

# 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  
 It's the last days of our lives  
 In faith amen  
  
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## Acordes

