

Living Hell

Screeching Weasel

These days are colder now
These days are bitter
When the sickness in the city wins
Before you know it nature takes over
And the cruel infernal host
Rises up triumphantly
The black eyes of the demon bat streaming blood
Tears for the fools volunteering for the slaughter

God knows I've tried believing in the world
To no avail
In the end we're left with nothing but ourselves
A living hell

These days there's no loyalty
There really isn't much of anything
Did Christ feel the guilt of the sins he took on as his own
When he was nailed to the cross like a criminal
I think he did and I pity him
Brought low by the common man
And not a single one of them believes in redemption in the first place
Anyway; do they?

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But remember
Sardonicus is right up the street
Just remember
Sardonicus is right up the street

Aaaaauuuch...