

# Necro, You Did It

(Sample: Billy Joel's "We Didn't Start the Fire"  
"Ayatollah's in Iran, Russians in Afghanistan  
Wheel of Fortune, Sally Ride, heavy metal, suicide...")

(Verse 1: Necro)

You wanna die intentionally due to your masochist nature  
You're impatient; death comes eventually  
But you want instant gratification  
Suicide's been attempted; you're not alive if you meant it  
And if you survive you'll be labeled demented  
And sent to somewhere expensive  
Where they'll keep you stable with narcotics  
Strapped to a table in a place full of psychotics  
Locked in a rubber room unable to bash your skull  
Or hang yourself with a cable  
It's ironic like a fable  
Depression has infected you, you're under the impression  
It's best to put a Tech to your neck  
And apply pressure to the trigger mechanism  
Now you figure it's less of a prison on the other side  
Once you've died you can't come back if it isn't  
The unknown; the afterlife, and where we go after we die  
To find out before it's your time, you'd have to sacrifice  
Like Japanese pilots did for their cause  
Believing there's something beautiful to balance the violent shit

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

You did it! (Son, you did it!)  
You put the gun into your mouth and blasted yourself  
And that's it, kid  
You can't come back  
You regret it, but you're deaded  
You committed a suicide, and your whole head is shredded

(Verse 2: Necro)

Drinking cyanide? Choose a beverage  
Use a rod to tighten the loop of rope around your neck  
Just use some leverage  
Asphyxiation, brain hemorrhage  
Chopped in half by a band saw  
Take a second from life to stop and laugh  
I can't imagine the pain you feel  
You're not a coward; you're brave  
You allowed your head to be decapitated by a train wheel  
Razor to the throat, methamphetamine ducts  
Suicide epilogue, end of scene, cut  
You can jump in front of a truck and be a corpse in the street  
And try to go out dramatically like Natalie Portman in "Heat"  
Seven days underwater at 20 degrees Celcius  
Overdosage of barbituates, takin' a shit, like Elvis  
Found in your underwear with a gun in your hand  
And a suicide note next to you, hoping we'd understand  
If you've got a problem, suicide will solve it  
Check out the hook; Budd Dwyer with a revolver

(Chorus)

(Sample: Budd Dwyer's suicide at a press speech)

Dwyer: (stuttering) "When I..."  
(Dwyer removes a revolver from a manilla envelope, crowd panics)  
Dwyer: "This will only take a moment."  
Crowd: "Budd, no, please, please! Don't shoot it! Don't shoot it!"  
Dwyer: "Stay back, don't, don't! This will hurt someone!"  
(Dwyer puts the barrel of the revolver into his mouth and fires upwards into his skull)

Crowd: &quot;No, oh my fucking god! Oh my god! (crying) Oh, shit, no!&quot;  
Crowd: &quot;Alright, settle down! Don't panic, don't panic. Someone call a doctor!  
Somebody call an ambulance, a doctor, and the police!&quot;