Pennywise, Christmas In Hell

I don't want anything for Christmas I wanna be naughty, not nice We'll burn all your trees down 'cause all days in this town it's such an ugly sight

It looks like Christmas but you just can't tell It's joyful and triumphant but to me it feels just like Christmas in hell! Christmas in hell!

I find it all so depressing I've got no Yuletide joy We'll teach them a lesson We'll steal all the presents from every girl and boy

It looks like Christmas but you just can't tell It's joyful and triumphant but to me it feels just like Christmas in hell! Christmas in hell! Christmas in hell! Christmas in hell! Christmas in hell!

[Fletcher, deep voice] candel lights and Christmas trees we don't want any of these gingerbread and candy canes I'll show you what is right!

It's Christmas in hell It's Christmas in hell It's Christmas in hell It's Christmas in hell Christmas in hell Christmas in hell!