

Tough Love

Plan B

Let me tell you a story
It's called Tough Love Once 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 to lend a hand in helping him beat her Sinita 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 distant She 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 girls So 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 pages Tough 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 sacred Tough 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 sacred So engrossed in a new found interest
Sinita fails to realize the time
Before she knows it is a quarter to nine
She shoulda been back from prayer an hour ago
Now her parents gonna know she skived In 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 skafing Before she has time to think of an excuse
Her father 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 sofa Dad 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 explanation He 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 you
Sinita 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 exorcism
Tough 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 sacred
Tough 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 sacred
For 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 hore her
By now Sinita has a mental disorder
She no longer cares if she lives or dies
Absolutely 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 nature
She 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 on
Now 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 beating
She 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 beating
It 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 torment
Coming 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 mutilation
Tough 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 sacred
Tough 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 sacred
After 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 mended To 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 love Rest 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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