

Alarm, Shout To The Devil

Alarm

Declaration

Shout To The Devil

Son said the preacher 'fore I break the news

Let me take you to the heart of this promised land

Built on the green hill far away

Where somebody cried where somebody died in the wind

You don't have to run to the palaces of gold

Those bricks and mortar one day must surely fall

And son you will look Monroe right between the eyes

And pray that somehow someone's goona come along

And save her, save her soul

SHOUT TO THE DEVIL SHOUT TO THE SKY

SHOUT TO THE GODS ALMIGHTY HIGH PREACHER TEACHER

It's in the hearts it's in the soul

Look no further than your own back yard

Live your life as it should be lived

Follow your heart for the truth is everlasting

And the wind runs cold in the blood of men

The bread is dry, stale pushed into the back of you mind

And a senator's dream running wild today

And the bid duke's star in death

Still fighting off the hounds of hell

And we all fall short of the glory my friend

Even all the king's horses and all the king's business men

I've got a golden eagle flying high

But I and I still find it hard to keep the wolves at bay

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IT IS FINISHED