

## Fill in the gaps

| Let's get together the moon is on (1)     |                  |                   | Lurking in the desert sky               |                    |  |
|---|------------------|-------------------|---|--------------------|--|
| And the stars are burning bright          |                  |                   | He will have to pay his dues            |                    |  |
| A (2)                                     | to the strutters |                   | Make him cry                            |                    |  |
| You drink for a while                     |                  |                   | This time there is no truce             |                    |  |
| But tastes too bitter tonight             |                  |                   | There will be no disgrace               |                    |  |
| So you (3)                                | (4)              | dawn of a new day | Catch him by the mornig of              | dew                |  |
| But just can't feel the joy               |                  |                   | Follow his trace                        |                    |  |
| And you sing a (5) for the new day        |                  |                   | But maybe the devil is not who they say |                    |  |
| Then you hear a voice                     |                  |                   | You find the (7)                        | lives in all of us |  |
| A calling from miles away                 |                  |                   | (8) if this is just a game he plays     |                    |  |
| The devil is on the loose                 |                  |                   | He wears everybody's face he does       |                    |  |
| Hiding in the desert sky                  |                  |                   | Oh now devils are on the loose          |                    |  |
| It's time that he pays his dues           |                  |                   | Swimming in the desert sky              |                    |  |
| Make him cry                              |                  |                   | We will have to pay our dues            |                    |  |
| There will never be a truce               |                  |                   | Let us cry                              |                    |  |
| We will not compromise                    |                  |                   | There will never be a truce             |                    |  |
| Catch him by the morning dew              |                  |                   | Till the devil has no pride             |                    |  |
| Before sunrise                            |                  |                   | Catch him by the mornig dew             |                    |  |
| The night is no longer black              |                  |                   | Before sunrise                          |                    |  |
| For the ones in search of a party tonight |                  |                   | The (9) is on the loose                 |                    |  |
| A (6) to the hunters                      |                  |                   | Bleeding in the desert sky              |                    |  |
| The glass is shattered                    |                  |                   | He will have to pay his dues            |                    |  |
| With bright red blood in my eyes          |                  |                   | Make him cry                            |                    |  |
| Never ask the question                    |                  |                   | This time there's no truce              |                    |  |
| Of who and why we have to obey            |                  |                   | There will be no disgrace               |                    |  |
| Sanity is not allowed                     |                  |                   | Take him by the morning dew             |                    |  |
| It is just how the game is played         |                  |                   | Follow his trace                        |                    |  |
| It's the devil h                          | nunters' way     |                   |   |                    |  |
| The devil is o                            | n the loose      |                   |   |                    |  |



## 1. fire

- 2. toast
- 3. dance
- 4. till
- 5. song
- 6. toast
- 7. devil
- 8. What
- 9. devil

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