

Sum 41 - Speak Of The Devil

Tom: G

Trying to find a way
 Getting better everyday
 And I got you now I'm not alone
 All I need in this life is one
 One thing to believe in

 I've seen many a face
 From young and too old
 I've stolen their faith and I have broken their souls
 Was here before Christ had forgave you your sins
 And paid your price and sealed your fate within

 Days have come to an end
 Today's the day that we meet again

 I've been waiting for the chance to reunite this sick romance
 Poison never hurt so good
 So nice of you to speak of me
 Your closest friend and enemy
 And holy savior of masochists
 Well it's the dead end slave
 From the altar to the grave
 It's the last days of our lives
 In faith amen

 Time, it's been so long
 And now there's nothing to say
 I'm trying so hard to find the words to say
 I'm tired of being, now I'm something I'm not

I can't believe and I never thought

Days would come to an end
 Well maybe someday we'll meet again
 If ever that day never comes
 It would be too soon
 My love

 I've been waiting for the chance to nullify this sick romance
 Pull the chord to detonate
 So sick of you don't speak of me
 The reverend saint of misery
 And holy savior of masochist
 Well it's the dead end slave
 From the altar to the grave
 It's the last days of our lives
 Well it's the dead end slave
 From the altar to the grave
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Acordes

