

Steve Hackett, The Devil Is An Englishman

A poet walks amongst the Gods
But jealous men have pulled me down
Now exiled in a foreign land
I coax my demons into life
While people cross themselves and say
The Devil is an Englishman

Beelzebub in human form
I mingle with the noblemen
Young girls fall pleading at my feet
As I defile them one by one
Devouring half of London Town
The Devil is an Englishman

A nest of tiny scorpions
Are breeding in my cranium
Poet Laureate of hell
The Devil is an Englishman

In yet a hundred years from now
As leeches suck upon the flesh
For those who trek beyond the grave
This dark demented soul lives on
The Devil is an Englishman