

DEVIL'S GRIP

Red Leather

Run, boy, yeah, keep runnin', boy, you can't outrun me
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Let me tell you a story 'bout a boy from the sticks
He was twelve years old when he had his first sip
And the whiskey burned, but it helped him forget
The scars from his past, he's been numb ever since
Then I sent out a demon, disguised as a friend
To give him the key that would lead to his end
It starts with a bump on the road to the damned
And now he's addicted, ha, just how I planned

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As he got weaker, I tightened my grip
I made him my puppet, performin' my tricks
Summoned his body to go on a quest
To spread all my darkness and poison his friends
So he poured them all drinks and he said it was wine
But he spiked it with smack, ha, now they're all mine

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Ah