

Screech's Tale

RÉN

Our story, it starts
Right at the end of the life of poor Jenny
Clocked out like Big Ben
Dear Screech, dear boy, where did he go?
He melted into the black night, just like snow

Patrick, man, let me in, please open the door
I think I fucked up, Patrick, really fucked up, man, I'm not sure
I got crazy, left this lady lying still on the floor
I think I killed her, Patrick, come on man, I can't knock no more
But Screech kept on knocking, 'till his knuckles became sore
But there's no sign of Patrick, down at number 54
No refuge for our villain, for the bitter hands of fate
Have something far more sinister in mind, that does await

Hello?
Hey babe, you in?
Nah, nothing really, I'm just a bit tired
Listen, can I swing around yours for a few moments?
I just really miss you, babe
What the fuck do you mean you're busy?
You fucking bitch, for fuck's sake

Sirens sound approaching like a Banshee in the night
The shrill cry of justice cutting like the sharpest knife
But Screech was never one to run, not one to miss a fight
One hand upon his blade, he turned to face the blue light
"Come on then, you fucking cunts, lets fucking have you then
I am Screech, I'm the boss here, I'm the ender of man
You think that uniform you're wearing means that you own these streets
Well these are my fucking streets and they call me fucking Screech"
Richard was an officer, who stood at 6 foot 3
Working London on the night shift, what he didn't think he'd see
Was a boy running at him, like an animal possessed
With no time to hesitate, he fired four bullets at Screech's chest

Our story it ends, right at the start
Young Screech and poor Jenny, lying one street apart
An officer shaken, by the boy that he claimed
Two bodies lay lifeless, and it's such a shame
It's such a shame