

Made In Hell

Classless Act

Damaged goods that were made in hell
You know that you got that haught, rotting something about
You laid your tripwire and 'course he fell
With all your tricks, heavenly filters that ain't just in your pics
Oh
You think you're fooling everyone and their gods
But I know

Fuuuuuuuh
You're eating him alive
Fuuuuuuuh
You're burning him alive

You left town
Went back home to hell
But for some forsaken reason you're back to use
Bewitching prowess to cast a spell
Earn a living
Human spirit, eager-ego to get it
Oh
You think you're fooling everyone with your feigned halo
But I know what you're capable of
You won't rest 'till you imprison his soul

Fuuuuuuuh
You're eating him alive
(Do that, be that, do that)
Fuuuuuuuh
You're burning him alive
(Do that, be that, do that, do that, be that)

Packaged in Pasadena
But made in hell
Manufactured by passive aggressive demons

Fuuuuuuuh
You're eating him alive
(Do that, be that, do that)
Fuuuuuuuh
You're burning him alive
(Do that, be that, do that, do that, be that)

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Fuuuuuuuh
You're burning him alive, alive, alive