

Happy Hour

King Missile

In this happy sing-song hell hole

 In this torture house of glee

 In this perfect playpen prison

There's so much to do and seeOn this euthanasia morning

 Colorful carnival of pain

 Let us drink delicious poison

If they won't let us, let's complainGenetic engineers

 Crucified our sacred hymns

 While flesh fell off our bodies

 And we lost our limbs

Lyrics provided by

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