

Hosannas from the Basements of Hell

Killing Joke

I harbour thoughts of killing you
pour petrol on you and then on me
but then i walk down the stairs
and killing joke waits for me there
then we play - go psycho

With sticks and stones and bones beneath our homes we face ours
elves
hosannas rising from the basements of hell

Anger that poisons my heart
eating your liver and heart
like voodoo just play until you bleed
lost in the noise i am free
i'm not a murderer yet
i'm not a murderer yet

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