

Tough Love

Plan B

Let me tell you a story
It's called Tough LoveOnce upon a time there was a girl called Sinita
Dreaded going home after school
'Cos her dad would mistreat her
Her mom was just as bad when she got mad
Was more than glad in lend a hand in helping him beat herSinita used to wear the cloth of her religion
Sinita used to pray to God thought He was listening
But nothing was ever changing she couldn't see a difference
The relationship between her role became distantShe didn't agree with the fundamental religious views of
parents
Might as well speaking to her gibbering to her was incoherent
She was living in the western world
Could not understand why she couldn't be like all of the western girlsSo one day she rebels
Walks into a shop and purchases a copy of
A bliss magazine for female teenagers
Ripped up the plastic wrapper
And started flicking through the pagesTough love, tough love, I call it hatred
Tough love, tough love, I call it hatred
They call it tough love, I call it hatred
That's your flesh, your blood that's sacredTough love, tough love, I call it hatred
Tough love, tough love, I call it hatred
They call it tough love, I call it hatred
That's your flesh, your blood that's sacredSo engrossed in a new found interest
Sinita fails to realize the time
Before she knows it is a quarter to nine
She shuda been back from prayer an hour ago
Now her parents gonna know she skivedIn the slim hope that they won't
She hides the copy of bliss in the books under her arm
And makes her way back home
She opens the door to find her mom and dad waiting
The expressions on both of their face are skafingBefore she has time to think of an excuse
Her fathers has his hand 'round her neck like a noose
So tight he chokes her she drops all her books on the floor
Apart from the bliss magazine that lands on the sofaDad can't control his rage
When he sees that the center page is a boy band poster
"She's possessed by the Devil", mother shouts
Blaming it all on Satan like it was the only explanationHe grabs Sinita by her hair, goes down to the basement
Hearts raising as if she knows her life is about to be taken
Look up into his eyes, Look here's what we gonna do

You've bin possessed by a demon, we gonna beat him out of youSinita cries for help, she sees her mom pick up
a broomstick

And her dad take off his belt

But it's no use 'cos her brothers and sisters won't listen

So undeterred her mom and dad carry out the exorcismTough love, tough love, I call it hatred

Tough love, tough love, I call it hatred

They call it tough love, I call it hatred

That's your flesh, your blood that's sacredTough love, tough love, I call it hatred

Tough love, tough love, I call it hatred

They call it tough love, I call it hatred

That's your flesh, your blood that's sacredFor hours they violently torture their daughter

Beating her to an inch of her life 'til it's right on the border

They continue to physically hored her

By now Sinita has a mental disorder

She no longer cares if she lives or diesAbsolutely no more tears left to cry

She see the evilness in their parents eyes

And thinks they the ones who need to be exorcised

That's when the rebellious streak complete it intoxicates

Her sudden energy boost

And never seen before her aggressive natureShe decides no matter what they are never gonna break her

"Go to hell", screams at her dad

As he goes to give her another loop of the belt

"Go, fuck yourself", she screams at her mom knowing

It's only gonna spur her onNow Sinita has lost the plot the physical pain

Ain't nothing compared to the heartache

And her heart breaks and it rots

Once it was filled with so much love

But now so clogged up with hate that it stops beatingShe stops breathing

Her body's just a caucus now, her soul's leaving

No more pain, no more bleeding

That's gone blow by blow from a severe beatingIt takes half a dozen more blows to the end

Before they finally realize that she is dead

That's when the door busts open and in come the feds

The neighbors must have called them

When they heard the screaming of tormentComing from the basement

Where Sinita's dead body lies on the floor blatant

Like roadkill out on the pavement

It's quite clear to the police that she's been a victim

Of a horrific case of physical mutilationTough love, tough love, I call it hatred

Tough love, tough love, I call it hatred

They call it tough love, I call it hatred

That's your flesh, your blood that's sacredTough love, tough love, I call it hatred

Tough love, tough love, I call it hatred

They call it tough love, I call it hatred

That's your flesh, your blood that's sacredAfter being apprehended, Sinita's parents are asked

Why they throw her life so brutally ended
They said it was out of love but only hate breaks
Soma so hard that it can never be mendedTo this day they show no remorse
Their idea of parental guidance, would be to always use force
What makes this tale all the more gory
Is that this song is based on a true story, tough loveRest in peace, what a fucked up world
What a fucked up shit, ain't this fucked?
It's all fucked, it's all fucked

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