

# 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, 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, be that)

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Fuuuuuuuh  
You're burning him alive, alive, alive