

(Rock 'N' Roll Is) Devil's Music

Wizzard

In the beginning music was waltz and blues
Both played for the glory of god
By loser slaves without brains
Just wimps without the balls
Like a thunder storm in the sky
Was the voice deep from below
Only the true ones heard his call
To create music of his own

Like god gave his angels wings
Gave Satan us electric guitars
He gave us a mission to play music
So loud to fill wimpy ears with blood
He told us to not to look like faggots in their posser clothes
But to wrap ourselves in jeans leather steel and to be proud

We don't sing for the glory of god
We don't play our tunes for Christ
Our music comes straight from our black hearts
Infernal as his mind 'cos

Rock'n'roll is the music of the devil
We kick the ass of god and we never wimp out
We play on ten - never too loud!
Chaos disorder and broken necks it brings
Bang your head or die - it is not for wimps

No one else seemed to have the guts
So we shook his hand and began
To play the loudest music ever people just don't understand
With his blessing upon us we break
The roofs in every town
No matter how you scream for mercy
We won't turn our volume down

In numbers we are few who have really heard his call
Like the plague the enemy tries to persuade you all
Go and follow them and be some fucking sheep
Then we'll press our pedals and love to see you weep