

Sum 41, Speak Of The Devil

Trying to find a way
getting better everyday
And I got you now I'm not alone
All I need in this life is one
One thing to believe in

I've seen many a face
from young and to old
I've stolen their faith and I have broken their souls
Was here before Christ have forgave you your sins
And paid your price and sealed your fate within.

Days have come to an end
Today's the day that we meet again
The self inflicted inebriation
Guilt never lies alone

I've been waiting for the chance
To reunite this sick romance
Poison never hurt so good!
So nice of you speak of me
Your closest friend and enemy!
An only savior
Of masochists!

Well it's the dead end slave
From the alter to the grave
It's the last days of our lives
In faith amen.

Time, it's been so long
And now there's nothing to say
I'm trying so hard to find the words to say
I'm tired of being, now I'm something I'm not
I can't believe and I never thought
Days would come to an end
But maybe some day
We'll meet again
If ever that day never comes
It would be to soon (move along)

I've been waiting for the chance
to nullify this sick romance
Pull the cord to detonate
So sick of you
don't speak of me
Don't represent the misery
An only savior
Of masochists!

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