

Hell

Streetlight Manifesto

In the afterlife
You could be headed for the serious strife
Now you make the scene all day
But tomorrow there'll be Hell to pay

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
And all the things you try to hide
Will be revealed on the other side

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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
And get fitted for a suit of flames