

# Desperate Hell

## Christian Death

I hear the ratters of tatters of home  
Kick over the buckets of the wells run dry  
I can't see but I don't care  
Nothing is the best gift you can find  
Peru Resh On my past suffering  
The voices at last smothering  
To hell with your excuses  
What do you know of desperation?  
You people never feel the pain  
Of dark eyed angels in a desperate hell  
I hear the ratters of tatters of home  
Thrown over the edge, my eyes are dry  
I sit in the darkness of my own device  
And search my soul for a paradise  
Peru Resh Eat my flesh and drink my blood  
Tomorrow I'll be crucified  
Eat my flesh and drink my blood  
Tomorrow I'll cry, tomorrow I'll die

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