

# 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

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