

## 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