When they heard the screaming of torment

Coming from the basement
Where Sinita's dead body lies on the floor blatant
Like roadkill out on the pavement
It's quite clear to the police that she's been a victim
Of a horrific case of physical mutilation

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After being apprehended, Sinita's parents are asked

Why they throw her life so brutally ended
They said it was out of love but only hate breaks
Soma so hard that it can never be mended

To this day they show no remorse
Their idea of parental guidance, would be to always
use force
What makes this tale all the more gory
Is that this song is based on a true story, tough love

Rest in peace, what a fucked up world
What a fucked up shit, ain't this fucked?
It's all fucked, it's all fucked

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