

# Walk with the Devil, Talk with the Devil

Source: [Outside the Reality Machine](#)

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*For K.*

*Walk with the devil, talk with the devil*

*He's "charming"*

*And anyway, he's not going anywhere*

*And you know you're good*

*That's not going to change*

*He may consider you're trying to undermine him*

*But he doesn't think you have a chance*

*Of course you do have a chance*

*And that's the point*

*Time is long*

*And you're not going anywhere either*

*He doesn't know your kind of power*

*Never did*

*Walk with the devil, talk with the devil*

He's gathering evil people around him  
He's destroying them all by himself  
He's digging their graves  
Of course they don't know that  
But he can't dig your grave  
You don't want what he has  
So talk with him  
Let him spin his dreams  
Walk with the devil, talk with the devil  
He'll think you can help him forward his plan  
Because the plan is all he knows  
And he believes he can fold the entire world and its contents  
Into it  
Time is very long  
And he can't understand  
Your kind of power  
Deep in his mind and soul  
He wants to know what is evading him  
What he can never discover  
The secret that is parked beyond what he has  
And the secret is you  
It always was

*But he can't bring that fact up from his subconscious  
This is why he has sleepless nights  
And ends up returning to his flock  
Walk with the devil, talk with the devil  
He has a limited repertoire  
He keeps coming back to the same plots  
And he doesn't know why  
It's a source of discomfort for him  
As he pushes on  
How much evil can he project  
Until he feels the fatigue of boredom  
Until he runs out of novel experiences  
Until he can predict the details of his future wars  
Until he comes back to where he started  
And tries to remember why he began doing what he's doing  
He has very little imagination left  
He's a lonely figure on a dark street  
Looking for excitement  
After all this time  
But he's been through the same gamut over and over  
In decay he has no equal  
He has no equal with whom he can share his past*

Walk with the devil, talk with the devil  
Watch him scuttling his perverse thoughts  
In bottom mud  
Hoping for something new  
That never shows up  
It turns out his territory is quite limited  
And for that he would wear his heart on his sleeve  
If he could imagine a heart  
Walk with the devil, talk with the devil  
And knowing his primary  
Number one  
Prime-cut  
Business  
Is  
Broadcasting  
Subversion  
Pass along a dream about a new good world  
And watch him burn in his meditation  
As he considers how he can parlay that future  
He'll take your hints, your dream  
And gleefully release it to the world  
Because he must

*Because that's what he does*

*Thinking his profits and advantages will obscure the message*

*But he has limited intelligence*

*And your thoughts reacquaint people*

*With something they laid aside*

*In the fountain of energy where they once lived*

*They'll shake off a piece of the trance*

*And feel their blood coursing again...*

*Madness is a strange thing*

*And this preeminent madman*

*Eventually confesses his plans right out in the open*

*He can't resist the opportunity*

*And he'll even confess he knows The Good*

*It'll come to that*

*More, he'll urge people to do good*

*Believing he can forestall defeat at the last moment*

*IT'S THE ONLY CHALLENGE HE HAS LEFT*

*He'll back up to the edge*

*And plead with the world to do good*

*And still think he has a chance*

*Take his hand*

*And shove him hard*

*Over and out*

*And down*

*Into the Void*

*The Nothing*

*The Great Nothing*

*Where for a day, a year*

*A thousand years*

*A million years*

*His fate will be in his hands*

*Not your concern*

*Not anyone's concern*

*You're good*

*And he never understood your power*