

When I Get to Hell

Twiztid

When I get to hell,
I'm sure that I'll know everybody
from the likes of David Berkowitz to Allister Crowley
Couple bible thumpers here and there praise the lord,
If ya didn't in your soul, then you destined to get yours
When I get to hell,
I'll be sure to head for the throne
and all alone relieve the devil of his dome in his home
When I get to hell
I'm lookin' for Heath Ledger
I'll see if I can get all the shit he left on his dresser
When I get to hell
I'ma start a new resistance
The first act, killin' 50 of the devil's minions
No hell or the total terror
and pure happy people is as the devil was,
sweeter than me habit
When I get to hell
All the evil will line up,
and celebrate my death by drinkin' cups of my blood
When I get to hell
I'm changin' from skin to skeleton
My arms spread like wings of demons once again

I'm goin' to hell so who'll come with me
The devil stab me with a pitchfork, come get me
I'm goin' to hell so who'll come with me
The devil stab me with a pitchfork, come get me
Hell hell hell hell
hell hell hell hell

When I get to hell
I'm gonna crucify Hitler
While Napoleon watches from the front row and takes pictures
All the heads rollin' makes the audience pop
Another demon dead I'ma work my way to the top
When I get to hell
I'll be swimmin' in a lake of blue flame
Skinnydippin' in puddles of blood stains
Where everything is everything that many bring
Anything that you need
From coke to murder sprees
Spreadin' like a disease
When I get to hell
I'm fuckin' Marylin Monroe
Doggystylin' her fire pit with a gun to her dome
In a dress like the Seven Year Itch and
Pullin' on the trigger as I bust like fuck that bitch
When I get to hell
I'm discombobulatin' and shake
'Til my bones break and separate like skin from a snake
When I get to hell
I roll like a sick force
and I penetrate your skin like the horns from a pitchfork

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When I get to hell
They gonna eat my eyes first
and run my ass over with an all black hearse
Scrape what's left of us up and shovel it in a bucket
and dump it up in the orgies of demons as they would fuck it
Cause the pieces to chunk and sew it all up
Push me in the line waitin' for the elevator up
To vacuum the soul right up out the hole
So you can't haunt nobody
You're not even a ghost

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