

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