

Pray to the Devil

Bobaflex

I curse God for the death of my father
I cried and prayed in the throes of a slaughter
I break the chains I find the strength to call the fallen angel
To take my pain away

Lately things been looking down
I clasp my hands and point them at the ground yeah

Pray to the devil
Pray this night
Pray to the devil
Deep inside
You call it evil
I call it freedom
I don't need your Jesus
I don't need your reasons
I'd rather die
Than kneel by your side
So stay crucified
And I'll pray to the devil tonight

I hate God so I turn to the surface
He gives me power he gives me purpose
I live for now I disavow the one you call your saviour
My cross is upside down

I don't care what people say
I changed my path and I found a way yeah

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Sometimes your freedom goes too far
You push your limits do you know who you are
I saw my father on the other side
He couldn't help me he was terrified
I hear the voices in the devil's choir
Burning forever in the lake of fire

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