

# Viva Voce, From The Devil Himself

He had a cheap guitar  
And he wrote this tune  
It goes: "Somebody owes me something.  
It might as well be you."

Hey now  
You're gonna get your blood sucked out

He had a dirty mind  
And sent this note  
It said: "We're gonna get some money for nothing.  
On every song you wrote."

Hey now  
You're gonna get your blood sucked out

You were sent from the devil himself to me (yeah)  
And I'll see you in hell before we're through  
'Cause I got nothing to prove to you

He had a crooked eye  
With a sideways glance  
And thought: "I'll catch you in some twisted logic,  
And then I'll watch you dance."

Hey now  
You're gonna get your blood sucked out

Six billion people  
Six billion ways (to do)  
Six billion kinds of damage  
That all feel the same

Hey now  
You're gonna get your blood sucked out

You were sent from the devil himself to me (yeah)  
And I'll see you in hell before we're through  
'Cause I got nothing to prove to you

You were sent from the devil himself to me (yeah)  
And I'll see you in hell before we're through  
'Cause I got nothing to prove

You're gonna get your blood sucked out  
You're gonna get your blood sucked out  
You're gonna get your blood sucked out  
You're gonna get your blood sucked out