

By day I plot the downfall of society
I devise devious plans of retribution
Night falls and I am out on the streets
Distributing my "political contributions"...

No restaurant or cafe
is safe from my attack
I file among the cooks and chiefs
From kitchen to kitchen I plant my "surprise"
Discreetly to avoid early detection
The next day the news blare my psychotic feats
With joy, the terrorism has shocked and offended
I take my urine and steaming feces
Smear it and mix it within the food you eat!
Terrified the city locks the doors of tempered cafes
The restauranteurs and patrons revulsed
My warm shit burritos can kill...

Some folks use bombs, others use guns
I find my way deadlier and more exacting
My bodily excrement washes your gums
Later, fluids bubble from your nose
Outbreaks of staph throughout this f**king town
The fear is contained and profound
The market's my next step, to piss in the milk
No one is safe... I spread my hate around
Your skin bubbles and smells
Your guts burn, you squeal
The bile in your throat is gastric acid
Your terror will never heal!
You fear to eat again
I know my revenge is complete
To commit such a horrible task
To remember my atrocious deeds...
To not forget...