

The Art of Self Defense

Black Light Burns

A diminutive figure in a filthy loin cloth
Is en route to your house just to knock you off
A sad pygmy who takes small steps
Who weeps while he snuffs you
Who sits on your chest
The art of self defense
The art of self defense
A diminutive figure in a filthy loin cloth
Is en route to your house just to knock you off
A sad pygmy
A sad pygmy
He weeps while he snuffs you
He sits on your chest
To him you're no different from all the rest

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