

I Hate Sally **"This Must Be Hell"**

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Never dreamt of a nuclear shower
And never scraped the flesh from skin and bone
Last call for a soviet summer
The last call
This onslaught won't back down
From fear, cold, everlasting pain:
Insane, hysteria, is all that still remains inside the
voices left for dead
Born in black and white through government
When wanting less means breaching fuckin' more
And trying all the while to lose the score
Red plans followed by shadows
Middle fingers curled back in shaking fists
In Petersburg the death is still living
In Petersburg their stories moulding myths:

This must be hell 'cause sides don't count, our options
out

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