Birth Defect

All the good, that you discover In people that you hate Draw them close and pencil thin Then they're easy to erase

You've got it down, just sing them lines And watch them starve to death Keep them crowded and short of air Then you can take their last breath

I'd rather be insulted by you Than someone I respect If I don't share the same view It's just my birth defect All the good that never comes From always getting your way

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Helmet