

Hellicopters, The Devil Stole The Beat From The

Got you concerned by some unconcious mistake
A bit blacker magic for that soulselling sake
Kinda caught too cold - a wicked twist on your fate
You could call it crucifixion or subdue to create

Got you fooled by a mass demand
Bragging 'bout fortunes you're about to land
And your loudmouth got your conscious sore
But it feels so good when you scream for more

The devil stole the beat from the Lord
It's time to set things straight
Bragging like a brat, that you got away
You're goin' down and you have to pay

Got you counting numbers and talking in tounges
Got your name in blood suck the air from your lungs
And they have you playin' such devious games
Where no bets are even - the dealer's always the same

Now your illusions they don't seem so grand
What you call yours is just second hand
Never question what they want from you
Just get up and dance when they tell you to

The devil stole the beat from the Lord
It's time to set things straight
Bragging like a brat, that you got away
You're goin' down and you have to pay

It's hard to smile
When you choke on your laughter
But the Lord works in mysterious ways
Without a hint or a clue

Got you fooled by a mass demand
Bragging 'bout fortunes you're about to land
And your loudmouth got your conscious sore
But it feels so good when you scream for more

The devil stole the beat from the Lord
Do you got what it takes
Keep braggin' like a brat
That you got away
Thought you'd last 'til the end
But you don't have the means, oh no you don't
The devil stole the beat from the Lord
And the melody sways
You're goin' down and you have to pay
Do you got what it takes, yeah you have to pay