

The Crucified "Hellcorn"

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Full of hype
The children of the corn
Inverted crosses hangin' from your ears
You run at the mouth
And ruin our shows
You sing about death to hide your fears

Hellcorn - satan's all you sing about
Hellcorn - hide your fears
Hellcorn - you serve the lesser being
Hellcorn - doesn't make the truth disappear

On an on
You wore the gimmick out
You limit yourselves, and make us sick
Ignoring the needs
Of souls in search of peace
To babble on about a horror flick

Why must you ruin our shows?
Speaking bold the blasphemies
Why don't you shut your mouth?
You profit from deceit

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