

The Devils

Bayside

We are the trade ins
The souls that needed saving
Counting on a tired god
Who didn't really want the job
If he's on vacation
As I wait to be taken
Then nothing really matters now
So what am I so worried about?

No more sunny days
I can report there's clouds in all directions
Full speed ahead
Because I know the storm like the back of my hand

I go to pieces every time
Anybody needs me

Cause
I am trying to understand
The shame and the box it came in
Hold on tight
'Cause trouble is creeping near
Hell's gotta be empty
Because the devils are all up here

When my getaway was in full swing
The ground just started shaking
The children wept
Would have thought it was a nightmare of ever I slept

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