Such Horrible Things

Creature Feature

Sit Back Now
Let Me Tell You A Tale
Where Justice Does Not Prevail
About An Ill-Fated Life
So Very Full Of Strife
Where Two Wrongs Do Not Make A Right
So
When I Was Born
I Did Surely Scorn
My Proud Parent's Name
Then Their Lives Went Down The Drain
Drove Them Insane
My Birth Was A Curse
I Bit The Nurse
Oh, But I Love The Worst
I Deserve To Be Slowly Submersed
Dried Out Then Laid In A Hearse
When I Was Two
I Poured Super Glue
Into My Fathers Hair
As He Sat Unaware
In His Arm Chair
Much To His Dismay
Had To Cut It All Away
Oh, But It Felt Great
I Deserve To Cut And Filleted
Then Tossed About In Disarray
Until The Pieces Melt Away
I Am Not A Bad Man
Even Though I Do Bad Things
Very Bad Things
Such Horrible Things
But It's Not Quite What It Seems
(Not Quite What He Seems)
Not Quite What I Seem
Ah, Hell
It's Exactly What It Seems
When I Was Four
I'd Wait By The Door

With A Knife In My Hand
And A Most Devious Plan
It Would Be Quite Grand
As The Mail Fell Through The Slot
The Sharp Edge He Got
Oh, But I Love The Thought
I Deserve To Be Tied In A Knot
Broken Bones And Blood Clots
When I Was Six
I Used To Trick
The Next Door Neighbors Son
In The Woods We Would Run
Time For Fun
Hide N Seek Has A Cost
He Would Be Forever Lost
Oh, But I Love To Scoff
I Deserve To Have My Head Lopped Off
Hidden And Covered In Moss
Until This Memory's Forgot
I Am Not A Bad Man
Even Though I Do Bad Things
Very Bad Things
Such Horrible Things
But It's Not Quite What It Seems
(Not Quite What He Seems)
Not Quite What I Seem
Ah, Hell
It's Exactly What It Seems
When I Was Eight
I Used To Hate
The Color Of My House
So As Quiet As A Mouse
I Burned It Down
To The Ground
When No One Was Around
Oh, But I Love The Sound

I Deserve To Be Quickly Put Down
Rotting Six-Feet Underground
When I Was Ten
I Used To Pretend
To Drown In The Sea
Till They'd Come To Rescue Me
Then Preceed
To Laugh In Their Face

Such A Disgrace
Oh, But I Love The Taste
I Deserve To Have My Brains Displaced
All Over The Fireplace
Until This Life Has Been Erased
I Am Not A Bad Man
Even Though I Do Bad Things
Very Bad Things
Such Horrible Things
But It's Not Quite What It Seems
(Not Quite What He Seems)
Not Quite What I Seem
Ah, Hell
It's Exactly What It Seems
When I Was Twelve
I Used To Delve
Into Evil Schemes
Just To Elicit Screams
Boost My Self Esteem
Pushed My Sister Down A Well
She Just Fell
Oh, But I Love To Dwell
I Deserve To Roast Deep Down In Hell
Where No One Can Hear Me Yell
When I Was Fourteen
Nothing Much Happened
Well
There Was That One Time
I Am Not A Bad Man
Even Though I Do Bad Things
Very Bad Things
Such Horrible Things
But It's Not Quite What It Seems
Not Quite What He Seems
Not Quite What I Seem
Ah, Hell
It's Exactly What It Seems
When I Was Sixteen
Life Was Frightening
My Brother Was Quite Dull
So With Laughter In My Skull
Pushed Him In A Hole
Then Buried Him Alive
He Barely Survived
Oh, But I Love The Cries

I Deserve To Be Battered And Fried
In An Electric Chair That's Set On High
Now That I'm Eighteen
I Still Hate Things
From This Padded Cell I Call My Home
No Friends, No Phone
No Life To Call My Own
Here I Will Lie
Until The Very Day I Die
Until My Blood Begins To Dry
And I Return To The Darkness From Whence I Came
So
I Am Not A Bad Man
Even Though I Do Bad Things
Very Bad Things
Such Horrible Things
But It's Not Quite What It Seems
Not Quite What I Seem
Ah, Hell
I'm Exactly What I Seem

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