

Muldjord, Mutilated Mime

I'm walking slowly down the street,
trying to find some piece of mind,
I realize i am being followed,
by a fucking mime.

He starts to follow my every move,
mimic my footsteps and walking style,
i turn around then he looks away,
and puts on this annoying smile.

I laugh for myself, then approach him slowly,
want to make sure he stops following me,
I'm usually a nice and friendly guy,
But hey, he picked the wrong fucking day.

I grab him by his throat,
and shout into his face,
"Get a fucking life you shit,
pathetic human disgrace."

He doesn't seem to bother,
provokes me even more,
decides to do a whiny face,
he should have stopped before.

At 4 pm i went to lunch,
at the chinese fast food place,
bad day at work, i was feeling down,
I wanted to get away.

I got up and left the restaurant,
agitation brewing deep inside,
I was heading home to take a rest,
but then i met that fucking mime.

Threw him to the ground,
and step onto his back,
my rage is at its prime,
say hello to a fullblown attack.

I grab his legs and pull,
twisting with inhuman strength,
they snap and fall apart,
decreasing his body length.

Now he mimes no more,
Now he mimes no more!

Mutilated mime!