

# Hell

## The Pains of Being Pure At Heart

Aren't you tired of the way boys who feel feel?  
All folded arms and compliments  
In pain to feign their innocence  
When what they really want is

What you really want is  
Not written on the bathroom stall  
Or pleasures more mechanical or manual  
It's worse than them all

In the kilt that you kept  
Out of guilt that you let  
All your fathers down  
You were bold for a joke  
But it went too well  
Now you're going to hell

You could lie to me now but you won't  
I could try to be shy but I'm not  
Cuz where you're going I want to be there  
And there's no use stopping  
When the flames jump so near

In the street where we met  
After everyone left  
You wouldn't say goodbye  
You were bold for a joke  
But it went too well  
Now you're going to hell

You can dance on a Saturday night  
Till the light's come on and the morning's young  
But when church bells ring, you'll go off to him  
And tell everything

I know you had such good intentions  
When you took my idle hand  
What came next, well I think you can guess  
It doesn't end well  
We're going to hell