

Devil

Wax

Talk is cheap, screaming's cheaper
I don't wanna hear a peep out of your freakin' yapper
Time is of the essence never been a freak of nature
Who didn't end with listening to the grim reapers laughter
Wrote a message to the devil on a paper napkin
Was a question that he said nobody'd ever asked him
It read

If we all gotta die don't the devil gotta die too
And how long must I survive to outsurvive you

They say that sleep is kin to dying
Dreaming must have been the first time that they seen them angels flying
Life's as sturdy as a dandelion
Which is about as sturdy as them buildings were on 9/11
I often wonder how them angels spend their time in heaven
And are they marked with tattoo needles or with branding irons
Is there a prison above heaven even more prestigious?
Tell 'em to swear upon the bible before I ask of Jesus

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Death is deep below the surface
Underwater 'bout to breach it's like the freakin' slowest porpoise
Void of purpose. The soul is Satan's oldest purchase
That (he said) is necessary since he sold himself as a serpent
Tons of gold and cattle merchants out at your favorite places of worship
Easily lead the sheep to pasture look at the grass don't it look fantastic
Can't we cork that porpoise blow hole with some plastic
I think that we can patch it if we all believe in magic, hey

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