Clint Eastwood Is Very Hard, Innit

Labrat

I am an asexual god
The self breeding mother of hate
Or maybe that's just how I feelI reflect what I receive every day
In my world so full of lies
I reflect the pain I suffer every time
I spit out your filthy ugly nameIt seems you radiate the sun
Inside you were hit with the ugly stick
I never ever felt more dead
Than when I got inside youThis extension of my hand
Will rid us all of shit like you
Could take your head clean off your neck
If I fucking wanted it too
Bad men will speak my name in fear
Cower back from Callaghan
Enforce the feelings I believe
Cos I'm the mother-fucking manCower back in fear.

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