

# The Devil

Andy Shauf

The devil's in the graveyard reading names  
Of all the ones he tripped up on the way  
He sits down in the moonlight, wipes his tears  
Staring at the white rose that he placed  
In front of the grave he visits each day since she slipped away

The devil hides his blue eyes in his hand  
He wipes away the last tears as he stands  
He hears her voice so clearly on the breeze  
She's singing like an angel to his weakest knees  
So he twists off the cap and tips his head back for that sweet relief

The devil's walking slowly on the street  
Towards his empty condo where he'll creep  
The silence of his bedroom before he slips  
Into his every nightmare as he sleeps  
He sees her bright smile at the heavenly gates as he's turned a way