

Martin Atchet

Modern Life Is War

Martin, I've seen the ones you ought a bleed
They've been driving around in their big stylish cars
Well, I think they ought a feel your pain, Yeah
I think they ought a wear your scars

'Cause what Ruby told you, well that was true
Now you better lace up those boots
'Cause only you know how it felt
when the pretty girls looked at you that way
And somebody is gonna haft a pay

He's gonna get his revenge
He's gonna crucify himself for the world's sins
His name was hatchet

He was one of them
He was one of them

He's coming through the swing door
He doesn't give a fuck no more
Cause no one ever gave a fuck about him

A horrible little monster born into a life of pain
The only way to relieve the hate
Justice in the upper tiers of the corporate class tonight
A little lesson on twisted wrongs and crooked rights
If he could write the headline in the paper the very next day i
t would read
violence works in mysterious ways
and somebody is gonna haft a pay
somebody's gonna haft a pay

He's gonna get his revenge
He's gonna crucify himself for the world's sweet sweet sins
His name was hatchet
He was one of them
He was a skin

Are you a messenger boy?
No, I'm the judge and jury
If you're gonna call the cops
you better fucking hurry
There's no use begging for your life
You made your choice and now you pay the price
you fucking bastards, bastards, bastard