

## Oceans Cold

### The Devil Makes Three

Tell me now captain where's the hidden loot  
hidden out in the enemy shoes  
I want the drag of the rope as I hang on in the wind  
just trying to figure out what kind of trouble we're in  
Call the guards upon the castle walls  
Began to pray, pickle your fall  
cause I'm taking out one prisoner around here  
cause we're spreading our disease start smellin' your fears  
Spreading our disease start smellin', start smellin' your fears

Just tell em we're coming and the oceans cold  
torn all paper baby broken bones  
cause the facts they have written are right and bold  
nothing will stand between us and that gold  
tell em were coming at the stories untold  
torn all paper baby broken bones  
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nothing will stand between us and that gold

Bring the torches, sticks and fat hanus  
In the night where were gonna need a whole lot a light  
The dungeons dark and the caverns deep  
Don't you ever close your eyes don't you ever fall asleep  
Keep your swords out by your sides  
There ain't no place in this whole damn world that you can hide  
In this fight you will be till you die  
So buckle it tight and hang on hang on for the ride

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