

# Birth Defect

## Helmet

All the good, that you discover  
In people that you hate  
Draw them close and pencil thin  
Then they're easy to erase You've got it down, just sing them lines  
And watch them starve to death  
Keep them crowded and short of air  
Then you can take their last breath I'd rather be insulted by you  
Than someone I respect  
If I don't share the same view  
It's just my birth defect  
All the good that never comes  
From always getting your way I'd rather be insulted by you  
Than someone I respect  
If I don't share the same view  
It's just my birth defect  
All the good that never comes  
From always getting your way  
All the good that never comes  
From getting your way

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