

Death SS, Sympathy For The Devil

Please allow me to introduce myself I'm a man of wealth and taste
I've been around for a long, long year stole many a man's soul and fate
And I was 'round when Jesus Christ had his moment of doubt and pain
Made damn sure that Pilate washed his hands and sealed his fate

Pleased to meet you hope you guess my name
But what's puzzling you is the nature of my game

Stuck around St. Petersburg when I saw it was a time for a change
Killed the C'zar and his ministers Anastasia screamed in vain
I rode a tank in a general's rank
When the Blitzkrieg raged and the bodies stank

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I watched the gleam while you kings and queens
Fought for ten decades for the Goth they made
I shouted out "Who killed the Kennedys?"
When after all It was you and me
Let me please introduce my self I'm a man of wealth and taste
And I laid tracks for troubadors
Who get killed before they reached Bombay

Pleased to meet you Hope you guess my name
But what's puzzling you is the nature of my game

Pleased to meet you hope you guess my name
But what's confusing you Is just the nature of my game

Just as every cop is a criminal and all the sinners Saints
As I end this tale just call me Lucifer
'Cause I'm in need of some restraint
So if you meet me have some courtesy
Have some sympathy, and some taste
Use all your well learned qualities
Or I'll lay your soul to waste

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