

You sit up on your throne  
As the walls are burning down in your castle made of bones  
The flames are getting close  
And there's no one to save you while you are choking on the smoke

The armor's melting off your skin  
It's time to answer for your sins  
For your day of reckoning is closing in

Did you think that you could fuck with fire  
And never ever feel it burn  
Did you think that you could walk away  
From the mess you made with my finger on the trigger  
Did you think that you could walk on water  
'Cause now you're drowning in the truth  
From the lives you take as you suffocate  
And now you know the devil isn't bulletproof

Slow dancing in the storm  
Your wicked hands are full of blood  
And it's dripping on the floor

The armor falling off your skin  
It's time to answer for your sins  
For your day reckoning is closing in

Did you think that you could fuck with fire  
And never ever feel it burn  
Did you think that you could walk away  
From the mess you made with my finger on the trigger  
Did you think that you could walk on water  
'Cause now you're drowning in the truth  
From the lives you take as you suffocate  
And now you know the devil isn't bulletproof

'Cause you bleed the same  
Such an ironic twist of fate  
And your mask is getting heavier  
'Cause hell is on the way

Did you think that you could fuck with fire  
And never ever feel it burn  
Did you think that you could walk away  
From the mess you made with my finger on the trigger  
Did you think that you could walk on water  
'Cause now you're drowning in the truth  
From the lives you take as you suffocate  
And now you know the devil isn't bulletproof

'Cause you bleed the same  
(The devil isn't bulletproof)  
Such an twist of fate  
The devil isn't bulletproof