

Such Horrible Things

Creature Feature

Sit back now
Let me tell you a tale
Where justice does not prevail

About an ill-fated life
So very full of strife
Where two wrongs do not make a right

So

When I was born
I did surely scorn
My proud parent's name
Then their lives went down the drain
Drove them insane
My birth was a curse
I bit the nurse
Oh, but I love the worst

I deserve to be slowly submersed
Dried out then laid in a hearse

When I was two
I poured super glue
Into my fathers hair
As he sat unaware
In his arm chair
Much to his dismay
Had to cut it all away
Oh, but it felt great

I deserve to be cut and filleted
Then tossed about in disarray
Until the pieces melt away

I am not a bad man
Even though I do bad things
Very bad things
Such horrible things
But it's not quite what it seems
(Not quite what he seems)
Not quite what I seem

Aw, hell
It's exactly what it seems

When I was four
I'd wait by the door
With a knife in my hand
And a most devious plan
It would be quite grand
As the mail fell through the slot
The sharp edge he got
Oh, but I love the thought

I deserve to be tied in a knot
Broken bones and blood clots

When I was six
I used to trick
The next door neighbors son
In the woods we would run
Time for fun
Hide and seek has a cost
He would be forever lost
Oh, but I love to scoff

I deserve to have my head lopped off
Hidden and covered in moss
Until this memory's forgot

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Such horrible things
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(Not quite what he seems)
Not quite what I seem

Aw, hell
It's exactly what it seems

When I was eight
I used to hate
The color of my house
So as quiet as a mouse
I burned it down
To the ground
When no one was around
Oh, but I love the sound

I deserve to be quickly put down
Rotting six feet underground

When I was ten
I used to pretend
To drown in the sea
'Til they'd come to rescue me
Then proceed
To laugh in their face
Such a disgrace
Oh, but I love the taste

I deserve to have my brains displaced
All over the fireplace
Until this life has been erased

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Such horrible things
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Not quite what I seem

Aw, hell
It's exactly what it seems

When I was twelve
I used to delve

Into evil schemes
Just to elicit screams
Boost my self esteem
Pushed my sister down a well
She just fell
Oh, but I love to dwell

I deserve to roast deep down in hell
Where no one can hear me yell

When I was fourteen
Nothing much happened

Well, there was that one time

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Such horrible things
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(Not quite what he seems)
Not quite what I seem

Aw, hell
It's exactly what it seems

When I was sixteen
Life was frightening
My brother was quite dull
So with laughter in my skull
Pushed him in a hole
Then buried him alive
He barely survived
Oh, but I love the cries

I deserve to be battered and fried
In an electric chair that's set on high

Now that I'm eighteen
I still hate things
From this padded cell I call my home
No friends, no phone
No life to call my own

Here I will lie
Until the very day I die
Until my blood begins to dry
And I return to the darkness from whence I came

So

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Even though I do bad things
Very bad things
Such horrible things
But it's not quite what it seems
Not quite what I seem

Aw, hell
I'm exactly what I seem