

# Hellsville

## Legendary Pink Dots

Fixing on a lonely star on 4 Avengers morning, on the blood  
stained steps of Hope, forgotten, carrying our cross like  
guilty children waiting 'til our father's home. Hel" crack  
our backs, he'll break our bones. His iron rod will comb  
the hair that stiffens on our spines. We walk defeated  
in a line. Our one release is in the fiery furnace . . . Take  
us swiftly, take us now to Hellsville (Bells peal! Roll  
the barrel . . . Down the pills.) But still we'll never die  
because we cannot pay enough. Our sweet Lord may be  
merciful, but he likes to play things tough. And HELL  
is where the action is. They came from lonely stars in  
search of wholesome entertainment. We're the stars. We're  
the stars that line the stage--the attraction of the  
ages. Buy a ticket, feel our pain. God, it's outrageous.  
It's a scream in Hellsville.

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