

# The Lords of Salem

[Rob Zombie](#)

I speak the truth, I dare not tell a lie  
One child is in fits, the other child dies  
Now the yellow bird sits upon her finger  
The yellow bird a specter lost to linger  
God hates the Lords of Salem  
No one can ever save them  
God hates the Lords of Salem  
No one can destroy them  
Do you think they suffered up on Gallows Hill?  
Burn me and hang me and I always will  
Tumble like a swine, a victim of the fury  
Glory to the saint, before you start to bury  
God hates the Lords of Salem  
No one can ever save them  
God hates the Lords of Salem  
No one can destroy them

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