

Speak Of The Devil (live)

Sum 41

Trying to find a way
Getting better every day
And I got you now; I'm not alone
All I need in this life is one
One 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 I've been waiting for the chance to reunite this increment
Poison never hurt so good
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 altar to the grave
It's the last days of our life
And faith in 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 gray
It's the last days of our life
And faith in men I've found a way

Getting better every day
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 every day
And I got you now; I'm not alone
All I need in this life is one
One thing to believe in

Songwriters

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