

Devil

Ronnie Radke

(Yeah, Ronnie, Ronnie, uh, made it)
(Uh, Radke, you made it, uh, yeah)

There ain't no Heaven, only Hell
We all got devils, stories to tell
Mine is scary, no light ahead
The monsters aren't livin' under your bed
They're the voices in your head

"You best play dead."
That's what I heard them say
'Til I fell to my knees to pray
But if Heaven is a joke, and God is a lie
Then I'm prayin' that's somethin' fake

I'm so sick of it, tired of this
Sick and tired of bein' tired and sick
Stick to the plan, inspire and spit
Like a wick to a candle, ignite that shit

In the dead of night, lightning struck
Kickin' up dust, like a pick up truck
I'm a tickin' time bomb, with Sublime on
Lookin' for a piece of paper to write on

My mom left me as baby
In the house, with the lights off
All night long, there's a reason I write songs
I was eight months, now I'm famous
Glad I made it, irony, ain't it?

Yeah, glad I made it, glad I made it
Glad I made it, headed to Hell
It's irony, ain't it?
Glad I made it, glad I made it
Headed to Hell, it's irony, ain't it? Ya

I'm never gonna know if I would've made it alive
I would've never known that I could fly
I would've never known that you would've made me into
The person that I am, I will never stop
I will never stop, I will never stop

Dark skies have followed me around
The rain won't stop, man, I hate this town
And if I shall die before I wake
I'm prayin' that the Lord will take my soul
But I don't got a soul to take

I've made mistakes, and I felt that weight
Put a little too much on my plate
To the point that the plate has cracked
But never in fact would I let it break

Them pearly gates are never gonna open
Why, I'm never gonna get my warm embrace
But at least I tried, and on the day that I die

My head stone's gonna say;
"God forgives, but not me,
Too many sins, no apologies."

Headed to Hell on the highway
M.I.A. on a motherfuckin' Friday
Such a nice day to fly away
Got the world in my palm, as I drive straight

Yeah, glad I made it, glad I made it
Glad I made it, headed to Hell
It's irony, ain't it?
Glad I made it, glad I made it
Headed to Hell, it's irony, ain't it? Ya

I'm never gonna know if I would've made it alive
I would've never known that I could fly
I would've never known that you would've made me into
The person that I am, I will never stop
I will never stop, I will never stop

Uh, I can't believe I'm still alive
I've seen some things, I've seen the light
Close to death, and God's a myth?
The greatest trick that the Devil ever told
Was provin' that he don't exist

And the older I get, the more that it's makin' sense
I'm standin' up on this fence
Between pain and bliss, but the pain exists
From the happiness I've missed

My final wish, I'm really hopin' that I get
Cause my last two will conflict
So I'm rubbin' this lamp, 'til my hand gets cramped
And a genie pops out of it

You think I act tough cause I've been cuffed?
Did a couple push-ups stuck in jail?
Man, I've been this way since second grade
Motherfucker, this shit is real

I could get you killed in the blink of an eye, man
I can show you another side of the violence
Try it, I'm a motherfuckin' lion bitin'
Anybody comin' near me's dyin'

Yeah, glad we made it, glad we made it
Glad we made it, headed to Hell
It's irony, ain't it?
Glad we made it, glad we made it
Headed to Hell, it's irony, ain't it? Irony, ain't it? I-I-Irony, ain't it?

Glad we made it, glad we made it
Glad we made it, headed to Hell
It's irony, ain't it? (I told you, motherfuckers!)
Glad we made it, glad we made it
Glad we made it, headed to Hell, it's i-i-irony, a-

I'm never gonna know if I would've made it alive
I would've never known that I could fly
I would've never known that you would've made me into
The person that I am, I will never stop

I will never stop, I will never stop

Glad we made it, glad we made it, glad we made it
Glad we made it, glad we made it, glad we made it
Glad we made it, glad we made it, glad we made it
Glad we made it, glad we made it, glad we made it...