

# Forgotten Rebels, Hell Begins At Home

Your mommy's gone away 'cause your daddy's astray.  
The whore next door wants a romp in the hay.  
Your sister gets on for the fast in and out.  
Your uncle makes sweat while the closet boys shout.  
Now you found more friends in the sickies downtown.  
They been takin' you in, now you bring 'em around.  
Now you think you're something, really really something.  
Tell you what I'm gonna do for your now.  
I'm gonna' make life hell for you.  
I'm gonna make like hell for you.  
Because hell begins at home.  
The man next store like to diddle his kids.  
He beats his daughter 'cause she saw what 'he did.  
His mother was possessive of the manhood he had.  
Reward him with her punishment whenever he's bad.  
Hysteria rules, his mind overturns.  
His malice, it grows and his conscience discerns.  
And he's really doing something, really really doing something.  
He's gonna make life hell for you.  
Because hell begins at home.  
But he thinks of his childhood and threatens his past.  
And he wants a solution he knows he'll make last.  
And he thinks he's going crazy, really crazy.  
Tell you what he's gonna do to you now.  
He's gonna make life hell for you.  
Because hell begins at home.