

# Down to the Devil

Edguy

Roaming the plains  
where a number is your name  
In a palace  
And you'll never find the door  
Oh look into the mirror  
Is it what you wanna see  
Or just a cuddle toy  
The vogue has washed ashore  
No I don't care what you say  
Into the darkness I plough my way  
I'm striking out for paradise  
To be the one I am  
We're going down to the devil  
We are striking out for paradise  
To bedlam below - down to the devil  
The mad parade is coming home  
Can't you hear the sound  
As they make the hammer pound  
Rusty nails into a coffin of your size  
To bury you alive  
you mature until you're ripe  
Then they reap you  
When you're beautiful enough  
in their eyes  
They lurk to wall in your belief  
Put up glass ceilings that you can't see  
To break down the freak  
They don't want you to be  
We're going down to the devil  
We are striking out for paradise  
To bedlam below - down to the devil  
The mad parade is coming home  
Oh, we're going down  
Here's your invitation, your instigation  
Your damnation to the hellfire club  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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