

# Espen Lind, Pop From Hell

Just roll the soundtrack  
Let the lights dim down to blue  
They've dressed their voodoo dolls  
And named them after you  
Burn your every bridge  
Sever all your ties  
Give confessions where  
You serve them all your lies  
Does it get you high  
Does it make you whole  
Does it get you by  
As you play your role  
You make me so hard  
Because you're a star  
You dress like the devil  
Then you sing like a god  
They love when you smile  
You rock'n'roll child  
Baby this is pop from hell  
Just wear your knee pads  
And your finest little dress  
When uncle Devil comes  
Disguised as great success  
Jesus was a saint  
You the biggest fan  
Bet his money on  
The horse that bit his hand  
Don your finest shirt  
Rip yourself apart  
Wallow in the dirt  
Baby that's your art  
You make me so hard  
Because you're a star  
You dress like a devil  
And they label it art  
They got you on tape  
So you can't escape  
Baby this is pop from hell  
You're in too deep  
Your life will make you weep  
When you see the battle isn't won  
It's only just begun  
You make me so hard  
Because you're a star  
And I just don't believe  
You don't like what you've got  
They know how to throw  
One hell of a show  
Baby this is pop from hell