

An Evening with el Diablo

Chevelle

High up on you, you display,
Good traits, though few.
We've found, time alone will tell.
This disease keeps holding me down.

Try to run, when near sleep.
To imagine, us away.
He said come, fly around my hell,
And know this, you seem to be,
Too scared to run.

Too scared, to run,
Too scared, to run,
Too scared, to run,
Too scared...

Wish I had your faults,
Nothing seems to phase you.
Lies, you're much more than just human.

I was high up on you,
'Til the shadows, began to crawl.
Some say, we can never know.
From just how far down,
This beast has come.

Too scared, to run,
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Too scared, to run,
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