

Renegade

Burning Witches

You'd spit on your mother's grave
Go against the stream
Nothing and no one can stop you now
Betrayed of the heavens
And no stranger to sin
No care in the world to hold it in

But sooner than later
You're caught as a traitor

Renegade, renegade
Walls are closing in
There is a room in hell made for you
Renegade, renegade
Out of control
It is way too late, a lost soul

Can you smell the sulfur
Hands are pulling you down
Into the abyss where you belong
It's strange that you held out so long
Demons are sharpening their tools
Just for you

But sooner than later
You're caught as a traitor

Renegade, renegade
Walls are closing in
There is a room in hell made for you
Renegade, renegade
Out of control
It is way too late, a lost soul

He doesn't give a damn about royalty
He doesn't give a fuck about being nice

Renegade, renegade
Walls are closing in
There is a room in hell made for you
Renegade, renegade
Out of control
It is way too late, a lost soul

Renegade, renegade
Walls are closing in
There is a room in hell made for you
Renegade, renegade
Out of control
It is way too late, a lost soul

A lost soul