

Hell Yeah

Rag'n'Bone Man

Pray before I drift into sleep
Salvation is a gift and a curse
Knees down on the steps of the church
Hell bound as I step through the earth
Old folks begging for redemption
Lost souls scratching at a stained glass window
Where the grease players touch where the young souls sing about happy days
Cold hands clutching on a lifeline
Hung by a man that preaches from a page given by another man that was looking for a rope or a reason

You and I don't feel obliged oh good Lord

But maybe I'm going to hell, yeah
Maybe you're going to hell yeah
For all our wicked crimes
But if we're already going to hell yeah, hell we might as well get stoned and crucified
Stoned and crucified

Pray before I drift into sleep
Salvation is a gift and a curse
Knees down on the steps of the church
Hell bound as I step through the earth
Sales man pitching from a soap box
Look at you pushing all ya sons and daughters like lambs to the slaughter keep feeding that book of revelation
If forgiveness is only for the privileged does the light shine brighter on a saint or a sinner
who's praying to the sky keep looking for a chance of salvation

You and I don't feel obliged oh good Lord

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Maybe you're going to hell yeah
For all our wicked crimes
But if we're already going to hell yeah
Hell we might as well get stoned and crucified
Stoned and crucified

Letter to my heavenly father
Would you worry 'bout me drowning or just walking on water
Always felt that you would grab me 'fore I dearly departed
Loved you dearly but despair's all I feel when I frolic around the weary world is bad but it was broken by preachers, pay my offerings
But officers was living like leeches, I'm feelin' lost in me Church but my apartment is the smokers hangout
Behind my building is the dealers crib
They smoke and hangout
I go to school with all the dealer's kids
They love to bang out
They know it's wrong but they don't feel the need to open their mouth
I thought you said the truth was taught by those who go in your house
But all I see is liars lying on my grandmomma's couch
You made a kingdom out of solomon, I see you disregard the sin
But what about the sodom and gomorrah shit is hopeless it's the crap
I hope you're not offended by the thoughts inside my mind

But hell it's hard to admit it's all you got I'll take my side