

Tough Love

Plan B

Let me tell you a story.
It's called tough love. Once upon a time there was a girl called Sonita.
Dreaded goin' home after school 'cause her dad would mistreat her.
Her mum was just as bad, when she got mad,
was more than glad to lend a hand in helping him beat her. Sonita, used to wear the cloth of her religion.
Sonita, used to pray to God, thought he was listening.
But nothin' ever changed, at least she couldn't see a difference.
So the relationship between them both became distant.
She didn't agree with the fundamental religious views of her parents.
Might as well have been speaking gibberish.
To her, it was incoherent.
She was livin' in the Western world,
Couldn't understand why she couldn't be like all the other Western girls. So one day she rebels.
Walks into a shop and purchases a copy of Bliss.
A magazine for female teenagers.
Ripped off the plastic rapper, started flickin' through the pages. Tough love, tough love.
I call it hatred.
Tough love, tough love.
I call it hatred.
You call it tough love, I call it hatred.
That's your flesh, your blood, that's sacred. Tough love, tough love.
I call it hatred.
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You call it tough love, I call it hatred.
That's your flesh, your blood, that's sacred. So engrossed in her new found interest, Sonita fails to realize the
time.
Before she knows it, it's a quarter to nine.
Should've been back from prayer an hour ago.
Now her parents are gonna know that she's skived.
In the slim hope that they won't,
She hides the copy of Bliss inside the books under her arm and makes her way back home. She opens the door to
find her mum and dad waiting.
The expressions on both of their faces is scathing.
Before she has time to think of an excuse,
Her father's hands are right round her neck like a noose.
So tight he chokes her.
She drops all her books on the floor except the Bliss mag which lands on the sofa.
Dad can't control his rage when he sees that the centre page is a boy band poster.

"She's possessed by the devil!"
Her mother shouts.
Blaming it on Satan, like it's the only explanation.
Grabs Sonita by the hair, down to the basement.
Hearts racing like she knows her life's about to be taken.
They look her in the eyes, say,
"Here's what we're gonna do.
You've been possessed by a demon,
We're gonna beat him out of you." Sonita cries for help.
She sees her mum pick up a broomstick and her dad take off his belt.
It's no use, her brothers and sisters won't listen.
Undeterred, her parents carry out the exorcism. Tough love, tough love.
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That's your flesh, your blood, that's sacred. For hours they violently torture their daughter.
Beat her until an inch of her life until it's right on the border.
They continue to physically haunt her but now Sonita has a mental disorder.
She no longer cares if she lives or dies.
Absolutely no more tears left to cry.
She's evilness in her parents eyes.
And thinks they're the ones who need to be exorcised. That's when the rebellious streak completely intoxicates
her.
Sudden rush of energy boosts a never before seen aggressive nature.
She decides that no matter what they are never gonna break her.
"Go to hell!" she screams at her dad as he goes to give her another lick with the belt.
"Go fuck yourself!" she screams at her mum, knowing that it's only gonna spur her on.
'Cause now Sonita's lost the plot.
The physical pain ain't nothing compared to the heartache when the heart breaks and it rots.
Once filled with so much love.
But now it's so clogged up with hate that it stops beating and she stops breathing.
Her body's just a carcass now, her soul's leaving.
No more pain.
No more bleeding.
Die slow, blow by blow from a severe beating.
It only takes half a dozen more blows to the head before they finally realize that she's dead. That's when the
door busts open and in come the FEDS.
The neighbours must've called them
When they heard the screams of torment coming from the basement where Sonita's body lay.

Blatant like road kill out on the pavement.
It's quite clear to the police
That she's been the victim of a horrific case of physical mutilation. Tough love, tough love.
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You call it tough love, I call it hatred.
That's your flesh, your blood, that's sacred. After being apprehended,
Sonita's parents were asked why their daughters life was so brutally taken.
They said it was out of love.
But only hate breaks something so hard it can never be mended.
To this day they show no remorse.
Their idea of parental guidance will always be to use force.
And what makes this tale even more gory is that this song is based on a true story.
Tough love
I rest my case.
This is a fucked up world.
It's all fucked

Songwriters

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