

# Hellhole

## Charged G.B.H.

The poor man he had no dreams  
He had no vices all he had was himself  
Spent his days walking around  
Thinking of things to do with his timeIt's like a dream when I wake and scream  
I'm lost and alone and living in a hellholeLooked at himself then looked at the world  
Decided things weren't going too well  
Just a man with a sense of justice  
Would his days of misery never endIt's like a dream when I wake and scream  
I'm lost and alone and living in a hellholeBought a gun disciplined himself  
Shoot those those bastards right between the eyes  
Crime figures fell like dead leaves  
The city breathed a sigh of reliefIt's like a dream when I wake and scream  
I'm lost and alone and living in a hellholeBought a gun disciplined himself  
Shoot those those bastards right between the eyes  
Crime figures fell like dead leaves  
The city breathed a sigh of reliefIt's not easy when you're making a stand  
When it seems that all the world is mad  
It's easy to fall by the wayside  
But if you act like a sheep you'll get eaten by the wolfNow the streets are safe for children to play  
Couples can go walking in the park  
The poor man is happy now  
An unknown hero and nobody knows his nameIt's like a dream when I wake and scream  
I'm lost and alone and living in a hellhole, a hellholeIn a hellhole

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