

The Devil (Okay)

Marc Almond

One day the devil came above ground
One day the devil came above ground
To study his interests
He saw everything
The devil, he heard everything
And having seen all
Having heard all
He returned to his home below
And down below
They organised a grand feast
At the end of this feast
The devil rose to deliver his speech
This is the gist of what he said
Okay!
Okay
The world up there is like a sea
Of raging fires that spit and roar
Okay
And man has fought like crazy
With dangerous games of war
Okay
Trains are derailed
A crash
His boys filled with ideals
Place bombs on the tracks
Well that creates original death
That death creates without confession
Confessions without remission
Okay
Nothing is sold
But all is bought
Honour and sainthood
Okay
And states change secretly
Into anonymous societies
Okay hey hey
And the mighty extort their dollars
From countries that are poor
And Europe also rips the scars
With it's post colonial gorge
That creates death from starvation
And starvation of nations
Okay
And man has seen so much of it
That his eyes have become grey
Okay, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
And no songs seem to exist
Except when sung on stage
Okay
They dispense with hired thugs
And jack-ass poets get the elbow
but in the papers everywhere
Every shit has his photo
That creates evil in honest folk
And laughter in dishonest ones
Okay! Okay! Okay! Okay!
Okay! Okay! Okay! Okay!

Okay!
Okay! Hahaha!
Okay! Hahaha!
Okay