

Voltaire, Hell In A Handbasket

Oh and Now
The end is near
And I face that final curtain
So good-bye to strife
This is the last dance of my life
Lord of this I'm certain

I've been a sinner.
I've been a saint.
Done both good and evil deeds.
Oh, but in the end, I was good to my friends
and that's good enough for me.

Oh good Lord, they say all souls you forgive.
Well if that's true then why
does there need to be a hell?
Hey, what's that sulfury smell?
Now I can feel, the fire, creepin up my thigh.

I'm goin to Hell
in a handbasket.
It's a Bohemian Rhapsody.
Oh, Galileo, mama mia, scaramouche, scaramouche.
Oh, Beelzebub's got a devil put aside for me.

I'm goin to Hell, in a handbasket.
With my flesh they'll make a feast.
I'm gonna be there in that number.
That's 666 the number of the beast.

I'm goin to Hell, in a handbasket.
Well at least I'll have a view.
Oh I will see the fire, through the rusty razor wire.
Oh don't you worry, I saved a seat for You.

I'm goin to Hell, in a handbasket.
And I might like it that way.
No this ain't no lie, I'd rather be Kentucky Fried
Than alive and kicking in Jersey any day

I'm goin to Hell, in a handbasket.
I'd pray if I had the guile.
No this ain't no fib
I'd rather be a splatter on the Devil's bib.
'Cause on my knees repentent ain't my style.

I'm goin to Hell, in a handbasket.
Oh please don't pray for me.
No I don't need to be saved, of the devil I ain't afraid.
There ain't nothin he can do that ain't already been done to me.

I'm goin to Hell, in a handbasket.
And I'll have good company too.
'Cause If I was so bad, than there's no need to be sad.
'Cause everybody else will be there too (Including You!)

Oh good Lord, I only ask you forgive
The self righteous who decieve
When your words they twist,
We both know Hell don't exist,
Except in the minds of the poor fools who believe