

# Dynamite

## The Devil Makes Three

Well I been thinking the paint off these walls  
Watching every single aspiration this fall  
Why can't it be like it is in my dreams  
Where I fly through the sky but ain't got no wings  
I'm like a sweating stack of dynamite, it's true  
You can straight feel the blast when we brush against you

Now hear me

I've been hearing the voices of the grave  
Now every single one made me their slave  
Pushing their music down into my veins  
All that powder and all that pain  
I'm like a sweating stack of dynamite, it's true  
You can straight feel the blast when we brush against you

I know that it's coming, but I ain't worried none  
'Cause we got enough here to go around  
And every single person's gonna get them some  
(2x)

I been watching the angels fly  
Up inside that deep blue sky  
They been whispering secrets down into my ears  
Everything that I need to hear  
Say, I'm a sweating stack of dynamite, it's true  
You can straight feel the blast when we brush against you

Now I'm parking it side by side  
Seems like demons don't give me no place to hide  
Doesn't matter where I go, near or far  
He always knows just where you are  
I'm like a sweating stack of dynamite, it's true  
It's like I'm gonna kill myself, but I'd rather kill you

I know that it's coming, and I ain't worried none  
'Cause we got enough here to go around  
And every single person's gonna get them some  
(3x)

Now I'm just driving on the same old wings  
Man, it seems they're the same old things  
It don't matter how far that I try to go  
Whether fast or whether slow  
I'm like a sweating stack of dynamite, it's true  
I'm gonna kill myself, but I'd rather kill you

Now hear me

I been walking the same old lines  
Trying so hard to stay on the outside  
But it seems it don't matter how hard I try  
I always end up back up on the inside

Now you sing and now you don't  
And now I will and now I won't  
I'll wait right here and you will see