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!"