

A Different Kind of Hell

Madder Mortem

There are many names for the place I'm in
It's a different kind of hell
There is room enough but too many stairs
No one asks and no one tells

With each door you pass, another set of traps revealed
Pin-on smirks that smell like fear

See behind the pretty faces
There's just no substance underneath
It's all a game, and how I hate it when all their fancy words t
urn out to mean the same

Let it seep - let it slide
Let it fill you up
You'll feel the little cracks appear
The venom dancing in your blood
You're coming just in time to see me tear

See behind the pretty faces
There's just no substance underneath
It's all a game, and how I hate it when all their fancy words t
urn out to mean the same

Just a little hope stretched far too long
It's different kind of hell

Just a different kind of hell