Cold Sun of Circumstance

Don't keep quiet Find a deal If they can't think it Make 'em feel Use your eyes Don't compare On a global scale Strip it bare Think out loud Stay in shape Spill your wine On the devils cape Waste your money Like you think you should And raise your glass To the brotherhood

It's the devil in the blood, baby He's the cutter of a mighty funky deal Be it only for a real short time now Before the cold sun of circumstance

SHINES ON!

Smile on picture Smoke in bed Don't ever think You know your pet Use your charm But don't compare Tell them when But never where

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SHINES ON!

Don't be precious Don't be proud The past means nothing When you're down Living hard For a while Will hurt your bones But not your style

It's the devil in the blood....

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