

# Shout at the Devil

Hollywood Undead

He's the wolf screaming lonely in the night  
He's the blood stain on the stage  
He's the tear in your eye been tempted by his lie  
He's the knife in your back, he's rage

He's the razor to the knife  
Oh, lonely is our lives  
My heads spinnin' round and round  
But in the seasons of wither  
We'll stand and deliver  
Be strong and laugh and

Shout, shout, shout  
Shout at the devil

He'll be the love in your eyes  
He'll be the blood between your thighs  
And then have you cry for more  
He'll put strength to the test  
He'll put the thrill back in bed  
Sure you've heard it all before

He'll be the risk in the kiss  
Might be anger on your lips  
Might run scared for the door  
But in seasons of wither  
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