

# Real Child of Hell

X

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Men of flesh hitch a ride  
Shorts and tans and greasy thighs  
At night drive into slimy bars  
And piss it out on our front yards  
They're looking in our window now Real child of hell, nobody's seen him  
Real child of hell, real child of hell  
Nobody knows what shape she takes St. Paddy's Day, old Irish man  
Shamrocks painted on his face  
He mumbles warnings from Ireland  
In the back I sense a fight  
And that old man has done his deed Real child of hell, nobody's seen him  
Real child of hell, real child of hell  
Nobody knows what shape she takes This stage I'm on gets repossessed  
Vigilantes acting bored  
The mindless fan wants my dress  
And I can't tell which one is worse  
And I can't see the cursing child Real child of hell, nobody's seen him  
Real child of hell, real child of hell  
Nobody knows what shape she takes

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