From the Devil Himself

Viva Voce

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

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

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