

# Effigy, I Found Hell

No one says a thing but you know what they're thinking  
You know you're special you sick in the air like you're real  
Looking down you see the stigmata  
The holes are in your arms but it's close enough if you're real, and you are  
Sit back and attack or ignore the world  
Wasting away all the boys and girls  
Television is your part in the play  
All seeing God with nothing to say  
I found hell, I found hell  
I found hell, I found hell  
Washing down the finest fast food in the land  
A poison-pop, remote control in your hand  
Making sure you can still say enough  
Sure I can do anything f\*\*ked up  
I found hell, I found hell  
I found hell, I found hell