

Fill in the gaps

| Let's get (1) | the moon is on fire | Lurking in the desert sky | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------|---|----------|
| And the stars are burning bright | | He will have to pay his dues | |
| A toast to the strutters | | Make him cry | |
| You drink for a while | | This time there is no truce | |
| But tastes too bitter tonight | | (4) will be no disgrace | |
| So you dance till dawn of a new day | | Catch him by the mornig dew | |
| But just can't feel the joy | | Follow his trace | |
| And you sing a song for the new day | | But maybe the devil is not who they say | |
| Then you hear a voice | | You find the devil lives in all of us | |
| A calling from miles away | | What if this is just a (5) | he plays |
| The devil is on the loose | | He wears everybody's face he doe | es |
| 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 (6) 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 devil is on the loose | |
| A toast to the hunters | | (7) in the des | sert sky |
| The glass is shattered | | He will have to pay his dues | |
| With bright red blood in my eyes | | Make him cry | |
| (2) ask the question | | (8) 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 (3) hunters' | way | | |
| The devil is on the loose | | | |



1. together

- 2. Never
- 3. devil
- 4. There
- 5. game
- 6. will
- 7. Bleeding
- 8. This

Fill in the gaps