

# You Did It

## Necro

(Sample: Billy Joel's "We Didn't Start the Fire")

"Ayatollah's in Iran, Russians in Afghanistan

Wheel of Fortune, Sally Ride, heavy metal, suicide..."(Verse 1: Necro)

You wanna die intentionally due to your masochist nature

You're impatient; death comes eventually

But you want instant gratification

Suicide's been attempted; you're not alive if you meant it

And if you survive you'll be labeled demented

And sent to somewhere expensive

Where they'll keep you stable with narcotics

Strapped to a table in a place full of psychotics

Locked in a rubber room unable to bash your skull

Or hang yourself with a cable

It's ironic like a fable

Depression has infected you, you're under the impression

It's best to put a Tech to your neck

And apply pressure to the trigger mechanism

Now you figure it's less of a prison on the other side

Once you've died you can't come back if it isn't

The unknown; the afterlife, and where we go after we die

To find out before it's your time, you'd have to sacrifice

Like Japanese pilots did for their cause

Believing there's something beautiful to balance the violent shit

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

You did it! (Son, you did it!)

You put the gun into your mouth and blasted yourself

And that's it, kid

You can't come back

You regret it, but you're deaded

You committed a suicide, and your whole head is shredded(Verse 2: Necro)

Drinking cyanide? Choose a beverage

Use a rod to tighten the loop of rope around your neck

Just use some leverage

Asphyxiation, brain hemorrhage

Chopped in half by a band saw

Take a second from life to stop and laugh

I can't imagine the pain you feel

You're not a coward; you're brave

You allowed your head to be decapitated by a train wheel

Razor to the throat, methamphetamine ducts  
Suicide epilogue, end of scene, cut  
You can jump in front of a truck and be a corpse in the street  
And try to go out dramatically like Natalie Portman in "Heat"  
Seven days underwater at 20 degrees Celcius  
Overdosage of barbituates, takin' a shit, like Elvis  
Found in your underwear with a gun in your hand  
And a suicide note next to you, hoping we'd understand  
If you've got a problem, suicide will solve it  
Check out the hook; Budd Dwyer with a revolver  
(Chorus)(Sample: Budd Dwyer's suicide at a press speech)  
Dwyer: (stuttering) "When I..."  
(Dwyer removes a revolver from a manilla envelope, crowd panics)  
Dwyer: "This will only take a moment."  
Crowd: "Budd, no, please, please! Don't shoot it! Don't shoot it!"  
Dwyer: "Stay back, don't, don't! This will hurt someone!"  
(Dwyer puts the barrel of the revolver into his mouth and fires upwards into his skull)  
Crowd: "No, oh my fucking god! Oh my god! (crying) Oh, shit, no!"  
Crowd: "Alright, settle down! Don't panic, don't panic. Someone call a doctor!  
Somebody call an ambulance, a doctor, and the police!"  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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