

El Diablo

My eyes open wide, I'm in a room with no door,  
Blood red walls, a white ceiling and a black-as-night floor.  
The last thing I remember was getting high on some pills  
By myself, counting money, at my house in the hills.

I glance to my left and see a man I remember  
We crossed paths at a friend's funeral in December.  
I remember him well he was staring at me.  
He said he knew of a door and that I was the key.  
He spoke of money and power that we both could obtain  
He said who needs a soul when you have fortune and fame.  
Now he sits to my left with a look in his eye  
That says I'm sorry my friend, it's not your fault but mine.

It's no chain, rope or handcuff that physically binds us.  
It's the fear of the creature in the shadows behind us.  
Not yet a word but I can tell that it's trouble  
You make a pact with the devil and your life turns to rubble.  
I can feel it get closer, its hot breath on my shoulders  
The lights start to flicker and the temperature's colder.

"Don't turn your back on the devil" I wonder if that's true  
*To look upon my face would be the last thing you do*  
*You know why you're here* it hissed my direction  
*The time has now come for my debt collection*  
*There is both good news and bad, they are one in the same*  
*One of you may go free, but one must remain.*

It told us that we were the ones to decide  
Who was the one to go free and the one left behind.  
It said one last thing and then like that it just vanished  
*I play tricks in English, but I can't lie in Spanish.*

What should we do? I hear from beside me  
I feel guilt creeping out of the thoughts from inside me.  
It should be him who pays. He came to me with this plan.  
And just as I think it, appears a knife in my hand.  
There is no time to think, in this hellish endeavor  
If I spare him, I die, so it's right now or never.  
I take a swipe at his throat his blood dark, thick as ink.  
He is dead on the ground before he can blink.

There had to be blood, is my justification  
After all, this was a game of the devil's creation.  
I could feel it behind me, the same hot breath as before  
sent shivers from my skin straight down into my core

*There are good people out there, believe me there are*  
*You could have been saved, pero tenía que esperar*  
*ustedes habrían vivido, si deseaste,*  
*pero ahora tú debe quedarse*  
*en este cuarto para siempre*  
*Sólo tú, sólo tú y tu mente*

And poof, with flicker of light he just vanished.  
I don't know what he said, I never learned Spanish.

*(but you needed to wait)*  
*(you both would have lived, if you desired)*  
*(but now you must stay)*  
*(in this room forever)*  
*(only you, only you and your mind)*

