

Fury Whip

High on Fire

Slit throat holocaust, Dark's the day of pentecost
Waiting for the ships to turn the tide
Black fiend, treachery, he numbers fall, you wear thirteen
Pray the demons cannot kill the light
Killed dead, splitting head, making sure the lion's fed
Hanging by a thread that holds your life
Pain King, suffering; walk on through the acid ring
Imprisoned but your hands are still untied
The fool's religion
Unprophet's truth
Live self destruction
Bad luck's your noose
Sin, sex, bad intent, making sure the money's spent
Watching as your dollars turn to dimes
Death tax, broken backs, 'time has come to wield the axe
Paying for the check and all your crime