

# 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  
&quot;Violence works in mysterious ways&quot;  
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

&quot;Are you a messenger boy?&quot;  
&quot;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!&quot;