

# When I Get to Hell

Twiztid

When I get to hell,  
I'm sure that I'll know everybody  
from the likes of David Berkowitz to Allister Crowley  
Couple bible thumpers here and there praise the lord,  
If ya didn't in your soul, then you destined to get yours  
When I get to hell,  
I'll be sure to head for the throne  
and all alone relieve the devil of his dome in his home  
When I get to hell  
I'm lookin' for Heath Ledger  
I'll see if I can get all the shit he left on his dresser  
When I get to hell  
I'ma start a new resistance  
The first act, killin' 50 of the devil's minions  
No hell or the total terror  
and pure happy people is as the devil was,  
sweeter than me habit  
When I get to hell  
All the evil will line up,  
and celebrate my death by drinkin' cups of my blood  
When I get to hell  
I'm changin' from skin to skeleton  
My arms spread like wings of demons once again

I'm goin' to hell so who'll come with me  
The devil stab me with a pitchfork, come get me  
I'm goin' to hell so who'll come with me  
The devil stab me with a pitchfork, come get me  
Hell hell hell hell  
hell hell hell hell

When I get to hell  
I'm gonna crucify Hitler  
While Napoleon watches from the front row and takes pictures  
All the heads rollin' makes the audience pop  
Another demon dead I'ma work my way to the top  
When I get to hell  
I'll be swimmin' in a lake of blue flame  
Skinnydippin' in puddles of blood stains  
Where everything is everything that many bring  
Anything that you need  
From coke to murder sprees  
Spreadin' like a disease  
When I get to hell  
I'm fuckin' Marylin Monroe  
Doggystylin' her fire pit with a gun to her dome  
In a dress like the Seven Year Itch and  
Pullin' on the trigger as I bust like fuck that bitch  
When I get to hell  
I'm discombobulatin' and shake  
'Til my bones break and separate like skin from a snake  
When I get to hell  
I roll like a sick force  
and I penetrate your skin like the horns from a pitchfork

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When I get to hell  
They gonna eat my eyes first  
and run my ass over with an all black hearse  
Scrape what's left of us up and shovel it in a bucket  
and dump it up in the orgies of demons as they would fuck it  
Cause the pieces to chunk and sew it all up  
Push me in the line waitin' for the elevator up  
To vacuum the soul right up out the hole  
So you can't haunt nobody  
You're not even a ghost

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