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 styleShaolin 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 anyhowOh 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 sinkInto the drain
Of pain and misery
The sickness of feeling
Will end somedayOften 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 suicideOh 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 forgetHell is life
You must admit this is true
But don't take it so serious
It ends so soonIn hell
Oh well

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