

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