

Malcolm McLaren

"Foyer Of Hell"

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I am on the way into the city of woe
I am on the way to the forsaken people
I am going down into a pit so low
I am on the way into eternal sorrow

The cry ceased and the echo passed hearing
I saw three mighty presences appearing
With neither joy or sorrow in their bearing
No sign of compassion or caring

I stand on the foyer of hell
In this nightmare I will dwell

No direct ascent past the beasts
To pass this you must descend through Hell

These wretches were never dead
They ran through swarms of hornets naked
That gauged them the more they fled
Sweet blood soaked them red

It made their faces stream with bloody gouts
Pus and gore that dribbled to their feet
If they fell they were to be swallowed
By loathsome worms and filthy maggots

I stand on the foyer of hell
In this nightmare I will dwell

No direct ascent past the beasts
To pass this you must descend through Hell
Descending all through Purgatory and then,
You will be free to dwell

No direct ascent past the beasts
To pass this you must descend through Hell
Descending all through Purgatory, crossing the fire
To pass this you must descend through Hell

Thanks to Razvan

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