

# 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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