

I figured, since I wrote a song about, you know, God and Jesus and all that,
I would have to give the opposition equal time.

Ever since first man has walked this Earth I have been here,
To whisper seeds of doubt and evil thoughts into his ear.
I am the Beast, the outcast angel, fallen from on high.
I go by many names, by there is one you can't deny:

My name is Satan!
Hi, everybody!
Ahh, let me tell you a little about myself...

My friends all call me old scratch, and I am a Capricorn.
My turn-ons are romantic walks and killing the unborn.
I've got little devil horns, and a little goatee,
And little devil eyes to help a little devil see,
And little cloven hoofs to make it kinda hard to ski,
I'm Satan!
Woo hoo!
Mephistopheles for some, I dunno...

My real name is Beelzebub, but you can call me Beelz.
I love to watch Fox news and then go club some baby seals.
Then I'll take a bubble bath and drink a Zinfandel,
Try to wash off that baby seal smell,
And then I'll make a toast to me:
Hey, here's to my hell... .. th.
My name is Satan!
Ah haa!

To carry on evil ways, I went and had a son,
And now he makes his living as a singing comedian...

I'm in every Zeppelin album,
I'm in all Rush Limbaugh's rants,
I'm the reason that the Boston Red Sox even had a chance.

And if I want to eat your soul, I'll just throw it on a griddle,
Don't need to make a deal, I don't need to tell a riddle,
And fuck Charlie Daniels, I don't care if he can fiddle,
I'm Satan.

(Charlie Daniels impersonation)
Devil went down to Georgia, he was looking for a soul to steal...

(upbeat, flamboyant voice)
This is fucking bullshit, because I would not be caught dead in... Georgia!
OK? It's like, oh my gawd!

Six, six, six!

Satan!

... Look. That's just how I picture him. You fuckin' think of whatever you want.