



Devil, Man, the true face.

Heard a baby has just been bone, can devil be born again?

Shall man again groom doom? Could I be him? as I left the old lady without saying a word,
dad said to mind my business, has my mind turned Luci' business?



Devil don't do capes, he doesn't wear hoods
He doesn't live in caves but in our hoods
Devil's skin ain't like soot
But tanned to soothe.
Listen, to the music he's dancing to
Devil don't do boring, he's the ideal remedy, he loves good music too
He does not stay in the dark nor suck at necks
He loves the light, last time we met, was at the cinemas, pop corn then drunk at the pub.
Devil don't do outdated, he has vintage
He does not do barefoot, he has style too
Brogues and Zanotti
He's no dweeb, he's an hottie.
Devil don't wear masks,
He has a cute face
He doesn't do rass
He has a nice place.
He says prayers so to speak
He gives mouths gaping offerings
He smile and says nice words
Don't ask me please, how am I to know if he means them or not?
Devil throws parties too, yea, the kind that'll off your boredom and maybe your clothes too
He does fundraising also, or maybe souls taking
He literally helps the poor or so it seems
To see him at times, you need a view beyond what you see.
See yesterday, I sat with him
He picked the pocket of a 70year old of her last penny
Heard the last time they heard of him



Scores were dead, insurgents and army.
Devil is no stranger
He comes strolling sometimes by the manger
Sometimes sirens go wailing
Other times, tires just screeching after we've heard of some firing.
The Lord always called all, son of man
Hence the devil a she a he
Probably wrist slitting or lap dancing on another's hubby
Comes not disguised but in all identities.