

# Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine, Evil

He is the people's post 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 coldblooded 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 place of cunning planning  
He was in Vietnam he is the Ku Kluts Klan  
He was the child catcher he gave us Margaret Thatcher

One day the Devil was in high good humour 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 and make fun of God and  
his angles. 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, fwhere 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  
Thre will be no more bandera no more 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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