

In Hell

Choking Victim

You may find my appearance and demeanor foolish, but it is you who plays the fool.

For although I am only a student of the victim, I have many, many styles.

Try my choking style! Hwah!

Every time you humoured me,
You patronized my misery,
The yesterday's mean nothing now,
They never mattered anyhow!

Oh well in hell, we like it well,
We think it's nice, we think it's swell!
I've fucked up so many times,
The more I think, the more I sink

Into the drain
Of pain and misery.
The sickness of feeling
Will end someday.

Often times I wonder why
There's love and hate, there's live or die.
When sickness comes I must decide:
When feelings go, there's suicide.

Oh well in hell, we like it well,
We think it's nice, we think it's swell!
We'll drink a cup of kindness yet,
In hell we learn but soon forget

Hell is life. You must admit this is true
But don't take it so serious.
It ends so soon.

In hell!
Oh well!