

## 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  
Lords of the Hellfire Club

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