

## DON'T MAKE ME EXPLAIN

When plague is in the air, and your fields lay bare, you can hear the sound of pain

And the tides they rise taking all that you prize, don't make me explain

There are rules to be broken and rules to be made

There are times when the devil makes his own trade, his own trade

When the end of a gun sings murder one, and there's no one left to blame

And the blood that spills pays the rich man's bills, don't make me explain

There are rules to be broken and rules to be made

There are times when the devil makes his own trade, his own trade

When a hood takes the place of your neighbor's face, nothing is quite the same

And what hangs in his room is just a white costume, don't make me explain

There are rules to be broken and rules to be made

There are times when the devil makes his own trade, his own trade

When the last train is gone and your heart's not on, still the emptiness remains

And what's left at the gate is the weight of your fate, don't make me explain

There are rules to be broken and rules to be made

There are times when the devil makes his own trade, his own trade

when he needs to be saved, to be saved

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