

You Did it

Necro

"Ayatollolah's in Iran, Russians in Afghanistan
Wheel of Fortune, Sally Ride, heavy metal, suicide..."

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

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

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

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!"