

## Gates of Hell

### Those Poor Bastards

Tap tap tapping on my window  
The long black fingernails of sorrow  
Why don't you go crawl back to God and rot there?  
I don't want to see you 'round here not anymore

The gates of hell are dark and grim  
Encircled by a moat of sin

Do you think the pain is worth it?  
Bind your lungs inside that corset  
This day this week this month cannot be tolerated  
Falling in this burning pit I thought we hated

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Companions I got none can't you tell?

The jackals charmed 'em with their roadkill  
Don't you ever wonder why we are all trapped here?  
Don't you want to wander somewhere there's still danger?

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Sometimes folks just need to suffer  
It makes 'em mean it makes 'em tougher  
Take this plow and plow away it just don't matter  
Put that pillow on my face so I can breathe sir  
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Encircled by a moat of sin