You're dancing with the devil You're dancing with the devil

Whoa oh, whoa oh
Our clipped wings will never hold us down,
Whoa oh, whoa oh
We are kings from the underground
We, we came, to rain on your parade
And if we die, then who will be your remedy?
So shut the fuck up, we're about to leave a legacy.

We are louder than your bullshit You're just dancing with the devil We are louder than your bullshit You're just dancing with the devil

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Dancing with the devil.
Dancing with the devil
You're dancing with the devil.