

School Boy Humor, A Bulletproof Revenge

A song that makes you tremble
a bulletproof revenge
a box of notes and letters
from a locked and loaded friend
My chest is lined in anguish
your voice is sounding sweet
wear me like a prom dress
I want to hear you scream
"Damnit, this corset is killing me."
Words to make you suffer
for branding me to you
time is telling secrets
the things you always knew
loving you was in vain
a dreadful price to pay
wear me like a prom dress,
I want to hear you scream
I wrote a thousand words
that brought about your lust
and now I tighten my grip upon
your chest with this vengeful distrust (There's no trust)
I hope you hear this and it takes away your breath
like the lace that pulls the fabric.
I hope it slowly leads to your death.
I want you dead.
(I'll hold you tight, like your corset on prom night)