

Lords of the Hellfire Club

Gama Bomb

All you ladies and gentlemen of blasphemy
Let's ride to the mountain hall
There's nothing polite in your society
Creeping from the shadows for the devil's ball

Do as you will is the whole of the vibe
The crimes against goodness that pay
There'd be naked people pounding pints and pissing in the streets
Of the Vatican if we had our way

Ride a pale horse
Smoke the scroll
Drink yourself to death and back again
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Gospel of the naked arse
Servants live in fear of my desire
Phallic symbols on the walls
Puking up your guts into the font of the cathedral
Brothers of the secret law
We don't give a fig at all
We leave the rectory in such a mess
Needle in a bishop's eye
Harpsichord in overdrive
Knighted by a goat wearing a dress