

Shout At The Devil

Hollywood Undead

He's the wolf screaming lonely in the night
He's the blood stain on the stage
He's the tear in your eye been tempted by his lie
He's the knife in your back, he's rage

He's the razor to the knife
Oh, lonely is our lives
My heads spinnin' round and round
But in the seasons of wither
We'll stand and deliver
Be strong and laugh and

Shout, shout, shout
Shout at the devil

He'll be the love in your eyes
He'll be the blood between your thighs
And then have you cry for more
He'll put strength to the test
He'll put the thrill back in bed
Sure you've heard it all before

He'll be the risk in the kiss
Might be anger on your lips
Might run scared for the door
But in seasons of wither
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