

Evil

Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine

He is the People's poet and all the people know it
They've read his published stories in public lavatories
In town and country locals he's Mr. Antisocial
His violence does the talking those boots weren't made for walking
He's a cold blooded vulture he won't respect
your culture
He's nothing like your good self he's come to burn your bookshelf
He'll gobble up your children destroy what you've been building
And when you're left to suffer he'll vivisect your mother
He is the Lord and master of every war and disaster
Every disease and famine, a piece of canning, planning
Be was in Vietnam he is the Klu Klux Klan
He was the child catcher he gave us Margaret Thatcher
One day the Devil was in high good humor
For he had created a mirror which made everything
Good and beautiful, reflected in it shrink to almost nothing
And everything bad and ugly, stand out more clearly than ever
All the little imps who went to the Devil's school
Ran around with the mirror, until there was nowhere
And no one that had not been distorted in it
The Devil was much amused and the mirror itself grinned wickedly
Then the little imps decided to fly up to
heaven to make fun of God
And his angels, the higher they carried the mirror the more it grinned
Until it was shaking so hard with laughter that it slipped out of their
Hands and fell to earth where it broke into millions of pieces
And then it caused even more trouble than before
Because all the tiny splinters, scarcely the size of a grain of sand
Went flying around the world and whenever a splinter flew
Into anyone's eye, it had the same power as the whole mirror
And made people see everything distorted
Sometimes a splinter of glass even entered someone's heart
Which was worst of all, for then that person's heart was turned to ice
And by his royal appointment there'll be no more enjoyment
There will be no more benders no service will be
rendered
The shops will not be open until he sees you broken
You've got to give him credit the poor man's Norman Tebbit
Cruelty without beauty, beyond the call of duty
And beyond my understanding I find it so demanding
I wish I could forget it and be more apathetic
It's just it bothers me so how anyone could be so evil

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