

Walking from the shadows,
Squinting in the sunlight,
You'd swear it was new,
As if walking in light were,
Difficult.

Devil in a pinstriped shirt,
Hooves hidden in leather shoes,
Smile like a daybreak breeze,
It's the Devil, in a pinstriped shirt.

He'll cross the room toward,
With a glimmer in that eye,
You'd swear he was happy,
As if talking with saints were,
Common?

Devil in a pinstriped shirt,
Tail must be wrapped down a pant leg,
Hair curly like a sparrow's nest,
It's the devil, in a pinstriped shirt.

Shaking your hand, firm,
Seeing past your Christian guise,
You'd swear he might just care?
As if that black heart were,
Beating.

Devil in a pinstriped shirt,
Horns styled with product,
Tongue like a silver chalice,
I'm the Devil in a pinstriped shirt.

Speaking loudly, yet soft,
Wearing this heart in the open,
You'd swear I were, human.
As if a devil could be,
Redeemed?