

# The Threat

## The Van Pelt

I've been convicted with and without reason  
Tarred and feathered like a piper on a killing spree  
And felt the anger of generations  
And been the target of the cheap shots of authority  
So you think you cut me down to size  
Well there's something you should realize  
It's gonna take more than a break in the law  
To make me smile pretty for the wreckin' ball  
Won't beg, won't bleed  
The end of sacrifice is a threat to society  
Hard line, you'll see  
Once you've made a mark, you've made a threat to society  
I wasn't put here to be treated  
Like some disease you hoped would go away if left alone  
You can sweep me under the carpet  
But, I'll still infect your need to use me as a steppin' stone  
So you think you cut me down to size  
Well there's something you should realize  
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