

Modern Life Is War, Martin Atchet

Martin, I've seen, the ones you oughta bleed
They've been driving around, in their big stylish cars
Well, I think they oughta feel your pain, yeah
I think they oughta wear your scars

'Cus what Ruby told you, well that was true
Now you better lace up those boots
Only you knew how it felt when the pretty girls looked at you that way
And somebody is gonna hafta pay

He's gonna get his revenge
(Revenge!)
He's gonna crucify himself for the world's sins
His name was Atchet
He was one of them (x2)

He's coming through the swing door
He don't give a fuck no more
Cause no one ever gave a fuck about him
A horrible little monster born into a life of pain
The only way to relieve the hate;

Justice in the upper tiers of the corporate class tonight
A little lesson on twisted wrongs, and crooked rights
If he could write the headline in the paper the very next day it would read
"Violence works in mysterious ways"
And somebody's gonna hafta pay
Somebody's gonna have to pay

He's gonna get his revenge
(Revenge!)
He's gonna crucify himself for the world's sweet sweet sins.
His name was Atchet
He was one of them
He was a skin

"Are you a messenger boy?"
"No, I'm the judge and jury
If you're gonna call the cops
You better fucking hurry!
There's no use begging for your life
You made your choice and now you pay the price
You fucking bastards!
Bastards!
Bastard!"