

# Hosannas From The Basements Of Hell

## Killing Joke

I harbor thoughts of killing you pour petrol on you and then on me  
But then I walk down the stairs and killing joke waits for me there then we play -  
Go psycho

With sticks and stones and bones beneath our homes  
We face ourselves hosannas rising from the basements of hell

Anger that poisons my heart eating your liver and heart like voodoo  
Just play until you bleed lost in the noise I am free I'm not a murderer yet

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written by PAUL RAVEN, GEORDIE WALKER, JAZ COLEMAN  
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