

## 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  
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