

## HELL'S ANGELS

Oh death,  
Destroyer of divine calling,  
Crucifier,  
Lord denying,  
Slayer of my soul.  
Satan is behind you,  
The devil is before,  
What wickedness you live in,  
You hater of everything  
That is good and pure.

If ever there is one so bold,  
It's you beholding the cross,  
To scorn, mock, laugh and glare  
At the One who won, so there,  
The battle between you and He.

You didn't know did you,  
That putting Him there,  
You lost your battle?  
And so no more,  
Will those go with you,  
Who hell and love of anger hate.

Oh hatred, mockery, misery, gloom,  
It's you who chose to be with me,  
When banished from the heavens above,  
You turned to earth,  
To make men cry out in pain  
And ruination of the soul,  
For a deliverer.

Don't you know yet,  
Your life is ended?  
Glory still rules  
The world you live in.  
You have but one short life  
To lead yours down below,  
To what you got for denying the cross,  
The Kingdom and  
The One who is your enemy.

Victory is no longer thine.  
'All that I have is mine.' you say.  
    'No, not true,  
    The devil is slain,  
    Sin is forgiven.  
    How can that be?  
    Home is heaven.  
    Not yours, not ever,  
    Betrayed, lover of the flesh,  
    Tormentor, rejecter,  
You, who nailed Him to that tree.

More priceless than gold  
Is the soul who loves thee,  
    Yet will confess to Jesus,  
    The victor over all that is yours,  
To receive freedom, life and liberty,  
    To live as life ought to be,  
    Joy and truth  
    And peace with men.'

Oh hell, I see you yet  
    In this dark place;  
Wars, death and all that is demented,  
    Tormented,  
    Bent on gain,  
    Forgotten,  
    Begotten out of pain,  
Suffering and agony.  
    Could life really,  
    Begin on a tree?