

Tazer

Cretin

I have a van
It's a special van
It has a couch in the back
So I don't have to stand
I've covered the walls
With egg cartons and foam
Soundproofed my home
So you and I can be alone

I am a man
I'm a frightening man
I'll do things tonight
You won't understand
Fogging the windows
With my eager breath
Zapping your flesh
You'll beg me for death

The open van door unnerves you a bit
I pounce when you walk by—a gibbering miscreant
I'm not wearing pants and I smell like burnt hair
My tazer crackles and lights the night air

I have a plan
It's a secret plan
I'll borrow you awhile
And shock you in my van
You'll writhe and squirm
Spasm and twitch
Fifty thousand volts
Surging through you bitch

I'm just a man
With stun gun in hand
Your nightmare won't end
Until sparks fill my van
I'll tazer your soft bits
And giggle when you pee
Then we'll drive far away
And I'll set you free

I know it's wrong but I find it enchanting
Your body tenses and I can't stop my laughing
I like to pretend that you're having fun
Your grimace, a smile, lit by my stun gun