

## Happy Hour

King Missile

In this happy sing-song hell hole  
In this torture house of glee  
In this perfect playpen prison  
There's so much to do and see

On this euthanasia morning  
Colorful carnival of pain  
Let us drink delicious poison  
If they won't let us, let's complain

Genetic engineers  
Crucified our sacred hymns  
While flesh fell off our bodies  
And we lost our limbs