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 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 can ever save them
God hates the Lords of Salem
No one can destroy them
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