

Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine, Evil

He is the people's post and all the people know it
They've read his published stories in public lavatories
In town and country locals he's Mr. Antisocial
His violence does the talking those boots weren't made for walking
He's a coldblooded vulture he won't respect your culture
He's nothing like your good self he's come to burn your bookshelf
He'll gobble up your children destroy what you've been building
And when you're left to suffer he'll vivisect your mother
He is the Lord and master of every war and disaster
Every disease and famine, a place of cunning planning
He was in Vietnam he is the Ku Kluts Klan
He was the child catcher he gave us Margaret Thatcher

One day the Devil was in high good humour for he had created a mirror
which made everything good and beautiful reflected in it shrink to almost
nothing, and everything bad and ugly stand out more clearly than ever.

All the little imps who went to the Devil's school ran around with the
mirror until there was nowhere and no one that had not been distorted in
it. The Devil was much amused, and the mirror itself grinned wickedly.

Then the little imps decided to fly up to heaven and make fun of God and
his angles. The higher they carried the mirror, the more it grinned, until
it was shaking so hard with laughter that it slipped out of their hands
and fell to earth, fwhere it broke into millions of pieces.

And then it caused even more trouble than before, because all the tiny
splinters, scarcely the size of a grain of sand, went flying around the
world, and whenever a splinter flew into anyone's eye, it had the same
power as the whole mirror, and made people see everything distorted.

Sometimes a splinter of glass even entered someone's heart, which was
worst of all, for then that person's heart was turned to ice.

And by his royal appointment there'll be no more enjoyment
Thre will be no more bandera no more service will be rendered
The shops will not be open until he sees you broken
you've got to give him credit the poor man's Norman Tebbitt
Cruelty without beauty, beyond the call of duty
And beyond my understanding I find it so demanding
I wish I could forget it and be more apathetic
It's just it bothers me so how anyone could be so
EVIL
