

Hellfire

The Taxpayers

They took you to the river in October
When the ground is soft enough to dig a hole
But the devils did not want you, so they buried you alive
Now they argue over where to rest your soul

Broken into pieces by a hammer
And drowned beneath the river, next to you
Held under by your daddy's arms in water though I tried
And struggled not to suck a lungfull in

Now I can't fuckin' wait to meet you down there in the hellfire
I can't wait to see your pretty face in flames
But baby, if we get down there, don't fall back into madness