

# 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