

# In Hell

## Dead Bronco

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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