

## Devil Chaser

Exumer

Shock the world like a beggar king lines are crossed  
when ruled by greed.

Pull you down in this hellish fire do not grant another  
tomorrow shedding tears only make me hollow take my  
hand let it go.

Mock your faith with machete and gun nothin's sacred  
the end has come.

Pull you down in this hellish fire, days and nights are  
filled with sorrow lest goodbyes on the killing floor  
shedding tears only we want more.

BURN YOU WILL DIE  
BURN - DIMINISHED CRIES  
BURN - WORLD TURNS BLACK  
BURN - WE WON'T COME BACK

Your last breath is what we live for nothing stands  
when we're through.  
Lost souls command me, I hate resent thee, my promise  
you die free THE DEVIL CHASER.

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