

Satan's in Heaven

Satan's in heaven	Oh no! Oh no!
The cherubs are leavin'	Oh no! Oh no!
It's full of heathens	Oh no! Oh no!
Satan's in heaven	Satan's in heaven

You have got a droopy face and a sketch pad
What is happening in your mind
On a day of Satan in Heaven

Isn't there a funeral you can cry at
Dead folks you can understand
On a day of Satan in Heaven

You could live a life	It's not been waived
You have thoughts	You're not some one's slave

Crime and refreshment	Crime and debasement
Crimes under cement	Crime in the basement

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He left dishes in the sink	For something to do
When he got home	
From a day of Satan in heaven	

Cuddly snakes are now serpents	The puppies have three heads
The angels have all gone	
On a day of Satan in Heaven	

People leave in many ways	Worse when there still at home
And even though they have died	It's nice to know they were alive

Crime of definition	Crime of rendition
Crimes of blasphemy	Seem a little homey

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Saints are all grievin'	Satan's in Heaven
Spirits are heavin'	Satan's in Heaven
No one's believin'	Satan's in Heaven
Demons are teasin'	Satan's in Heaven

The gospel is weazin'	Satan's in Heaven
The devil is reavin'	Satan's in Heaven
There's no more believin'	Satan's in Heaven
The angels are fleein'	Satan's in Heaven