

Hell In A Handbasket (Live Version)

Voltaire

Oh and now,
The end is near
And I face that final curtain
So good-bye to strife
This is the last dance of my life
Lord, of this I'm certain
I've been a sinner,
I've been a saint,
Done both good and evil deeds
Oh, but in the end,
I was good to my friends
And that's good enough for me. Oh good Lord, they say all souls you forgive
Well if that's true then why
does there need to be a Hell?
Hey, what's that sulfur-y smell?
Now I can feel the fire creepin' up my thigh. I'm goin' to Hell,
In a handbasket.
It's a Bohemian Rhapsody.
Oh, Galileo, mama mia, Scaramouch, Scaramouch.
Oh, Beelzebub's got a devil put aside for me. I'm goin' to Hell,
In a handbasket.
With my flesh they'll make a feast
I'm gonna be there in that number
That's 666, the number of the beast I'm goin' to Hell
In a handbasket.
Well at least I'll have a view
Oh I will see the fire, through the rusty razor wire
Oh don't you worry, I saved a seat for You. I'm goin' to Hell,
In a handbasket.
And I might like it that way
No this ain't no lie, I'd rather be Kentucky Fried
Than live and kicking in Jersey any day I'm goin' to Hell,
In a handbasket.
I'd pray if I had the guile
No this ain't no fib, I'd rather be a splatter on the Devil's bib
'Cause on my knees repentin' ain't my style. I'm goin' to Hell,
In a handbasket.
Oh please don't pray for me
No I don't need to be saved, of the devil I ain't afraid.

There ain't nothin' he can do that ain't already been done to me. I'm goin' to Hell,
In a handbasket.
And I'll have good company too
'Cause If I was so bad, then there's no need to be sad
'Cause everybody else will be there too, including You! Oh, good Lord, I only ask you forgive
The self righteous who deceive
When your words they twist,
We both know Hell don't exist,
Except in the minds of the poor fools who believe!

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