

# Crucified, Hellcorn

full of hype  
the children of the corn  
inverted crosses hangin' from your ears  
you run at the mouth  
and ruin our shows  
you sing about death to hide your fears

hellcorn - satan's all you sing about  
hellcorn - hide your fears  
hellcorn - you serve the lesser being  
hellcorn - doesn't make the truth disappear

on an on  
you wore the gimmick out  
you limit yourselves, and make us sick  
ignoring the needs  
of souls in search of peace  
to babble on about a horror flick

why must you ruin our shows?  
speaking bold the blasphemies  
why don't you shut your mouth?  
you profit from deceit