

## Devil For The Fire

Vundabar

I can't see the devil for the fire  
Sitting in the back all quiet and polite  
Room filled up with the smell of burning tires  
Demons be gone it's the season of the fly

Begone! Demons be gone  
Begone! Demons be gone

Laid waste crater face  
Humming of the highway  
Head becomes the hand becomes the knife becomes the mind  
Hazmat-psychic-suit sweeping through the siding  
I wanna be reborn, but how many times do I gotta die?

Begone! Demons be gone  
Begone! Demons be gone