

Hell Sounds Nice

Young Rising Sons

I would rather go and slip in a coma
Than get verbally run over by you
I would rather give away all my money
Than spend it on you honey it's true

When it can't get worse you find a way
You put fire and brimstone all to shame

Hell sounds nice
I think I'd rather drink
Bleach on ice
Than be your anything
You're screaming like a kettle
I'd rather shake hands with the devils
You make
You make
Hell sound nice

I would rather buy a drink for all your exes
Than get gaslit before breakfast by you
I would rather volunteer for target practice
Than get caught up in your crosshairs
At least I'd have a shot there

When it can't get worse you find a way
You put fire and brimstone all to shame

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Than be your anything
You're screaming like a kettle
I'd rather shake hands with the devils
You make
You make
Hell sound nice

You like me best in your purgatory
Where I can't stay but I can't leave
See you on the other side
If you get there first tell me what it's like

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