

House of Asmodeus – Helluva Boss

A: You singing love songs
In my lustful lounge?

F: Ozzie's ain't the place
For sentimental sounds!

A: What'd you expect from
A proprietor like us?

F: Your demon host, Asmodeus,
The embodiment of lust!

A: Give me a thrust!

Yeah, show me some lust
From the groin to the bust
In desire, we trust

In the house of Asmodeus

F: Trumpet! Hah!

A: Little Imp,

You came here to sing your serenade
Perform your feelings on a velvety stage

Well, we got a saying that's
Popular in these parts-

F: Only little bitches strum
The strings of their hearts!

A: You wanna hang around this lustful town?

Ditch the lovey-dovey

Before we knock you around

Here we sing about wants and desires

F: Depravity! savagery!

Loins hotter than fire!

A: So, give me a thrust

Show me some lust

From the groin to the bust

Little Imp, you just must

In the house of Asmodeus

Come on, sing us a song

Make sure the subject is gettin' it on!

Make it graphic and tantrically long~

F: Be sure to rhyme "song" and "shlong"!

A: Go ahead, your mic's on!

Mo: I want to...

F: Yeah, what do you want?

Butt stuff? Piss play? Bondage?

Mo: Make gentle love to you

A: Ugh, what a limp-dick Imp

You're really killin' the vibe

Get a load of this dweeb

And his unsatisfied bride

B: Hey, now! I've watched those two

Pork many times

Mo: What!?! Blitzo!?!

B: And, honestly, they make

Missionary look relatively exciting!

F: Is that Blitzo?

So, you're showin' your face?

Hey everybody,

This guy's a total disgrace

Some nerve you got to

Comment on a relationship

Last I checked your love life

Is a pile of shit!

V: Oh, Blitzo?

I used to date him

B: Oh Verosika, you're here

V: I'd stroke him, I'd fellate him

Yeah, but when it was my turn

He did no reciprocatin'

A selfish Imp in the sheets

And just as bad in the streets

A reckless, heart-breaking freak!

A: Who's that at your table?

Is your date a demon prince?

Stolas, is that you?

IMP: Are you sleeping with an Imp?!

A: Woo! My dark lord

How the mighty do fall

You used to have a smoking wife,

A kid, you had it all

I hope you didn't give it up

So you and him could get it up~
You sold your life for a thrust!
Now, that's the spirit of lust!
Grab your groin or a bust
You better get your hair mussed
Pretend you don't see that crust
Hump 'til your junk turns to dust
A&F: In the house of Asmode-
F: ah!
A: Hey!



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych