

W.A.S.P., Hellion

Hell-hound, hot leather on your legs
That smokin powder keg you're riding on is hell-bound
And you're the one they claim
It's going down in flames
You're riding Hades' rails (Hellion)

Hellion, The devil's Hellion child
Hellion, will never have to die

Well child, you're sweatin' and you're stoned
That alcohol you downed makes you crazy-
All night, you damn the hurt and pain
And drink the devils rain
It's screaming out your name

Hellion, The devil's Hellion child
Hellion, will never have to die

The Gods you worship are steel
At the altar of rock 'n' roll you kneel
A slave who forever rocks
Is chained in the devil's locks
And slain by the bloody axe I wail

Hellion, The devil's Hellion child
Hellion, will never have to die