

Misery Inc. "Devil's Advocate"

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I gather myself from the ground, can't feel my feet.
Hand on the bible I swear they're after me, I'm their
meat.

Turn and run, something must be done, before it's too
late.

Turn and run, something must be done, before love
turns to hate.

I let myself drift in fame,
Deeper and deeper into the game,
I let myself allow me to,

Save my greedy soul.
How I survive?

I can't see the signs, too blinded for this all.
When something goes wrong, you make me smile,
Pretty wrecking ball.

Turn and run, something must be done, before it's too
late.

I let myself drift in fame,
Deeper and deeper into the game,
I let myself allow me to
Go deeper and deeper into the game!

Save my greedy soul.
How I survive?

Filthy demons after me...

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