

The Evil Dead

"Perfect Day In Planet Hell"

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Windows open wide to a scorching red hot sun
A world in mourning greets a nuclear morning
Twelve more hours of fun, a new day has begun
Pay little heed to the sirens' warning.

All the nuns are now revolting, they want penises and
porking
Black habits turned into miniskirts (Oh yeah!)
And the harlots are still brawling, swearing and name
calling
Here, you see, morality is in the dirt.

Discarded as a drunk, drowning deep inside your rum
But at least you are not in a cell (Hell no!)
Buy a gun from your mum, show the world what
you've become
It's just the way things are in Planet Hell...

The skies engulfed in fire
And the oceans boil with glee.
All celebrate in choirs
At last mankind is free.

At sunset all things crawl, hide inside their holes
Heat knows when to take it's seat
Frost now takes control, no time to take a stroll
Snow makes the day complete.

Night comes, close the blinds, a dead moon is on the
rise
A weary world rests it's head in the soil
Silence rules the land, and shadows cloak the Earth's
demise.
A sleepy globe waits to uncoil.

Perfect day!

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