

# 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  
A sad, sad, sad, sad, sad pygmy