

# In Hell

## A Perfect Murder

You may find  
My appearance and demeanor foolish  
But it is you who plays the fool  
For although I am only a student of the victim  
I have many, many styles  
Try my choking style Shaolin Puff'n'Stuff  
(I have no idea) Every time you humored me  
You patronized my misery  
The yesterday's mean nothing now  
They never mattered anyhow Oh well, in hell, we like it well  
We think it's nice, we think it's swell  
I've fucked up so many times  
the more I think, the more I sink Into the drain  
Of pain and misery  
The sickness of feeling  
Will end someday Often times I wonder why  
There's love and hate, there's live or die  
When sickness comes I must decide  
When feelings go, there's suicide Oh well, in hell, we like it well  
We think it's nice, we think it's swell  
We'll drink a cup of kindness yet  
In hell we learn but soon forget Hell is life  
You must admit this is true  
But don't take it so serious  
It ends so soon In hell  
Oh well

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