

Helmet, Birth Defect

All the good that you discover
In people that you hate
Draw them close and pencil thin
Then they're easy to erase

You've got it down just feed them lies
And watch them starve to death
Keep them crowded and short of air
Then you can take their last breath

I'd rather be insulted by you
Than someone I respect
If I don't share the same view
It's just my birth defect
All the good that never comes
From always getting your way