

# 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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