Hell

Squirrel Nut Zippers

In the afterlife you could be headed for the serious strife
Now you make the scene all day
But tomorrow there'll be hell to pay
People listen attentively I mean about future calamity
I used to think the idea was obsolete
Until I heard the old man stamping his feetThis is a place where eternally
Fire is applied to the body
Teeth are extruded and bones are ground
Then baked into cakes which are passed aroundBeauty, talent, fame, money, refinement
Top skill and brain
But all the things you try to hide
Will be revealed on the other sideNow the D and the A and the M
And the N and the A and the T and the I O N
Lose your face, lose your name
Then get fitted for a suit of flame

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