

3**"Bedroom In Hell"**

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Hell's not hot
It's so cold that it burns
So I'm watching the pot
Until the fire returns

The voices of those familiar
Whisper "I'm sorry my son"
If the devil ain't already killed you
Thy kingdom may never come
Yeah

So what do you think
Of my bedroom in Hell?
Always drips in the sink
Never a drop in the well

One by one the guilty trudge
All in single file
One by one they leap from the ledge
One by one they land in the pile

And they wait for the fireworks to start
They wait in the darkness alone
If the devil had half of a heart
Oh, then he might just come back home

So what do you think
Of my bedroom in Hell?
Always drips in the sink
Never a drop in the well

Well I hope you don't think me ungrateful
But I can't think of what could be worse
Than to sit all alone on a bed made of stone
Watching the shadows rehearse

See... Hell ain't no place where they melt you down, no
In fact it's so cold that you learn
To sit with your sins 'til a new day begins
And the devil returns

So what do you think

Of my bedroom in Hell?
Always drips in the sink
Never a drop in the well

So what do you think
Of my bedroom in Hell?
Always drips in the sink
Oh, never a drop in the well

Never a drop in the well
Oh there's never a drop in the well
Well there's never a drop in the well
Never a drop in the well
Never a drop in the well

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