

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