

## 69 Squad "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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