Infested

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If there was a god, I'm sure he would be hated,
for making bugs, this hell that was created.
Sit on a coat, put on a hat,
I am infested, it happens just like that.
I'm sure I hate 'em, there ain't no maybes,
bodylice & crabs, headlice & scabies.
You take your pick.
They make me sick.
Well, I'll scratch until I bleed,
so there'll be scabs for me to pick.
It drives me mad as I scratch my body raw,
sometimes it feels like sex when I'm scratching with my paws.
Sometimes it feels better, when it gets wetter;
lubed up with puss & blood... but later I'm upsetter.
'Cause of the pain when the rash becomes inflamed,
I simply lost control, the scabies can't be blamed.
Oh yes they can!
I'll go complain to the drop in center clinic,
hook me up with some lindane!
Oh yes lindane, the stuff for the occasion,
this lotion gives you cancer with too many applications. (3x)
But I must use it. I'll be the tested.
This time it's gone too far my body is infested.I am infested, I am infested,
this time it's gone too far, my body is infested.
I am infested, I'll be the tested,
this time it's gone too far, my body is infested...One bug, two bug, three bugs, four,
these bugs just fuck & eat, soon they'll be hundreds more.
(to) Infest my head, infest my bed,
these bugs won't stop infesting 'til I kill them all dead.
Then there's the eggs, the fucking catch.
If I don't delouse again, in seven days they'll hatch.
And at this time, I will truly go insane;
my nervous system shot by the use of the lindane.
It is this lotion on my generation tested,
this time it's gone too far, my body is infested.

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