

Christian's Inferno

Green Day

I got under the grip
Between the modern hell
I got the rejection letter in the mail and
It was already ripped shreds.
Seasons in a ruin and
This bitter pill chased with blood.
There's fire in my veins
And it's pouring out like a flood

Whoa, Christian's inferno
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This diabolic state is gracing my existence
Like a catastrophic baby
Maybe maybe you're the chemical reaction
I am the atom bomb
I am the chosen one
Toxin your reservoir
And then return man to ape

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