

Electric Hellfire Club

"Hellflower"

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There's a place I'd like to find, somewhere in the
Center of my mind
Where sweet euphoric flowers grow, in every color of
The rainbow
As you close your eyes and float away, you can hear
the
Demon gardeners say:

Hellflower -- Satan's power, you grow more beautiful by
The hour
You feed our hearts and you free our minds, with the
Essence of the souls that you devour...

Shrinking violet makes the scene in the formal garden
Of the queen
Bloody Mary, so contrary, how do your flowers smell?
Like pederastic priests and hypocrites, burning in the
Pits of Hell!

You are the butterfly, I am the honey-bee
You stop to smell the roses then you drown in the
Poison of my sting
You fight to keep your sanity, then you fall into a
Deep narcotic sleep

You slip into a dream without a care
You can see Hellflowers everywhere
The scent of evil fills the air...
You can taste the magic if you dare...

Daisies and daffodils, valium and placidyls
Marigolds and violets, dilaudid and percocets
Everything beautiful contains some evil...
Flowers always smell sweeter through a needle

Hellflower -- Satan's power, you grow more beautiful by
The hour
You feed our hearts and you free our minds, with the
Essence of the souls that you devour...

"Hi! I am Princess Samantha! And I am surrounded by

a

Sea of flowers! There are daises and daffodils, and
Dandelions! But my favorites are the poppies! They are
So pretty!
And they make me so happy! And so tired... I'm so
Sleepy,
And tired. And my eyes, they feel so heavy! I LOVE
Poppies!"

"Would you like one of my flowers?"

You slip into a dream without a care
You can see Hellflowers everywhere
The scent of evil fills the air...
You can taste the magic if you dare...

Morning Glory tells the story of Hellflowers throughout
History
Growing like weeds in the Garden of Eden,
Where the master spoke to Eve
Judas tiptoed through the tulips with a kiss that would
Live in infamy
Then they dragged your savior through the mud...
In the flowerbeds of Gethsemane

Where sweet euphoric flowers grew
In every size and shape and hue
And as the centurions dragged him past
He heard the demon gardeners laugh:

Hellflower -- Satan's power, you grow more beautiful by
The hour
If I could I would destroy this world, and build
Something beautiful
That we could call ours...

Hellflower -- Satan's power, you grow more beautiful by
The hour
You feed our hearts and you free our minds, with the
Essence of the souls that you devour...

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