

The Devil You Know

L.A. Guns

We can do this all the harder way
Trade your bible for the witchcraft
Shed your body like the snake skin
Cause you're filthy like the swamp rat

One day, some day
Gonna show you the power
Drink your sickness
Like the rain down a sewer drain

My momma dun told me you're the Devil
And the Devil been suckin' on my soul
My momma dun told me you're the Devil
Just the Devil, is all

Got stench that stinks like sulfur
And blood forced through your pores
Not bad when you're numb to the horror
Gonna meet me when I'm dead and cold

You can kneel down to Baphomet
Pull the magic from his left hand
Or rely upon your faith heal
But your hope ain't gonna come back

Some day, one day
In the darkest of hours
Feel your sickness
In your brain like a coup de main

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Fire in the heaven
Naked in the rubble
Darkness in the morning
Flying in the thunder
God will bring us under
Coughing underwater
Power's in my finger
Pig is in the main house
Laying in the shadows
Waiting for the signal
Taking down the minnow
Ripping apart the whale
Cloud is getting bigger
Night is getting longer
Days are getting colder
Bones are getting rubbery

Lay down
Lay down for the Devil
Lay down
Lay down for the Devil

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