

The Art Of Self Defense

Black Light Burns

A diminutive figure in a filthy loin cloth
Is en route to your house just to knock you off
A sad pygmy who takes small steps
Who weeps while he snuffs you
Who sits on your chest
The art of self defense
The art of self defense
A diminutive figure in a filthy loin cloth

Is en route to your house just to knock you off
A sad pygmy
A sad pygmy
He weeps while he snuffs you
He sits on your chest
To him you're no different from all the rest
The art of self defense
The art of self defense

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