

Hands of Death (Burn Baby Burn)

Rob Zombie

Seduce the wicked one
This is the mortal sting
I am the only one
A dark and dreary thing
The blood washes
Across the crucified
So few are chosen
I do not die

I haunt and horrify
I see through sulfur eyes
I'm burning in denial
A genius of the night
The blood washes
Across the crucified
So few are chosen
I do not die

In the hands of death
Burn baby burn
In the hands of death
Burn baby burn
In the hands of death
Burn baby burn

They creep and crawl inside
Into the heart of cold
So dead and paralyzed
Perversion of the soul
The blood washes
Across the crucified
So few are chosen
I do not die

In the hands of death
Burn baby burn
In the hands of death
Burn baby burn
In the hands of death
Burn baby burn