

Speak of the Devil

Sum 41

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 too old
I've stolen their faith and I have broken their souls
Was here before Christ, had 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, oh I've been waiting for the chance to reunite this increment
Poison never hurt so good, it's so nice of you
To 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 life, the faith of men 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
Well, maybe someday we'll meet again
If ever that day never comes
It would be too soon, my love I've been waiting for the chance to nullify this increment
Pull the cord to detonate, so sick of you
Don't speak of me, no represent of misery
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 life
Well, it's the dead end slave from the alter to the grave
It's the last days of our life, the faith of men I've found 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 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

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