

Squirrel Nut Zippers, Hell

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People listen attentively
I mean about future calamity
I used to think the idea was obsolete
Until I heard the old man stamping his feet

This is a place where eternally
Fire is applied to the body
Teeth are extruded and bones are ground
And baked into cakes which are passed around

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Beauty, talent, fame, money,
refinement , job skill and brain
But all the things you try to hide
Will be revealed on the other side.

In the afterlife
You could be headed for the serious strife
Now you make the scene all day (MEET THE FURNACE)
But tomorrow there'll be Hell to pay (yessisisisis it is HOT)

Now the D and A and the M and the N and the A
And the T and the I-O-N
Lose your face
Lose your name
Then get fitted for a suit of flames.

Now the D and A and the M and the N and the A
And the T and the I-O-N
Lose your face
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