

Squad 69

"Pyramaniaxe"

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He's a hellfire preacher, a heretic reacher
He'll kick a hole through the walls of your soul and he's
very pleased to meet you.
Fee fi fo fum, I smell the blood of the risen Son
Be ye alive or be ye dead man cannot live alone by
bread.
When you feel your spirit sinking and run into the
ground,
It's not only wishful thinking, you can burn it all down.
Little girls striking matches, fascinating how quick it
catches,
Don't go buy a Gameboy, a flame thrower will bring you
joy

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