

Lordi, To Hell With Pop

Some want it soft
Some want it hard
Some like it
slow
Some like it fast as the shark

You hate it
every single way
You really need no room to play
You
make it so damn hard to stay

Run away
Run
away
Ooh, you better run away
Run away
Run
away
Run before it's too late
The truth is right
behind you
Closing in... on you!
So run away

You ain't nobody's nightmare
You weren't
boiled in flames
You ain't no Devil's daughter
You don't know her pain
There's no 7-headed
demons
No lakes above the ground
But on the day of
black sun rises, see
It's you who's going down
To hell with the pop

You wipe the smile right off
your face
That leads to higher 'bout to holy ways
You think your fashion seems you fine
You're much
not worth for single die
You will be flow down for your
crimes

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