

The Devil and Mr. Jones

Voltaire

He sits in the dark
Looking into the glass
with his hand in the jar
It's a sticky white mess.
He applies it and he wonders "How'd I ever get here?"
Piercing his reflection, as he pulls off an ear.

'neath a sign reading 'EXIT' by the backstage door
his fans are collected for a glimpse at the star.
He emerges and they wonder "Oh how can it be,
this angel is the monster we have all come to see?"

In the labyrinth,
In that lab your in,
In the watery depths of hellboy
You are so renowned in the underground
Even dead in a tale where the witches dwell
Eating all you know as a Wendigo
on a board soaring out to space,
selling ice cream when, we are at the end, in a war between heaven and hell.

"This is your fate, Mr. Jones, my dear!"
said the Devil to dear Mr. Jones
"You'll be loved by the millions and great at your task
but no one will see who is under the mask!
Cover your face, Mr. Jones, my dear
It gets hot as hell under the foam
and, like me, you will be in a crowd yet all alone"

Lo sabe Guillermo Del Toro el gran director.
Tambien ubo Ortega, que lo vio en este senor.
Story, saw it glimmer
and Fessenden's known it for years.
It shines from within him
through the growls and the moans and the tears.

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"Show us your face Mr. Jones, my dear"
said the Angel to dear Mr. Jones.
"It's a crime to the heavens for even a while
to hide for a moment that beautiful smile!
Show us your face, Mr. Jones my dear"
said the angel to dear Mr. Jones.
"You are loved and you know,
you will never be alone"