

Halos In Hell

The Jelly Jam

halos on the ground scarred up, dented, rusted brown, forgotten
halos walked right past disappearing in the grass, forgotten
halos just like a gun take it off and hurt someone that you love
halos with no light darker than the blackest night from above
halos in hell, like a magic devil spell, everybody leaves them
down below
halos in hell, at the bottom of the well in the places you don't
want to go
halos, I don't know, fallen like the gleaming snow illusion
halos seem so cheap, everyone has a few that they can't keep from
losing
halos in hell, like a magic devil spell, everybody leaves them when
we go