

To The Hilt

The Devil Makes Three

Now I know that you can see that demon
As he rests in his towers on high
Makin' us run after his pennies
Most of our lives
There ain't nothing we can do now
'Cause we all got to survive
Sittin' down here rotting from deep inside
I'm singing dream
Just dream for me
I'm singing dream
Just dream for me
I'm singing dream
Just dream for me
'Cause I believe
That these chains, they are growin' weak
Yes I believe
That these chains, they are growin' weak
They are growin' weak
They are growin' weak

Now I know that you can hear them screamin'
From those cubicles deep inside
As they sit just now wonderin'
Always that question why
And I know you can hear them whisperin'
Why they can't get what they need
Strapped down to the table
They're injected with that greed
I'm singing dream
Just dream for me
I'm singing dream
Just dream for me
I'm singing dream
Just dream for me
'Cause I believe
That these chains, they are growin' weak
Yes I believe
That these chains, they are growin' weak
They are growin' weak
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