

# Christian's Inferno

Green Day

I got under the grip  
Between the modern hell  
I got the rejection letter in the mail and  
It was already ripped shreds.  
Seasons in a ruin and  
This bitter pill chased with blood.  
There's fire in my veins  
And it's pouring out like a flood

Whoa, Christian's inferno  
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This diabolic state is gracing my existence  
Like a catastrophic baby  
Maybe maybe you're the chemical reaction  
I am the atom bomb  
I am the chosen one  
Toxin your reservoir  
And then return man to ape

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