

I'm one with the raindrops  
But there's yet another sound  
Now, could it be that Jeff  
That fucking prick who you owe some money from the  
From the bet that you lost to that fuck Jeff who works  
Down the studio

Paranoia taken in  
Temper rises paper thin  
Evil lurks in every vein

Now it's time I kill again

See the real behind the lie  
See the evil in my eyes  
How good it feels I can't disguise

You're on your way to paradise

It wasn't the mailman  
Yeah sure it was Jeff

He would not go away  
So I stabbed his sick ass into quiet a mess  
A mess it took me a while to disguise but now  
There's no more Jeff  
The fucking bastard's gone